THE DOCUMENTED JOURNEY FROM CIA MIND CONTROL SLAVE TO SUCCESSFUL U.S. GOVERNMENT WHISTLEBLOWER.

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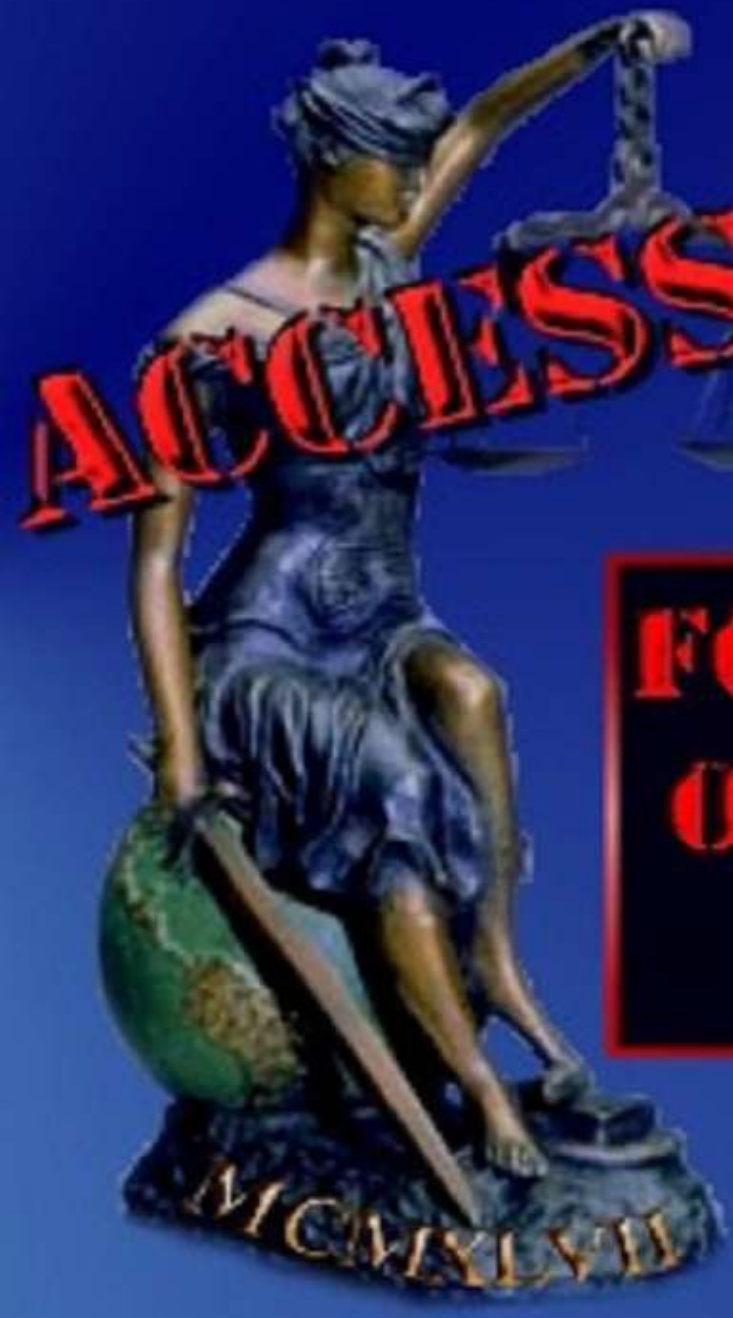
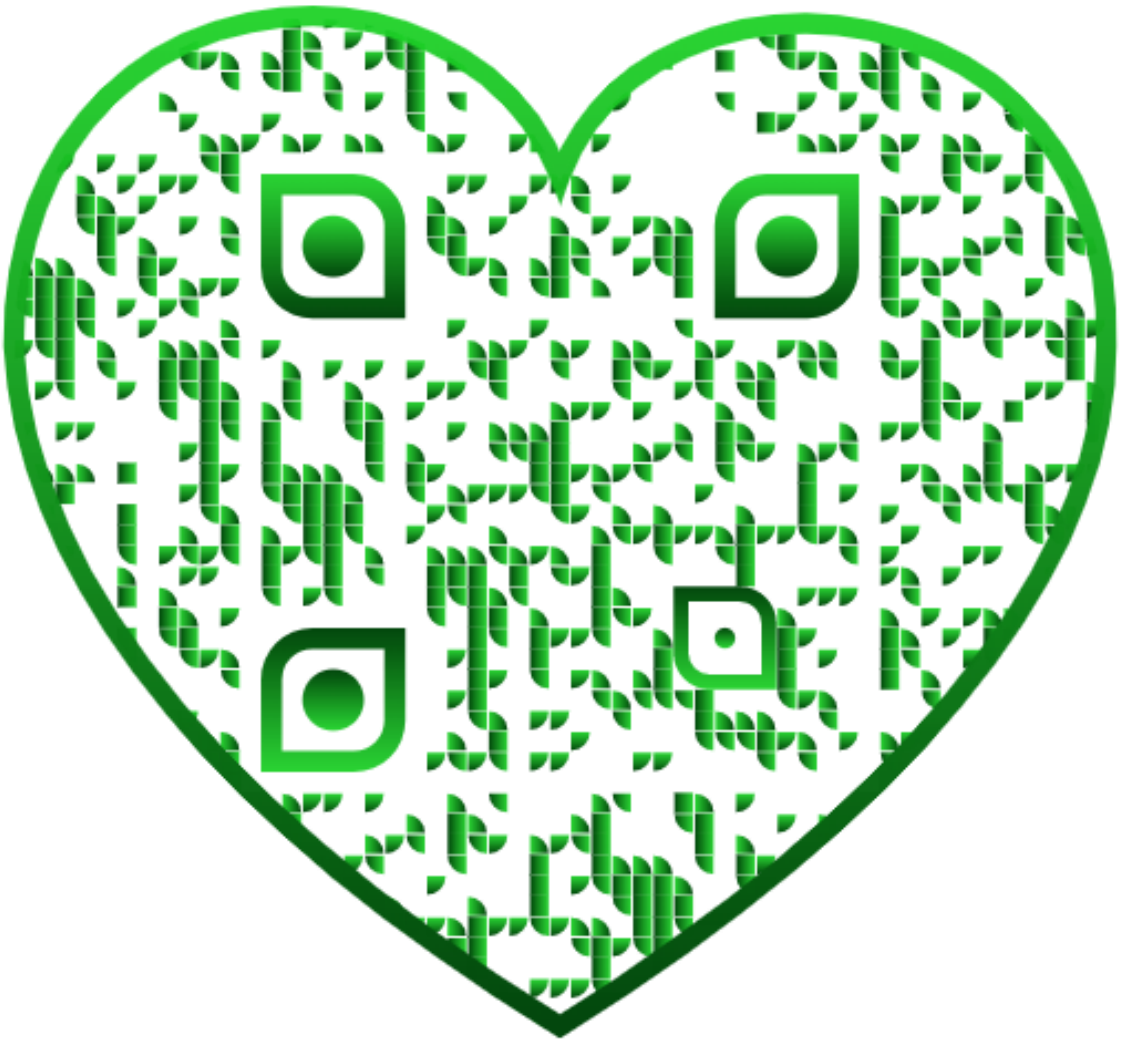
FOR REASONS OF NATIONAL SECURITY



By Cathy O'Brien with Mark Phillips



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For Reasons of
National Security

by Cathy O'Brien
with Mark Phillips

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FOREWORD

This true life's recorded account of extraordinary proportions began unfolding, like some kind of hyper Origami, near Nashville Tennessee on a cold winter morning February 8th 1988.

Names of persons mentioned in this book have not been changed to protect their identities whether they are proven innocent or guilty, heroes or villains, because this book was written for you to adjudge the facts and become a part of the solution rather than unwittingly a part of the problem.

At this moment you are a fully entitled judge, elected by your fellow man to enter the largest court of the land: *the Court of Public Opinion*. In your court there is no jury selection for manipulation, no secrets withheld, and no immoral legal loopholes written and enacted into law by lawyers to protect those you may adjudge guilty as charged. There are no lawyers being paid obscene amounts of money by taxpayers to "argue" for either side. The facts of this case are presented to you here from detailed sworn testimony which were strictly derived from hundreds of hours of video and audio recordings, thousands of pages of hand written dated notes, courtroom records, and sworn testimonies by the plaintiffs to all applicable national & international law enforcement agencies, before both Houses of the US Congressional Permanent Select Committees on Intelligence Oversight, The World Court, Interpol and The United Nations Commission on Human Rights

Abuses.

"ACCESS DENIED For Reasons of National Security" is a US federal legal ruling that affects all Americans and her allies from adjudicating against criminal politicians. As judge and jury, you are responsible for discerning the truth from the detailed testimonies given, free of this encumbrance to justice. You must also take into consideration the past political records of the politicians presented here, as well as past and present news media accounts of their lies made public.

As presiding judge, the punishments you are entitled to administer to those found guilty as charged will be public exposure of their crimes. All who have come before you and after in like duty, willingly do so in the humane belief that you, too, are fair and honest and will take responsibility in your everyday life for seeing that justice is served.

Whereas, justice for the plaintiffs will be done when those responsible for the alleged crimes committed against them are publicly exposed around the world and the 1947 US National Security Act and The Patriot Acts are abolished. The only compensation remedy the plaintiffs seek is public prosecution of those convicted in your court.

We the plaintiffs, Mark Phillips and Cathy O'Brien, submit into your court our original published testimony that we provided on or before 1995 to the aforementioned agencies and governmental bodies entitled TRANCE Formation of America. For the convenience of like judges around the world this book is now available in the Turkish, Italian, German, and Arabic languages. Many more licensed publishers are at this very moment translating

this unchallenged documented testimony into additional languages to reach as many other judges as possible in the shortest amount of time.

In conclusion we pray you will do that which you can and additionally that you will lend support to government whistleblowers like Mark & Cathy who have nothing to loose and everything to give to the future generations of humanity. Support them by sharing what you learn here with as many people you know who have eyes to see and ears to hear the truth.

Only truth will set u.s. free.

Chapter 1
THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

“Wake up, sleeping beauty,” Mark said as he gently roused me with a cup of fresh coffee. “Welcome to a new day.”

My eyes opened. “My God, did I die?” I wondered, sensing the love and peace surrounding me.

Mark smiled. “You just switched your former existence for life, not ‘death’, and it’s time you began remembering your past,” he said as he strapped a beautiful watch to my wrist. Noting my wonder and surprise, he continued, “Now you know that I gave you the time of day.”

The time of day? No one had ever given me their time before. They only took mine. And I never wore a watch before. I did not even know what month or year it was, let alone the time of day. I had no concept of time, which Mark explained I must always monitor from that moment on. A concept of time equated to awareness, and I had intense need to be aware of my past.

“You have to know where you’ve been to know where you’re going. And you’re going to remember everything.” Mark appeared confident, emitting a sense of security while I teetered on the edge of a dangerous past.

“You say someone is trying to kill you. Why?” I could not think to answer. I was totally amnesic. All I knew was that his life, as well as my eight-year-old daughter Kelly’s and mine were all on the line. We were in grave danger, literally dodging bullets while I desperately sought the answers why.

Absolute mind control was the only existence Kelly and I knew prior to Mark Phillips rescuing us directly from the CIA/DIA’s[1] MK Ultra[2] Project Monarch[3] in 1988. Through a series of carefully orchestrated events, Mark

cleverly maneuvered our mind control handler, Alex Houston, into a position of “trust” that provided him the latitude to lift us free of our existence. In addition to helping me remove a few of my meager belongings from Houston’s farm in Goodlettsville, Tennessee, Mark arranged for our livestock pets to be freed from Houston’s horrific abuse as well. People who abuse children oftentimes abuse animals, as though they have no regard for life at all. Houston was no exception, and Mark knew it. While Mark tended to the horses, cows, guineas, chickens, cats, and dogs, I spun the combination on the safe in the bedroom to retrieve Houston’s familiar CIA diary and ledger. We left the premises momentarily undetected, and Kelly and I moved into an apartment.

When my politically affluent owner in MK Ultra, US Senator Robert C. Byrd[4], and other so-called leaders of our country involved in the Project realized the problem Alex Houston’s bumbling had created, our danger intensified. Many government secrets and personal reputations were staked on the belief that I would never be free to recall that which I was supposed to forget. They had never stopped to consider the strength of the human spirit, the power of love, or what could happen when a man of integrity like Mark Phillips opened their Pandora’s Box of secrets. Now their paradigm was shifting, and our danger intensified accordingly.

Kelly and I could not survive on our own, and soon moved into Mark’s house for protection. Within days, the local sheriff where Mark lived advised him to leave town, claiming a Special Agent dispatched from Nashville’s FBI office said the CIA had a hit out on him that “had something to do with that woman.” Indeed, traffic had conspicuously increased on the unmarked, rural dead-end gravel road leading to Mark’s remote country home. We noticed many unfamiliar faces on the road, in the woods, and even in the trees who we jokingly referred to as “the watchers watching the watchers watching the watchers.” Then, without warning, all of Mark’s personal identification records disappeared. His life savings had seemingly vanished into thin air from his personal and business bank accounts. Unnerved by these CIA tactics, and more determined than ever to find out why they were happening, Mark implemented deliberate steps to ensure that our lives were not taken, too.

He quickly sold everything he owned, including his “back to the future” De Lorean used in the rescue, retaining only basic necessities. The funds would be used to take Kelly and me away from his no-longer private residence to the safety and serenity of Alaska. Mark understood that safety was tantamount to memory recovery. At the same time, none of us could be safe until I could recall who and what we were up against, and *why*.

As we prepared to embark on our journey to the top of the world, my former “husband” Alex Houston attempted to prevent me from leaving. For nearly eight years Houston had handled Kelly and me much the way he did his ventriloquist’s dummy. Now it seemed he wanted his “merchandise” back at all costs.

I swore out three arrest warrants on Alex Houston for threats and attempts on our lives with the Nashville, Tennessee Metropolitan Police Department. I sought further protection through Nashville’s District Attorney’s office, where I explained to the DA’s Investigator Skip Sigmund that Alex Houston was a ventriloquist and stage hypnotist capable of torturous controls. He responded that “until gun shots were fired” nothing could be done to protect me.

Mark accelerated our pace to leave Tennessee for Alaska.

I could not yet *think* to trust Mark, though I sensed that I could. My capacity for conscious thought and reason had been stifled through decades of torturous abuse, whereby I could only do as I was told. Mark certainly did not “order” me to go with him. He didn’t even know me, let alone like me. How could he? *I* didn’t even know who I was, where I’d been, or even my own age or name at times! Without the capacity for free thought, I had no free will and ultimately no soul expression. I had no way to express love even if I could feel it. With nothing to give and nothing to lose, I relied only on my heightened senses. I could sense much like an animal could sense, and I had seen the trust and affection his pet raccoons and foxes had for him. Even the farm animals that Houston had abused so horribly exhibited trust for Mark.

Kelly sensed trust for Mark as well. After all, he was the first man who did not abuse us and genuinely cared for our welfare and well-being. His patient,

gentle manner was therapeutic, while his propensity for handling weapons and apparent intellect kept us safe against all odds. His inside knowledge of CIA inner workings due to his own past proved invaluable in keeping us a step ahead of The Most Dangerous Game and continues to do so to this date.

February 4, 1988 marked the beginning of life for Kelly and me. It also marked the beginning of a new kind of survival as we embarked on “The Most Dangerous Game” of international proportion.

Chapter 2
PROS and CONS

“It’s a long, long way to the top of the world from here,” Mark told me as we loaded up our pets and a few personal belongings in a small rented trailer he had hooked up to his 1976 Pacer. “That will give you plenty of time to remember where you’ve been and why we have to leave here under the gun this way.”

My response was not as profoundly revealing as another MK Ultra victim’s would be in later years when she said, “No one would believe the things I can’t remember.” Instead I began, “I hope I talk about it the whole way…”

“It’s not *what* you remember that matters, it’s *how* you remember it.” Mark handed me several notepads and a pen as he opened the door for me. “The pen is mightier than the sword. Remember that.” He settled into the driver’s seat as the Pacer he restored sprang instantly to life at the touch of a switch. We were on our way.

“How am I supposed to remember what happened?” I wondered to myself. It had been mere weeks since I had even found out my age. When Mark referred to my age as 30, I had argued that I was 24 until he showed me on my driver’s license and the 1988 date on newspapers. Where had I been all those years? It seemed like I knew but just didn’t want to think about it. Mark spoke confidently and without emotion as though he had been reading my mind.

“I know from studying mind sciences all my life that the brain photographically records events surrounding trauma. You display every indication of having endured significant trauma. Whether you wanted to forget it or not, your brain automatically compartmentalized memory so the rest of your mind could function normally as though nothing had happened.

This is the mind's sane defense to trauma too horrible to comprehend. It takes brains for this coping mechanism to even occur, which means you are smart enough to remember everything. You already survived it once. Now I'm going to teach you a simple method of making the incomprehensible comprehensible."

I interrupted Mark to anxiously inject, "I know I already told you about Wayne Cox. I'll probably never see Kelly again." My eyes widened even further in horror.

"No, you didn't tell me." Mark appeared calm to me despite his increasing alarm for Kelly's immediate plight.

Two weeks previous, we had stopped by the Post Office to clear out the mail in preparation for this move. A summons for me to appear in court later that afternoon was in his box. With no time to prepare or obtain an attorney, and the threat of being incarcerated for taking Kelly out of the State of Tennessee, we drove straight to the courthouse. Kelly's biological father Wayne Cox and our former mind control handler Alex Houston were among those opposing our exodus. Representing myself, I explained to Judge Swiggart that I had sworn out three warrants for Alex Houston's arrest and was suffering from amnesia. Since this did not openly reveal anything about Wayne Cox, Judge Swiggart thoughtfully considered the situation.

"These are unusual circumstances," he began as he granted me the right to move Kelly to Alaska. He further explained that his main concern was for the children, and therefore would like to speak with Kelly in his chambers regarding visitation with Wayne Cox prior to our departure. Horrified beyond reason, I could not *think* why I so adamantly opposed the possibility of Kelly visiting Wayne Cox. Judge Swiggart later explained to me that, had he known about dissociative disorders and occultism, he would not have taken Kelly into his chambers to ask her how she felt about seeing Cox before moving to Alaska. Kelly, also suffering from amnesia, responded only to the moment. Judge Swiggart's black robe subconsciously triggered the occultism to which Cox had previously subjected her, and Kelly robotically complied with every suggestion Judge Swiggart presented. Believing Kelly had willfully complied, Judge Swiggart ruled that Kelly was to visit Cox in his

Louisiana residence effective immediately.

My hysteria rising, I blurted out to Mark as he drove us out of Nashville, “He’s going to kill her in a ritual. He always kills people.”

“Write it out,” Mark instructed. “I don’t want to hear about it. I want to read it where I can understand it. It may feel as though you have already told me about this, but you haven’t. Nor will you. Verbalizing events of the past only reinforces it in your own mind and can further traumatize you. It takes the logic portion of the brain to move a pen. Therefore, when you write out memory, it shifts the emotionally incomprehensible over to logic, making it comprehensible. Once it is comprehensible, you can deal with the reality of your past in a logical manner.”

I pondered his statement. “It doesn’t seem logical that when I see my past, it’s as though I were viewing it from above. It is as if my spirit took flight to a safe, loving space while my body was being used and abused.”

“Severe torture and trauma does affect people this way. Simply shift this natural perspective to a ‘mind’s screen/movie screen.’ This will allow you to remember without abreaction.” Mark noticed that I didn’t understand the word ‘abreaction.’ He knew that photographically re-experiencing tactile sensations could result in a histamine reaction[1]. “In other words,” he explained, “without reliving it. Like I said, you already survived it once. There’s no sense in you reliving it. It’s your memory, and you already know it. View your mind’s screen through the eyes of the part of you that endured it. Smell the smells. Then write it out. That’s why I said ‘the pen is mightier than the sword.’ This method will give you control over your memory and, ultimately, your own mind. Now, write out what you were going to tell me about Cox.”

I wrote a brief line that Cox was an occult serial killer. Mark glanced over at what I had written as he merged onto the freeway. Suppressing his own horror, he nonchalantly asked, “How do you know this?”

“I saw…” Mark interrupted me, reminding me to write it out.

I wrote most of the way to Las Vegas, where Mark met with a few old acquaintances to discuss our predicament. They didn't want to discuss it. The CIA's merging with the Mafia had created such havoc they had their own political problems to deal with. "The whole world is changing right now. You should change, too. Leave that woman. Now. Save yourself."

Mark had not expected this response and he frowned. "Save myself from what?" he wondered to himself. He knew it was up to him to safely navigate our way to the future against all odds. He looked at his associates and said, "Las Vegas is still the place for quick marriages. I'm getting married." He knew he could save himself a lot of legal grief by taking such a step. Mark stood up and strode for the door.

"You're still the same, Flash" one of the guys growled as Mark closed the door behind him.

That evening when Mark returned to our hotel room, he offered to take me out to dinner. I switched personas, forgot what I was writing, and with renewed energy cheerfully dressed for dinner. Dressed in his Las Vegas evening attire, Mark's appearance triggered my sexuality that had been heightened through incest, conditioning, and mind control programming. Naturally, I expressed my immense desire.

"You need to know who you are before you have something to give in a relationship. What you're offering is a small piece of who you really are." Mark's obvious arousal did not seem to match his words, yet he continued, "I don't want you a piece at a time, I want all of you at once."

Wow. That was the most deeply appealing thing anyone had ever said to me. While I could not consciously grasp the depth of meaning to his statement, my heart rejoiced with the magnitude of his insight. Coincidentally, Julio Iglesias happened to be singing All of You (Body and Soul)[2] over the radio at that moment, the musical harmonics carrying the lyrics deep into my being, profoundly touching me. Somewhere inside, love was binding together pieces of me I wasn't even aware of yet.

It was hard to eat dinner that evening, and it wasn't due to my developed digestive disorders. After eating, as programmed, only 300 calories per day for eight years, combined with direct high voltage to my lower intestine/rectum as torture, total digestive failure had been diagnosed. My abusers believed the doctor's diagnosis that I would die, which aided our initial survival. They never considered that I would survive through the healing power of love, or that Mark would literally carry me through our first few months together. Tonight, food was the last thing on my mind and I could only eat lightly while gazing across the table at the magnificent man on the other side.

As our dinner settled, Mark explained the pros and cons of getting married. I logically agreed it was a wise move, while my heart leapt with joy that knew no bounds. We proceeded accordingly, and were married in a conventional wedding ceremony-- united in purpose that seemed bigger than life.

Kelly's life was still on the line, and tomorrow we could legally retrieve her from Cox. Back at the room, Mark shifted my focus from my sexual desires to the notes I had scrawled earlier. Pointing out an occult ritual I had detailed, he avoided comment and asked, "How did you get there? Where did you go afterwards?"

"I don't know…" I forgot I wasn't supposed to verbalize anything.

"Of course you do. It's your memory." Mark handed me my pen and notepad. "Write it out."

"How can I when there's just a black hole on either side of it?" The memory still seemed compartmentalized.

Mark took my notepad and drew an illustration for me of a pie graph. As he drew the circle he said, "Imagine this is your brain. It compartmentalized this ritual event, for example." He drew the first section into the pie graph, and pointed out all the rest of the area that was left to function "normally" while ignoring the event compartmentalized in the wedge. He sectioned off more and more wedges, describing how my brain was comprised of as many compartments as there had been traumatic experiences in my life.

“Where’s the normal part?” I asked, looking at all the pie wedges.

“That’s where you’re at right now. Right here.” He pointed to the very center of the graph where all the pieces met. “You just went into a compartment and wrote out the memory. Writing it out caused the wall to come down. The emotionally incomprehensible became comprehensible with logic, so you don’t need that wall anymore. Now that it’s out of the way, that section of your brain is yours to control, direct, access, and explore. To connect events and learn how you got there and where you went afterwards, all you need to do is go deeper inside yourself. Deeper into here,” he said as he pointed at the center of the pie graph. “Deeper into your own subconscious. Relax. Breathe deep. And ask yourself these questions. How did you get there? Where did you go afterwards?”

I took a deep breath and the trance state I lived in deepened to a focus. An event flashed across my mind screen so fast I couldn’t grasp it. I took another deep breath, refocused, and made a note when it flashed again. Drugs. Cocaine. Mercenaries. What did it mean? Why was Cox there? The flash became a memory, which I retrieved in photographic recall. It felt so close, so “normal.” I knew I must have said something to Mark about this before. It’s not like I had forgotten it… or had I?

Exhausted, I put down my pen and began to fall asleep. I was so tired, yet kept jerking awake as my body responded to nightmares. Mark quietly came over to my bed and held me close. “You’re safe now,” he assured me. “That was then, this is now, and now you are safe. I’ve got you. It’s OK. You can sleep peacefully now.” He cradled my head as he would do for years to come in the most comforting, loving, healing manner. I slept better than I ever had before.

When I awoke, I felt strong, alert, and well rested. I would need this strength for the events to come. Excited that Kelly’s court ordered visitation with Cox was over, I telephoned to tell her we were on our way to pick her up. Cox’s mother and handler, Mary, answered the phone and informed me Kelly would not be coming with us. Wayne picked up the other line and told me I could not have Kelly back, that she didn’t want to see me again. I knew he was lying. I heard Kelly cry in the background and told him I was on my way.

First, I telephoned Judge Swiggart at his home. He had thoughtfully given me his home phone number "just in case I needed to reach him over the Christmas holidays."

"Louisiana is not my jurisdiction," he began. "But since Kelly's father is in noncompliance with Tennessee court orders, I can get the local police there to take care of the situation."

I had remembered how Cox's involvement with CIA cocaine operations extended far beyond the local police all the way to then Louisiana Senator J. Bennet Johnston. Briefly, I explained. "It goes Federal from there, crossing State lines into Arkansas Governor[3] Bill Clinton's Mena[4] Airport cocaine operations."

Apparently Judge Swiggart had found cause to further research our case after his ruling, and he apologetically explained that if he had known then what he knows now, Kelly would not even be with Cox. Since she was and it was Christmas, he recommended that Mark take matters into his own hands while he pulled every string he could to supply legitimate police backup.

As we quickly drove to the designated meeting place near Cox's Chatham, Louisiana backwoods residence, Mark assured me that Cox would show up with Kelly once he was told "what" he was dealing with. Still, I became hysterical telling Mark why this situation was so dangerous and urgent. "Did you write this out?" Mark's question rose over my sobs. Of course not. I couldn't seem to write everything as fast as the information was needed, so I verbalized. This proved to be even more time consuming than writing since I was immobilized by my own hysterics and disjointed ranting. Mark stopped the car, which got my attention long enough to heed his demand that I write out what I was trying to say. I started writing again, and my tears subsided as my mind returned from the brink of emotional raw terror and became rationally logical again.

I wrote until we arrived. Acutely aware of the life-threatening circumstances we were under, Mark cleverly applied his mental and physical skills to ensure Kelly's safety above all else. He quickly selected a 45 automatic from his registered personal arsenal that he was licensed to carry. Rising above the

dramatics of the moment and appearing calm, Mark got out of the car and strode over to where he knew Cox would be. Smiling, he pointed his left index finger at the gun in his right hand while Cox's forehead broke out in a sweat. I gathered Kelly and her bag. Mary was dumbfounded as I hurried Kelly into the car. Police cars squealed to a stop while the promised backup officers took shooting positions. Like in a movie, their timing prohibited Cox from further pursuit and assault while Mark withdrew his weapon, jumped back in the car and quickly drove us out of the area.

I turned to Kelly, who sat unblinking in the backseat. Physically she was in tact. It was obvious that she was under extreme mental duress and trauma, the extent of which we would soon learn.

Chapter 3
THE ROAD TO RECOVERY

It was 60 degrees below zero when Mark, Kelly, and I arrived in Alaska with our red chow dog Tong, and raccoons Tycoon, Marty, and Rocky. The trim and emblems had long since frozen and fallen off the Pacer. Yet I barely noticed the cold, as I took in the beauty, safety, and splendor of Alaska. This winter paradise on top of the world enthralled me with its abstract magnificence. The sun revolved in circles rather than rose and set, casting shadows that danced and played along the mountains, constantly changing the scene. The horizon had no visible east or west, distorting distance where time knew no night or day. Northern lights of the Aurora Borealis lit up the dark winter skies, with their brilliant hues reflecting across the snow like daylight. I felt deeply fortunate and blessed just to be alive, let alone living in Alaska!

On the long journey to Alaska after retrieving Kelly from Cox in Louisiana, I noticed Mark was unusually quiet and deep in thought. He finally explained that he was re-evaluating values, re-prioritizing priorities, and rethinking professional friendships he had developed over the years. When he needed his friends, they were only there long enough to advise him to abandon me and his quest for answers. More determined than ever, Mark chose to learn the truth and keep Kelly and me alive. So he drove on in silence while Kelly loudly and irrationally displayed her traumatized state by crying, yelling, babbling, and laughing hysterically. I responded to her in kind. Surely Mark sensed a higher purpose than the rescue of two PTSDed[1] dissociatives who had been traumatized literally out of their minds.

Kelly's condition continued to worsen, despite feeling love and security for the first time in her life. The extreme trauma she endured while with Cox apparently extended into hypnotic mind control programming, which she later reported in detail to the psychiatrist assigned to her case. As quickly as

Kelly retrieved memory, she went into espionage level deliberately programmed respiratory failure[2]. When Mark and I rushed her to Humana

Hospital in Anchorage, Kelly did not respond to conventional medical intervention. Hospital personnel who noted her traumatized state called in their leading psychiatrist, Dr. Pat Patrick. Dr. Pat was the first to diagnose Kelly with D.I.D. (dissociative identity disorder), which back then, was still being referred to as MPD (multiple personality disorder[3]) "with active mind control programming". Kelly was still in the Intensive Care Unit when I telephoned my father, Earl O'Brien, pleading for help.

"Kelly is dying and I don't have the money to put gas in the car to get to the hospital. Please help." I knew my father was well off financially, and assumed he would help. I was still amnesic of his incest and the perverse events that led to his selling me into the CIA's MK Ultra mind control.

"No more money!" my father shouted, much to my astonishment at the time. "This is America!"

"This is America?" I wondered at his outburst. What did "America" have to do with his cold-hearted refusal to financially enable me to be with my dying daughter?!

I began to shake uncontrollably as my heartbreak and desperation turned to sheer terror.

"You're not going to cave into fear now," Mark firmly told me. "Truth naturally frees you from fear. Think about it. Focus on what you know rather than jump to emotionally driven conclusions. Write it out and I'll read it when we get home." Mark opened the door and stepped out into the brisk Alaskan air. He had just taken an interim job as Marketing Director of Alaska Business College in order to meet our rent and keep the lights and heat on. The funds generated from quickly liquidating his personal assets back in Tennessee had dwindled, and we spent the last American Express Traveler's check on a small, unfurnished fourplex in Eagle River. He wasn't counting on assistance from anyone, especially not my father, and reluctantly left me

alone with my past.

I locked the door and put my pen to paper. “This is America?” The answers were slow to surface, as they drudged up years of related memory that appeared as one long nightmare. By the time Mark returned that evening, I had slips of paper scattered everywhere with bits and pieces of memory scrawled across them in as many different handwritings. “I’ve remembered so much, yet nothing makes sense. I can’t tell one year from the next.” I showed him the scraps of paper and cried, “How can I figure out when things happened when I had no concept of time?”

“Simple,” Mark replied. “You have to know what questions to ask yourself. Expand your vision beyond the moment. What is the season? Is it snowing? Can you feel the warmth of the summer sun? Do you smell the spring flowers? Are you in school? Who is your teacher? What are you wearing? When did you own these clothes? Are any of your brothers and sisters born? How old is Kelly? Take a look around through the part of you it was happening to and see through those eyes. Do people seem really tall to you like they did when you were a child? What is eye level to you? Their knees? Their eyes? Simply pinpoint the time as accurately as you can and leave the rest to investigators. I’ve already got some old contacts of mine looking into things for us, and I talked with the Feds again today.”

Mark’s rational answers served to refocus me. My frantic desperation calmed, and we discussed our plans for the next day, which would include time at the hospital with Kelly. “I also need to go to the library,” Mark informed me. Rare books on deprogramming and recovery from dissociative disorders were suddenly being made available to him. Certain pages were book marked for him with coded instructional notes and unidentified one time use toll free phone numbers. “You can look through some of the old magazines and newspapers they’ve accumulated as give-aways,” he continued. “You will want to start clipping pictures, phrases, headlines – anything that catches your attention. When you have a box full of these clippings, you can make a collage of them. It will be like putting together these pieces of your mind.” He scooped up a handful of the scraps of paper I had made notes on. “Dr. Patrick used the term polyfragmented to describe these dust pieces you’re gathering. She agrees that my suggestion of making

a collage would be very healing for you."

Suddenly my scraps of memory looked valuable after all. From that point on, I wrote down every memory flash I had whether it seemed significant or not. I kept a pen and paper with me at all times. Memories were flashing across my mind's screen often, even to the point of dominating my focus at inconvenient times. Jotting down a word or phrase served to stop the inconvenient intrusions, allowing me to complete other business I was tending at the moment. It was as though my brain knew I would write it out in its entirety later, and the intrusive flashing would momentarily subside. Later, when I had time to focus on it properly, I would relax into a deeper state, ask myself questions the way Mark taught me, smell the smells, and write out that which was waiting to be photographically retrieved.

"Keep in mind," Mark advised me, "that if a memory seems too impossible to have actually happened, then examine it closely to see if it is something you were told or is from a movie. Deprogram the program first. Find the beginning and end, what happened before and after. Set the written out scrap of memory aside for three weeks. Truth doesn't go away. Filling in the blanks with what might have happened will." Some memory scraps were temporarily set aside, along with the clippings I would accumulate for my collage.

Upon Dr. Pat's advise, Humana Medical Hospital transferred Kelly to Charter North Psychiatric Hospital. Although the staff admittedly did not know how to treat Kelly's condition, they were sympathetic to her need. They agreed to join us in our quest to obtain qualified rehabilitation for Kelly. Mark's inside knowledge of espionage level deprogramming was not appropriate for Kelly's needs. Besides, she had been subjected to sophisticated NASA/DARPA[4] developed harmonic mind control technologies since birth, which was vastly different from the trauma based mind control from which I was recovering. In essence the key that locked the doors to her mind needed to be used to unlock it. And Charter North[5], despite being among the most progressive chain of mental institutions in the nation, did not have access to classified technology and information.

Seeing Kelly was a joyful and painful experience at the same time. She and I

were very close, bonded more than the average mother and daughter by the traumas we had endured together for so many years. I had never contributed to Kelly's abuse and she knew it, despite her amnesic mental blocks and extreme PTSD[6]. We shared an understanding beyond words, and communicated on levels experienced by soldiers on the front lines of a battle zone.

I was glad to see Kelly breathing easier under Dr. Pat's care. "I'm going to see a doctor who knows about sexual abuse," Kelly proudly announced. "The police need the paperwork."

Mark and I had begun turning pertinent information over as requested to Anchorage Police Detective Jack Chapman[7] in an effort to enlist protection for Kelly from Wayne Cox and Alex Houston. Apparently this medical document was required. I went with her as she complied with the gynecological exam at the age of eight. Dr. Lillibridge examined and photographed what he termed "the physical scars from years of extreme, horrendous sexual abuse." Cover-up was already underway, even though we had just embarked on what would be years in pursuit of justice and rehabilitation for Kelly. Dr. Lillibridge informed Mark and me that his medical license and life had been threatened if he confirmed Kelly's abuse. "This is an outrage! What this child has endured is so extreme I will travel to any court in this country to testify on her behalf," he promised.

Kelly, pleased with herself for cooperating with the exam, had no clue as to what was going on. In spite of her deep insight and wisdom exceeding her years, she was still a child who did not need to know how elusive justice was becoming.

By the time Mark and I arrived at the library, memories were flooding my mind and I was making notes as fast as I could. I stopped long enough to request the outdated newspapers and magazines so I could begin my collage, piled them in the Pacer out front, then sat down at a desk to write while Mark tended his library business.

I remembered how my father's sexual abuse seemed so "natural." I didn't know any better, and pedophilia was so rampant[8] in Muskegon[9], Michigan when I was growing up, my neighborhood friends didn't know any better either. Even though I had longed for someplace on the planet where people didn't hurt each other, the pursuit of pleasure by acting out sexually was the way of life back then.

Soon my father's sexual abuse extended into child pornography. Bonnie and the Boxer was the pornographic bestiality film made of me that would change my life forever. Looking through the eyes of the child I was when those events occurred, I recalled how my Uncle Sam's boxer dog, Buster, was so much bigger than me! My father had filmed the event, and apparently sold it through the local Michigan Mafia child pornography ring. As I recalled, my maternal grandfather's Masonic Lodge was instrumental in bringing businessmen, police, and politicians into our lives. So when a local politician came to our house with a copy of the porn film under his arm, it seemed as "natural" to me as sex!

I kept my head "up my past" for days, writing on every scrap of paper I could find. Still, it would be some time before I would understand the full importance and scope of that event. The memories I wrote out in photographic detail turned out to be just a small piece of the elaborate puzzle that revealed some of the missing years of my life. It would be years before I learned how that local child pornography ring came to be sanctioned by politicians involved in MK Ultra mind control[10]. Project Paperclip[11] had imported Nazi and Fascist scientists into the US, gleaning Hitler/Himler research on multigenerational incest based families[12]. It was learned that incest resulted in dissociative disorders ideal for robotic mind control. Such candidates could be used in espionage, the military, or anywhere government officials wanted secrecy and control. Brainwashing was being refined, and certain politicians such as the one who came to our house with the Bonnie and the Boxer film under his arm, were sanctioning child pornography rings in order to target children like myself for government mind control projects.

"Spies are made, not born," my father often quipped. He was proud to be part of what he deemed an important government project. This local politician, Gerald Ford, would later become the un-elected Vice President and

eventually un-elected President of the United States[13]. Back in the early 1960's, though, Ford was just a simple politician who was sliming his way to the top. He promised my father immunity from prosecution if he would agree to see me into MK Ultra mind control. I remember how the two had laughed like old friends, telling tales about my Uncle Bob Tanis.

Uncle Bob was Air Force Intelligence, a professed Jesuit, and friends with both Ford and another local politician, Guy VanderJagt. VanderJagt went on to head the Republican National Committee[14] while serving as a US Congressman. In retrospect, it is bizarre how my father, who had a sixth grade education and earned his living as a worm digger, became associated with the likes of VanderJagt and Ford through illicit porn featuring me! Yet it had all seemed so uneventful, simple, and "normal" to me back then.

Writing out my memories the way Mark taught allowed me to retrieve them the way they happened, free of dramatics. I would deepen my trance through relaxation, watch events as they occurred in photographic detail on my mind's screen, smell the smells, and know the physical sensations without re-feeling them. Emotions were non-existent in the dissociative state in which I had existed, so applying emotion to events when recovering memory was unrealistic. Mark wisely taught me to avoid the question often asked by therapists "how does that make you feel?" Remembering the details, as disgusting as they were now, helped me understand why my father ignored my pleas for help and shouted, "This is America!" I really didn't have time to wallow in self-pity, though, when Kelly's dire and desperate circumstances demanded all of my energy.

Chapter 4
FREE TO LOVE

In our determined effort to help Kelly, Mark and I worked diligently to stay a step ahead of the law enforcement cover-up that was underway. Oftentimes we would opt for spending what little cash we had on postage stamps rather than on food, as information dissemination was more crucial to our survival at the time. We had written hundreds of letters to local, state, and federal law enforcement agencies, mental health professionals, and to various citizen's organizations that were springing up all across the United States. Kelly's case wasn't the only one of its kind, although the "free" press and the courts were ignoring the widespread proliferation of incest, ritual abuse, and mind control. Responses poured in from everywhere, including from a Priest[1] concerned about abuses within the Catholic Church. Systematic mind control of dissociative victims by pedophile priests was already rampant by 1989. Mental health therapy for the wide range of victims of incest, child abuse, kidnapping, cults, satanism, dissociative disorders, and mind control was all but non-existent back then. Therapists were contacting Mark and me for guidance.

Information on dissociative disorders, trauma, and mind control had been deliberately suppressed from the American psychiatric and psychological associations for so-called "reasons of national security." The founder of the APA, Dr. Ewen Cameron, had been caught using CIA mind control methods at the Allen Memorial Institute in Montreal, Canada. The CIA was forced to compensate the victims, yet it took years[2]. In the meantime, educational institutions for mental health professionals lacked the facts necessary for treating the vast number of victims/survivors who were filling their offices in search of help and understanding.

Finally, through concerned Alaska State officials, I was able to make contact with Tennessee Violent Crimes Claims Commissioner Richard Rucker.

Commissioner Rucker was able to verify many of the facts, documents, and records submitted to him, and was working above and beyond the call of duty to obtain qualified rehabilitation for Kelly. Since he was close to reaching his goal, he proceeded to submit a request for release of emergency funds for Kelly and me so we could complete her transfer. He filed her case with the commission's national headquarters in Washington, DC at the FBI building.

By the summer of 1989, Mark and I turned over our doctor's reports, details of federal crimes, evidences, and proof of the ongoing cover-up of Kelly's case to Anchorage's FBI Resident Agent in Charge Joe Hamblin and Special Agent Ken Marischen[3].

"We've been looking for you," Marischen said.

"I know," Mark quickly replied. "You've been following the trail of my American Express Traveler's Checks."

Marischen was astounded. "How did you know?" he demanded.

"I didn't," Mark smiled. "You just told me. Why are you looking for me?"

"Your ex-wife is among the FBI's most wanted criminals[4]," Marischen continued. "We need you to confirm her credibility."

"Of course she is not credible," Mark answered. "Why do you think I divorced her?"

"Well, she's involved in a homicide along with the attorney she is working for." Marischen informed him. "If you will say for the record that she is credible, we will investigate this case you are presenting to us."

"Wait a minute." Mark smiled through his rage. "I'm here to report federal crimes, and all you want to talk about is my ex-wife. I haven't seen her in nearly a year. I am not going to lie for you and tell you she is credible. I'm counting on you to be honest and investigate these crimes and proofs, and you're trying to entrap me. This is immoral and…"

Joe Hamblin reached across the table and took the packet of information Mark had brought them. Hamblin vowed to investigate it, and quickly showed Mark the door.

Kelly's urgent and precarious situation caused us to return to the FBI a few days later, only to be told by the FBI's receptionist that both Hamblin and Marischen had been called to Washington, DC.

Acting on a tip from someone he trusted, Mark was patiently waiting in Hamblin's "secure" office when he returned. Hamblin took the voluminous packet of documents and information we had provided him out of his briefcase. "Nothing happened in Alaska. Yet," Hamblin warned. "Leave before it does."

"We told you we need your help, and 'nothing' has happened," Mark began. "Now I can't even afford to leave. I have nothing left to lose but my life, and as long as I'm alive I will do all I can to legally incite an honest investigation into these crimes."

Ken Marischen poked his head in the office to offer Mark just enough money ($500) to leave the state, compliments of his Mormon[5] church.

Mark and I had also turned the same documentation over to US Customs Northwest Division Manager Max Kitchens. Much of the detailed information we submitted regarding CIA cocaine operations had already checked out. "You are the first person I know of to actually survive and piece together the facts so comprehensively," Max told me. And he was in a position to know a lot[6]. Max was not only compassionate and respectful, he was dedicated to bringing about justice "regardless of who is involved."

"No one is above the law," he stated. He, too, was suddenly flown to Washington, DC.

Upon his return, Max drove out to our Eagle River residence. He was wide-eyed and breathless when he arrived, looking behind him suspiciously, and asked to come in. "I know the crimes you are reporting are true," he began.

“And I can’t even protect you. It took me over two hours to drive here[7], taking back roads, and using every trick I know to shake a tail. You won’t survive here. There’s a high level hit out on you now, and I beg of you to please leave while you still can.” Max bid us “good luck,” hugged us, and left.

As he backed out of our driveway, the telephone rang. It was Charter North notifying us that Kelly was in danger and would be transferred to an interim placement via the Tennessee Claims Commission. Charter had been informed that Wayne Cox was on his way to Alaska to kill her and anyone who stood in his way. Kelly was flying out with a nurse immediately. There wasn’t even time for me to see her first. I was devastated.

I telephoned Commissioner Rucker, who was distraught over the precarious turn of events. He told me, “National Security has been slapped on this case out of DC. There is little more I can do. I’m told Senator Byrd is behind it.”

Senator Byrd? Of course I knew he had an office in the FBI Hoover Building. I had been there.

My memory had been triggered. I was writing it out as fast as I could, pausing briefly to wipe away tears of frustration that I hadn’t remembered soon enough to have avoided this pitfall. My heart wrenching concerns for Kelly were overwhelming. Taking action rather than taking time to cry, Mark and I began to pack our belongings and make arrangements to leave Alaska where we could be closer to Kelly. I kept writing.

After being sold into MK Ultra mind control by my father, he was immediately flown to Boston, Massachusetts where he said he was given instructions at the nearby Scientific Engineering Institute[8] on how to raise me in the Project. Perhaps it was my Uncle Bob’s Jesuit affiliation, or perhaps it was due to the CIA combining Nazi mind sciences with what the Catholics learned through the Spanish Inquisition and Crusades regarding the effects of trauma on the human mind, that sent my father to Boston. Regardless, when he returned, my MK Ultra mind control victimization commenced, beginning

with mind shattering occult rituals in my hometown St. Francis deSales Catholic church.

My father had also been instructed to take me to the Governor's mansion in Mackinac Island, Michigan. Governor George Romney[9] was actively involved in MK Ultra, extending it from the Catholic church to his Mormon church[10] and bringing it into the school systems as what would later become global education[11]. Because I was a "prime candidate" or a "chosen one" for MK Ultra, I had cause to be there as well. It was on Mackinac Island that I first met US Senator Robert C. Byrd, who would become my owner in MK Ultra. As my "owner," Senator Byrd directed my activities, deciding which military and NASA installations I would be taken to for mind control programming, who I would be prostituted to and when , and which government operations I would ultimately be used in during the Reagan/Bush Administration.

The pieces of my mind were fusing into a full picture, just as the scraps of headlines and pictures I had clipped were assembled into a collage theme. Everything started to make sense. Yet it was only the beginning.

Mark quit his brief job at Alaska Business College to be with me 24 hours a day 7 days a week for security purposes. "Making a living" was secondary to "living," and Mark chose to step away from society's financial rat race in favor of staying a step ahead of the game of exposing the highest level of criminal corruption. He had already lost his personal fortune, and he knew no limits to sacrificing his comfort zone for a higher purpose.

Within days of his departure, two Federally employed thugs greeted him as he stepped from the elevator to his ABC office. Mark heard the triggers cock on their weapons as he brushed past them. In one swift movement, he flipped open his briefcase[12] and spun around to face his would-be attackers with his 45 automatic drawn down on them. Using his briefcase as a shield, he smiled and said, "Good morning, boys. What brings you here? A need for an education?"

“You’re going to leave Alaska, dead or alive,” one of the suits said, while the other held the elevator door open with his foot.

“And I predict you’re going to leave here. Now. Who wants to go first?” Mark calmly asked.

“Abandon that woman, child, and your cause. Leave the state or you’ll die.” The elevator door closed.

Mark repacked his weapon and closed his briefcase as he watched from the upper floor balcony as the pair left the building. The elevator doors opened again, and a group of female students emerged. “Mr. Phillips,” one young blonde called. “We heard you turned in your notice and won’t be working here anymore.”

Another slipped her arm through his. “We’re here to talk you out of it.”

“Look what you’ve done,” a student majoring in modeling scolded as she wiped sweat from Mark’s brow, totally unaware of what had just transpired. “Let’s hear what he has to say. Maybe it’s just a rumor.”

Mark never faltered in his convictions. The easy way out was not the path he chose, and he turned to the girls, stopping at his office door. “You can’t talk me ‘out of’ or into anything,“ he smiled, then slipped inside and started packing his belongings.

Back at home, Mark laughed as he told me about the threat from the Feds. “You should have seen the expression on their faces when they realized their element of surprise had turned on them. They ran like scalded dogs all the way out the building.”

“It’s a good thing those girls didn’t have class any earlier,” I said, thinking how close they had come without even knowing it.

The phone rang. It was UCLA’s chair of psychology Jolly West[13], wanting to speak with me. Mark had already figured out this CIA MK Ultra perpetrator’s

containment agenda. He knew that Jolly West's efforts to communicate with us now clearly indicated how endangered out lives had become. Recently, Steve Hassan, alleged acclaimed cohort of Jolly West and Margaret Singer, was brought in to verify Kelly's mind control abuses at the request of the Tennessee Claims Commission. Jolly West was concerned, as Hassan had submitted strong verbiage documenting Kelly's mind control programming[14].

Wasting no time, Mark "politely" terminated the call. As quickly as he hung up the phone, it rang again. "I need to go to the library," he said as he hung up the phone again. Immediately, we went out the door. As we drove to the shopping center where the small Eagle River library was located, I sensed a change occurring deep within me. My brain was fusing, and I was regaining control over my own mind and life. By the time we reached the parking lot, I felt like *me* for the first time in decades. I knew who I was, where I'd been, and where I was going. I realized continuity of thought, and was no longer speaking like the character Mel Gibson would portray so accurately in the movie Conspiracy Theory[15]. As I walked across the parking lot, I felt *present*, a stronger attachment to the planet, an awareness. It was as though dimensions had shifted and my spirit had reattached to my body after having floated above it in a safe, loving place for years while I was tortured to robotically carry out orders for others. I felt peace. I felt whole. I felt strong.

Mark noticed that my demeanor had changed. Even my walk was different, and never returned to what it was before that moment. We both sensed a permanent, profound change. Mark looked at me, his soulful eyes shining. Unable to contain myself, I exclaimed "I love you!"

Looking deep into my eyes, into the very soul of me, he said, "I believe you. I love you, too."

Mark dashed into the library while I went into the grocery store to buy dinner with a handful of change we had found. Once inside the grocery store, I could not think. After decades of only following orders under mind control, making decisions for myself wasn't happening. I was still staring a the grocery items unable to choose our dinner when Mark found me, and asked, "What's for dinner?"

“I know this sounds crazy, but I can’t decide. It’s like my brain goes off into a black hole before I can think to decide.” I was alarmed.

“We’ll do some brain exercises,” he promised. “Your brain is just rusty from lack of use. We can fix that easy enough.” Mark smiled and slipped his arm around me. “Let’s skip dinner tonight. We need to save every penny for our trip, anyway.”

It was about time! Yes!! He really could see how deeply I loved him. Now that I had free thought, free will, and soul expression again, I was free to love!

We hurried back to our home. We weaved our way through the boxes already packed with our few belongings. Our pet’s kennels were ready for them and the long trip back to the lower 48. We hadn’t disassembled the bed yet, though, and fell into each other’s arms. I lost track of time, and it was so different this time. Timeless passion. Timeless love. My choice.

Chapter 5
*SOUL*UTIONS

United in love and purpose, Mark and I finally arrived back in the lower 48. Our Alaska Airlines flight had been delayed for days due to a major volcanic eruption, leaving us to camp out on the airline floor with our luggage and kennels full of pets. Now we were more anxious than ever to retrieve our Pacer and tiny trailer from the ferry shipping docks and begin the long trek across the US to reunite with Kelly.

When we located our Pacer, all of our belongings packed inside had been raided and strewn about. Weapons and documents pertinent to our legal action and survival were missing. Mark's forethought in hand carrying such evidences as Alex Houston's CIA diary, videos, and medical records proved invaluable. We repacked the car and trailer, strapped the kennels to the roof, and began our long journey.

I telephoned Commissioner Rucker from a rest area in California. "Kelly is institutionalized at Valley Institute of Psychiatry in Owensboro, Kentucky," he told me. "I realize this is not a suitable placement and it's only temporary. They haven't even heard of mind control, but at least they've treated ritual abuse survivors. They have high security and are acutely aware of Kelly's circumstances. They've agreed to fully cooperate with us in obtaining qualified rehabilitation for her."

I was overwhelmed by emotion and couldn't even think to ask necessary questions. He continued, "I've arranged for disbursement of emergency funds through Huntsville, Alabama's District Attorney Bud Cramer since he runs the National Child Protection and Advocacy Center. Hopefully he can give you advice on how to proceed from there. Good luck."

"Good *luck?*" It seemed everyone was wishing "luck" these days. I knew it

was more than luck that brought us this far!

Huntsville had been one of Kelly's and my primary abuse bases for NASA mind control programming during the 1980's, and I was deeply concerned with going there to pick up our emergency funds. Already Mark and I had heard rumblings regarding Bud Cramer[1] and his organization being a catch net for mind control survivors. Plus I was concerned that Kelly's placement in Owensboro, Kentucky was far too close to Fort Campbell where we also had endured extensive, sophisticated programming.

I slowly walked back to the car and told Mark what Commissioner Rucker had said.

Never one to despair, Mark started the engine. "The people who hurt you and Kelly may have Intelligence," Mark told me, "but they lack wisdom. They're flat thinkers with no concept of the strength of the human spirit or the power of a mother's love. There is no depth to their criminal minds, which is why wisdom outthinks a criminal mind every time."

Hope, rather than luck, is necessary for human survival, and I was deeply grateful for the hope Mark's wisdom provided. Would I ever be capable of such wisdom myself? I was still striving to apply the simple motto Mark had given to me "voice no negatives without a solution." It was a challenge to think of solutions when I was still learning to think for myself at all! At least this phrase kept me from incessant complaining, whining, and slipping into immobilizing despair while I strove to push my brain to think beyond past conditioning of compliance without question.

I settled into my seat, pulled out one of my ever-present notebooks, and began writing out details of the vast information I was remembering. My traumatic experiences with Wayne Cox and his Louisiana backwoods witchcraft blood rituals left me prime for occult- theme mind control programming. Byrd ordered that this be instilled by Lieutenant Colonel Michael Aquino, founder of the Occult Temple of Set proliferating on US military bases. Aquino seemed untouchable in those days with his professed

Neo-Nazi criminal activity covered by his affiliation with the War College's Psychological Warfare Division, the Catholic Jesuits, the First Amendment of the US Constitution that ensures "freedom of religion," and through his association with influential politicians such as Byrd.

As soon as Kelly was born in 1980, Byrd ordered that we transfer to Nashville, Tennessee and our second mind control handler in MK Ultra, CIA Operative Alex Houston. Houston worked as a ventriloquist and stage hypnotist in the country music industry, which provided an ideal cover for me to travel throughout the US, Canada, Mexico, and the Caribbean as ordered. Nashville was also in close proximity to two mind control epicenters; one in Fort Campbell, Kentucky where elite special forces such as the 101st Airborne were programmed and trained, and the other in Huntsville, Alabama's NASA facilities. Lt. Col. Aquino became my primary mind control programmer according to Byrd's instruction throughout the Reagan-Bush Administration. I was programmed for CIA Black Budget funding operations, to deliver messages to and from various government leaders, and fulfill sexual perversion in the process[2].

Kelly was also subjected to Aquino's abuse and programming as ordered by Byrd, despite the fact that her mind control victimization was far more technologically advanced than mine. Kelly experienced classified high technology harmonic mind control programming since birth. Where my brain was compartmentalized through trauma, her neuron pathways were harmonically vibrated for more precise compartmentalization. Even before she was born, I was sent to Tulane University Medical Center in New Orleans, Louisiana where genetic mind control engineering was already underway. The sophisticated high-tech means by which Kelly was conditioned were also being utilized at the Fort Campbell and NASA facilities, where Aquino was willing to administer them. He was much more adept at playing devil's advocate, wielding his stun gun as the 'power of satan' for programming purposes, than he was with harmonic equipment. Nevertheless, Aquino had supposedly established himself at both mind control epicenters, having used harmonic equipment to fine tune the singing qualities of the country music entertainers Byrd controlled[3].

It was no wonder that I was hesitant to go back into Huntsville and was concerned for Kelly's placement in Kentucky. Nor was I comfortable when Mark announced that we would be stopping in Nashville before proceeding to Huntsville as arranged. Then he explained, "It would be wise to build a backdoor to ensure Kelly's safety as well as our own. We need to strategically disperse a few packets of information around Washington, DC. An old acquaintance of mine that I went to school with is a US Congressman now, and he may be able to help us avoid CIA interception and actually reach the appropriate people with the documents."

Mark pulled up to Nashville's Federal Building. "Wait here," he said, smoothing the wrinkles from his travel pants. Transferring a few select packets into his brief case, he said, "I'm going up to Congressman Clement's office, and will be back in twenty minutes."

Eighteen minutes later, Mark was back in the car, aiming it for Huntsville. "Done," he smiled. "Anytime we absolutely need to reach people with something in Washington, DC, Clement's staff will ensure it gets there intact by Congressional Red Bag Mail."

"I'm still striving to *think* of solutions and you're already implementing them!" How fortunate I felt to be lifted from my mind control existence by someone so wise and capable. I decided solution should be spelled 'SOULution'. Armed with soul, truth, and a mother's love, I convinced myself that I was ready for Huntsville.

Two hours later, Mark drove past Huntsville's Redstone Arsenal, Gate 9 exit near the NASA Space and Rocket Center. Disjointed bits of memory began flashing, and I forgot all about my recent resolution and began shaking. "No. We will never survive this. There's no place to run and no place to hide, especially when we're right in their own backyard! Please…" I begged, "let's go. I quit. I can't do this."

Mark managed to calm my hysteria with logic. "There is a place to run – right at them. And you have no need to hide – obviously they do or they wouldn't devote so much effort and money to cover-up. As for being in their 'own backyard,' it's the safest place to be. As they say, 'Nazi's don't shoot

folks in their own bedroom.' You can't quit now because I've already devoted a year to this, and I refuse to quit." I was still sobbing as he continued, "We're on the back of a tiger and we've got to ride it until he drops or he'll eat us for lunch. I can survive the un-survivable, but I can't tolerate the intolerable and your negativity is intolerable." He stopped the car. "You can get out and walk if you want, but I'm going to finish this."

I still wasn't very good at making decisions for myself. Walking from here was out of the question, though, and my decision didn't require any thought. I definitely needed to work on that "voice no negatives without a solution" thing. For now, I quit sobbing and rode on in silence. Besides, I still had a lot of memories surfacing that I needed to write out.

We finally arrived at the Highway 72 Circle K rendezvous according to Huntsville District Attorney Bud Cramer's instructions. Plain-clothes drug cops Jeff Bennett and Chuck Crabtree provided us a key to the Police "Safe House" where we would be staying. "We'd like to interview you first thing in the morning," they said.

The interview went on for days while Bennett and Crabtree took notes on Byrd and Aquino's ties to NASA. They were aware of Huntsville's reliance on Byrd's Senate appropriations funds for their NASA operations, yet had no inside knowledge of mind control operations. I explained how Aquino used me in the training video *How to Create a Mind Controlled Slave Using a Stun Gun*[4] that was filmed in Huntsville, and even provided details of local persons involved.

I elaborated further on how one such individual, Huntsville Police Sergeant Frank Crowley, actively covered up local crime. I had been privy to the criminal roots of the First (and last) Annual Johnny Lee Picnic held August 7-9, 1987 in nearby Guntersville, where it was pre-planned that the promoter would steal all proceeds. Houston, who was booked to entertain at the event by his Agent Reggie MacLaughlin, was tipped to the plan and demanded to be paid up front. He was also responsible for bringing vast quantities of CIA cocaine into the event, half of which was to be taken to the Fraternal Order of Police Convention scheduled in Mobile immediately afterward. When a girl was murdered the last night of the Picnic in a bizarre sex act, it further

complicated the whole criminal mess and Sgt. Crowley was needed to cover it all up. Country entertainer Keith Whitley had witnessed the murder, was aware of the CIA's cocaine ties into it all, and sobbed hysterically, threatening to go to the media with it. Lorrie Morgan asked me to keep their baby in our motor home while she and Reggie MacLaughlin tried to regain control of Keith. The next day, when all of us were at the Mobile F.O.P. Convention, Sgt. Crowley bragged how he "had it all covered."

Bennett and Crabtree appeared extremely nervous, and I assumed it was due to the F.O.P.'s involvement in CIA cocaine operations. "Everybody knows the F.O.P. is involved in CIA cocaine operations," I consoled them. "It doesn't mean all police are corrupt. I'm not suggesting you two are corrupt just because I knew so many who are. There's good and bad in everything—even the CIA. Even politicians. Even Masons. I'm not painting everyone with the same brush." I smiled.

Mark changed the subject. "There is a major cocaine deal going down in town this weekend. One of the CIA's main players, Hank Cochran, is scheduled to appear at The Gold Rush."

"He's a singer and songwriter in the country music industry," I added. "I lived on his farm in '78 when Wayne Cox was working with the Mandrells. It all ties right back into Byrd again. Irby Mandrell, the girls' father, even bragged how Byrd had them programmed and harmonically tuned right here in Huntsville[5]."

Mark and I supplied sufficient detail of Hank Cochran's cocaine operations with the CIA for a bust to be set up. Crabtree and Bennett drew up the plan, which would occur the next evening in the parking lot of the Gold Rush. Mark and I were to meet them there at 6PM, after which back up would arrive and make the arrests.

At 6PM, Mark and I were parked in the appointed spot waiting for Crabtree and Bennett to show up. Hank Cochran's gold Mercedes pulled up to the door of the lounge. He snorted a line of coke right in plain sight before going in to the Gold Rush.

“Did you see that?” I shrieked. “How much more obvious do these guys have to be before justice prevails? Where are Bennett and Crabtree?”

Hank Cochran’s driver slowly got out of the car with his huge, 50 caliber Desert Eagle gun drawn. Standing behind the car door, he nodded his head for another passenger to go into the building with what appeared to be a heavy leather bag.

“That’s the biggest gun I ever saw in my life,” I whispered as the driver scanned the parking lot for any witnesses.

“Kiss me, quick!” Mark pulled me close for what he hoped would look enough like a passionate sex act to give us time to pull out. He pushed my head down, backed the car out of the parking lot, and drove away.

“Where were you guys?!” I demanded to know the next day.

“If you want to live, leave.” Bennett gestured over his shoulder to cops surrounding the so-called ‘safe house.’ “Our Sergeant doesn’t want you here.”

“Our Sergeant is Sgt. Crowley. He doesn’t know you’re here yet.” Crabtree tried to soften the threat. “You’d better leave before he finds out.”

“Now!” Bennett ordered. Referring to the cops surrounding us, he said, “These guys will escort you out of town and out of the state.”

Mark calmly smiled at Bennett and patted the weapon he and Crabtree knew he carried. “I knew how to get here, and I know the way out. You haven’t heard the last from me, you chicken shit son-of-a-bitch.”

I gathered our few belongings from the ‘safe house’ while Mark telephoned Cramer’s office. Cramer’s assistant Barbara Johnson was already aware of this turn of events. Her only voiced concern was to ask if Crabtree had cashed the Violent Crimes Compensation check for us as instructed. He had. We threw our belongings in the car while the ‘police posse’ lined up their

vehicles to escort us out of town. Mark drove smooth and deliberate, loosing many of them at the first red light, so that few were left by the time we turned back on to Highway 72.

The whole Huntsville experience proved quite productive in spite of the life threatening turmoil surrounding us. We received the necessary emergency funds, learned numerous pitfalls to avoid, and somehow managed to survive the whole ordeal. I grew wiser from seeing the magnitude of the cover-up and corruption emanating from NASA.

Chapter 6
JUST ‘CAUSE

“My mother will let us stay at her house[1] while we finish getting Kelly transferred and report these crimes to the Feds,” Mark told me. We had arrived back in Nashville without further incident and wearily unpacked our belongings into a small bedroom in Melba’s house.

Melba’s fall from the horse she was riding with Mark when he was only six years old had left her severely brain damaged. Mark not only raised himself, he had taken care of Melba all his life. Had it not been for his resultant interest in mind sciences hoping to find a cure for her, he may not have known how to help me recover from mind control. I was deeply grateful to Melba, and touched by Mark’s compassion and patience for her and me both.

“I’m glad you’re here,” Melba firmly stated as though Mark had only been away a short while. “Some fellow from Fort Campbell has been calling for you. I told him you weren’t here and he kept calling back anyway.”

“What’s his name?” Mark asked.

“Oh, I forgot.” Melba opened the back door and let one of her countless cats outside.

“’Oh, I forgot’ has been calling here all my life,” Mark smiled and hugged his mother. “Thanks for letting us stay here. Hopefully we won’t need to be here long.”

Melba looked defensive. “Why don’t you want to stay here?”

“I didn’t say ‘I don’t want to stay here,’ Mother,” Mark patiently explained. “I simply hope it won’t take us long to accomplish what we have to do.”

Mark opened the refrigerator door. “I’ll cook dinner tonight if I can find anything.” Moving aside bottles and jars of clouded fuzz and black goo revealed nothing but a few furry green balls.

“That’s not edible.” I was relieved Melba knew the difference between spoiled and edible food. She opened the pantry door. “This is fresh.”

Mark eyed the contents and reached for a can of albacore tuna fish.

“That’s cat food!” she shrieked.

“You feed your cats albacore?” Mark asked.

“They’re finicky.”

“So am I,” Mark said as the phone rang.

“It’s that man again,” Melba said. “You answer it.”

Mark was looking for bread to go with the tuna fish, and, as a rule, I did not answer the telephone in the event it was a ‘tone call.’ A harmonic tone delivered by telephone was Byrd’s prior method of triggering me into robotic compliance with whatever orders followed. Melba answered it herself. It was her neighbor across the street, checking to see who was at her house.

“Mark is finally here to take that call from the Fort Campbell fellow,” Melba told her. Wow. There would be no secrets around here. I wondered how many people knew about this, or if it was even relevant. I soon found out. Next time the phone rang it was him.

“How’d you get this number?” I heard Mark ask as he brushed a cat away from his tuna fish. I went back into our tiny room to tidy it up and put our clothes in the drawers. A few minutes later, Mark slipped into our room, quickly closing the door before the cats followed. I sneezed.

“I’m sorry about the cats,” he said as I blew my nose. “You finally got past

that histamine[2] problem, and now this."

"That's OK," I sniffed. "At least they've got some quality tuna to share with us."

Mark smiled, and then got serious. "The timing of that phone call has me wondering. It seems Fort Campbell already knows we were reporting Aquino's crimes in Huntsville. Jim Dibble, a Defense Intelligence Agency 'special agent' assigned to the Fort Campbell Criminal Investigation Division, wants to interview you. He just came back from Panama where he was chief investigator of Noriega's lair. Apparently he found some things that link Noriega to Aquino and CIA drug ops."

"At least he'll have a point of reference for understanding what I'm reporting. When is he coming?"

"Day after tomorrow. I told him to give us some time to settle in and unpack before he starts demanding documents and paperwork. I'm not real sure what his agenda is, and it makes me nervous that he found us through Huntsville. I'm going to make a phone call when we go into town tomorrow and check him out with my sources." Mark tested the bed. It didn't bounce when he patted the spot next to him. I snuggled into him, finding all the comfort in the world in his arms.

My mind drifted back to Operation Shell Game[3], and Bradenton Beach, Florida just

outside of McDill Air Force Base. It was 1987 in the heat of Iran Contra, and Noriega had already been warned to cease his CIA cocaine activities for a while. Yet he was as brazen and obvious as ever. Since I had had dealings with Noriega in the past[4], I was to be used for this operation under orders from Dick Cheney[5], who was still working in his basement quarters of the Pentagon at the time. The plan was to appeal to Noriega's occultic superstitions, which included Aquino's so-called wizardry, my extensive mind control programming, and delivery of an ultimatum to him from then-

President Reagan. I could still recall the verbiage of the message in photographic detail[6], complete with the voice inflections used when the message was instilled and subsequently when it was delivered.

“Is Dibble superstitious?” I asked. “Or does he know that Aquino’s satanic power is in the form of a stun gun and Nazi-based mind control?”

“Superstition begins where knowledge leaves off,” Mark said. “I have no clue if Dibble can even think for himself, let alone where his knowledge leaves off.”

“Well, we can’t go wrong with truth,” I stated.

“If you surpass his point of reference for understanding it, he may not recognize it as reality.”

“But truth never goes away,” I argued. “Eventually he’ll get it.”

“Time is not our friend right now,” Mark countered. “And we don’t need Dibble as an enemy. He just returned from Operation Just Cause and he’s in a high level position to ‘just cause’ us problems.”

“Can we ask him about the harmonics used against Noriega?”

Mark knew I was referring to the highly publicized “rock music” embedded with harmonics that US soldiers strategically blared through boom-boxes into the Vatican embassy where Noriega was hiding out prior to his capture. “Approach the subject carefully,” Mark advised. “Dibble may buy into the deliberate misnomer that ‘lyrics’ affect the subconscious rather than harmonics[7]. You’ve got to consider that Dibble has heavy Catholic[8] ties into this, and may be as superstitious as Noriega and Aquino combined.”

“I’ll just answer questions,” I concluded.

“Why offer Fort Campbell information on Aquino, anyway?” Mark asked.

“They know him better than we do. If Dibble is ‘investigating’ Aquino, his own people have either left him in the dark or they’re sending him in to find out what you’ve remembered.”

My stomach growled, and I changed the subject. “Did you find anything in the kitchen to cook for dinner?” Mark was a gourmet chef, having learned how to cook in France some years previous while working with Capital International Airways. C.I.A. had an office at Orley Airport in France, which was in close proximity to the chef school he attended. How fortunate for me since my meager diet for so many years limited my ability to even boil water. Mark seemed like my ‘universal justice of the food.’ I ate well these days, even when we had no budget for groceries. It was he who was enduring a radical shift from the high quality food he was used to.

“We’ll have to go to town for groceries tomorrow. There’s still plenty of albacore tuna fish in the pantry, though.” Mark smiled at me. “Have you noticed that the poorer we are, the better food tastes and the hotter sex is?”

His simple question caused me to ponder our circumstances. I really did not have a comparative by which to answer. We were financially devastated by the time my digestive problems allowed me to indulge in Mark’s cooking, and it is still by far the best I’ve ever tasted. And sexually, I felt as though he were the first real sex I ever had despite incest, pornography, prostitution, and being used as a White House/Pentagon level sex slave. Before Mark, I had no idea that a body could endure so much pleasure! The sex I was trained for under MK Ultra mind control was autogenically derived, often brutal, and perverse. With love comes sexual freedom, and sexual freedom is more fun than my programmers could begin to imagine!

“How can being poor feel so rich?” I asked.

“We’ll always remember the love of these times,” Mark caressed me. “Let’s embrace the moment because we won’t be poor for long[9].”

The next morning, Mark and I drove to the nearby town of Dickson in search of groceries. What little food Melba had was for her and the cats, and she

needed a more substantial diet as well. We stopped by the local Catholic church where I requested a few groceries from charity, and sought advise on how to officially report the ritual and sexual abuse I experienced within the church by priests.

“You shouldn’t even be alive!” roared the attending priest. “There is nothing for you here.” The massive doors swung shut behind me. As I walked back to the car, I wondered what the local parishioners would think of their priest’s attitude. Perhaps they would withhold their donations and weekly offerings if they knew the hungry were being turned away and ignored. What action would they take for the children’s sake?

“Well, how’d you come out?” Mark asked as I got back in the car.

“I landed on my feet when the priest threw me out.”

Mark put his arm around me, “I’m sorry he treated you that way. Someday the church is going to pay for ignoring blatant and rampant abuse,” he comforted me.

“I’ll just keep talking until someone listens,” I smiled through my tears.

“Apparently Kelly is talking, too, and is being heard all the way to Washington, DC.” Mark informed me. “I just made that phone call about Dibble, and learned that Kelly’s situation is far more pressing than my concerns about Fort Campbell’s ‘suicide soldiers.’”

“What suicide soldiers?”

“That’s what they call Fort Campbell’s 101st Airborne around here. Everyone in the vicinity knows the fighting elite is programmed. Anyway, Dibble is not a threat. It’s Kelly’s surroundings that we need to secure.”

“Can we still go see her?” My heart caught in my throat at the thought of being delayed from seeing Kelly any longer.

“Of course,” Mark said, backing the car out of the church drive. “I want to see her, too. But I’ve got to see to her safety, first. We need to have a few key packets of information red bagged to DC through Congressman Clement, and meet with US Customs officials in the Nashville office before we make plans to travel to Kentucky.”

Returning to our immediate need I suggested, “Let’s go to Second Harvest Food Bank. They are notorious for feeding the hungry even when it’s not Thanksgiving – and they don’t answer to the church or the government. People helping people. That’s what works best.”

Mark pulled into their parking lot. Before I could even tell the Second Harvest workers my need, they told Mark to back the car up to the loading dock. “You wouldn’t be here if you weren’t in need,” they cheerfully said as they filled the car with boxes of groceries.

“I hope this is the last time I’ll have to rely on you,” I said as I thanked the compassionate workers. “Soon I’ll be able to contribute instead.”

“No one wants to be poor,” a Second Harvest worker told me. “Life has its struggles, though. As long as you have need, you have help available right here.”

With the car loaded with enough groceries for all three of us, Mark drove back to his mother’s house. “Next time we’re in Nashville,” I vowed, “I’ll look up the archdiocese and report Catholic abuse directly to them. Surely all Catholics aren’t involved in this. Even if it’s a cardinal law to usher pedophile priests from church to church, there’s bound to be someone who cares about the welfare of the children.”

Before we finished pulling into the driveway, Melba opened the front door and hollered to Mark, “When’s dinner? I thought you were cooking?”

The next day I set out a few cookies I’d baked while Mark brewed coffee. Jim Dibble’s line of questioning quickly revealed that Mark’s conclusions were accurate as usual. Fort Campbell was interested in finding out what I

had remembered, while Dibble's apparent superstitions revealed nothing new to us. The best we were able to glean from the meeting was a direct connection to the Tennessee Bureau of Investigation's Andy Earl and Goodlettsville Police Chief Fred Schott, who both were reputed to be honest.

Mark and I intended to turn information over to the TBI anyway, and perhaps we could obtain a measure of protection for Kelly through Chief Schott. Kelly and I had been kept in Goodlettsville during the course of our victimization, and Alex Houston was still residing there. Our first order of business would be more far reaching, however, from US Customs and Congressman Clement's office to Washington, DC.

Chapter 7
WASH. DC

Lou Bock," the US Customs agent extended his hand. "I've been expecting you. Please sit down." Lou gestured toward two chairs crammed into his small, sparsely decorated office.

Mark laid the packet of information on his desk as we sat down. "You've stirred quite a bit of interest throughout the agency," Lou said. "Apparently much of the drug information you turned into our Alaska office has already checked out. Why are you bringing a classified issue like mind control into this?"

"There's a little girl's life on the line here," Mark told him.

"She's my daughter," I continued, "and she's tangled in the mental health system's bureaucratic red tape due to cover-up. The CIA uses MK Ultra mind control victims like us in their drug operations because they believe it will keep their criminal covert activity secret."

"Obviously they're wrong," Mark said. "We had more details of their 'secrets' red bagged[1] to DC this morning on the way over here."

"You could get further in your efforts if you left mind control out of this," Lou advised.

"It's love for my daughter that motivates me to expose this high level criminal mess," I argued. "I'm not in this for vengeance, bitterness, hatred, or any other negative purpose. Love is the most powerful force in the universe and it is love for Kelly that compels me to make a positive difference for her and our country."

“Look,” Lou said. “Your chances of survival are probably slim, and I cannot in all good conscience proceed without at least offering you protection through the Federal Witness Protection program.”

Mark injected, “Lou, you’ve got to understand something here. Federal ‘Protection’ is an oxymoron in this case. Let’s get real. Kelly needs qualified rehabilitation. She needs protection *from* the Feds, not by the Feds. If you saw what their containment efforts were doing to that child, you would be outraged.”

“I’m sure the mental health system doesn’t even know what mind control is,” Lou conceded, “let alone how to safely treat someone who’s been subjected to it. Especially not a child. Why didn’t you rehabilitate her?”

Mark sighed. There was no way Lou could know the depth of emotion this issue stirred in him. “Kelly was exposed to harmonics since birth.” Lou frowned and set down as Mark continued. “She needs rehab suitable for her need. Cathy was subjected to the old method of physical and psychological torture. My own past in Intelligence provided me what I needed to know, as well as who, to ensure Cathy’s deprogramming was a success.”

“How do I know her deprogramming was successful?” Lou turned to me. “Ms. O’Brien, isn’t it possible that people you’ve named is just a fantasy of yours for publicity’s sake?”

“I wish it was ‘just a fantasy’. Then those politically affluent perpe*traitors* like Senator Byrd wouldn’t be spending so much time and our country’s money on covering-up Kelly’s need. We might get further in our efforts to obtain Kelly’s right to qualified rehabilitation *plus* gain the publicity necessary for raising awareness and inciting necessary change.”

“Byrd?” Lou raised his eyebrows. “Are you sure this isn’t just a publicity stunt?”

“It’s backwards if that was my intent.” I was raging now. “If I wanted to create a sex scandal, I would have chosen a Kennedy or something more

believable than Byrd! Have you ever seen him? I have, and that was torture in itself."

"Is this why you talk about his penis size?" Lou asked.

This line of questioning seemed so trivial to the magnitude of what needed to be accomplished. "Kelly reported Byrd's unusually small penis size in two institutions already. It's something Byrd can't change anymore than I can change the vaginal mutilation he ordered performed on me."

"OK," Lou stroked his chin. "Let's get back on point. We've got US Customs Internal Affairs coming in on this, and you are going to be asked a lot tougher questions than these. There are many of us aware of the CIA's drug operations like Operation Watchtower[2]. You've identified a few of our own, and individuals like Jose' Busto[3] masquerading as an Immigrations officer. We'd like for you and Mark to cooperate with us. Maybe we can even get some financial compensation for you for your information, although your refusal to accept Federal Protection makes it doubtful."

"We could use some help with Kelly's situation," Mark said. "It is extremely difficult to obtain effective rehabilitation for Kelly when the government is hell-bent on covering-up the cause. Now she is telling unskilled therapists about classified CIA drug ops, and it's creating serious problems because they don't know what to keep secret. The Feds just found out she is talking, and her circumstances are becoming precarious. Neither Federal Protection nor money can solve her problems, but perhaps Customs can help keep her safe. Of course we'll cooperate regardless of any compensation. Customs has consistently cooperated with us. We can't meet with Internal Affairs next week, though, since we're already scheduled for a lengthy interview with the FBI."

"I already know about your FBI meeting." Lou chose his words thoughtfully. "Do you have a tape recorder?"

"Running right now, as a matter of fact." Mark flipped open his briefcase while Lou rolled his eyes.

“Great. Bring it with you.” Lou pantomimed for Mark to turn it off, then continued. “I’ll go with you, if you want. You’ve got some trouble waiting for you. Better yet, I could arrange for them to meet us here.”

“Let’s have them meet us here.” Mark closed his briefcase, concluded arrangements for next week’s meeting, and shook Lou’s hand. “Enjoy DC. Every time we turn information over to a Federal agent, they’re flown to Washington, DC. I’m sure you’ll be no exception.”

I followed Mark out the door, still shaking inside with rage from Lou’s line of questioning. “I thought Customs was going to be of help,” I complained.

“They are,” Mark began.

“I can’t see it!”

“It’s hard to see when you’re blinded by emotion. Think logically.” Mark started the Pacer. “There’s more to this than you know, and you’re jumping to conclusions based on emotion.”

“I’m sorry,” I apologized. “I just want Kelly’s situation resolved, and it seems there is no where to turn for help.”

“I don’t want to hear ‘I’m sorry.’ I want to see the results of your being ‘sorry.’ Expand your thinking,” Mark advised. “You are jumping to conclusions based on your past dealings with a few criminal Customs officials involved in CIA drug ops. There is more to know than what your experience has taught you. Look beyond your own experience. Think further.”

I felt like I was at my wit’s end and my brain was falling into the black hole that demanded expanded thought in order to rise above it. I wasn’t being mentally lazy. My brain was used to exercise now. I simply didn’t know which direction to expand my thought.

Mark sensed my lack of direction. “When you look through eyes of hope and

trust in truth again, your vision will clear."

How fortunate I felt to be rehabilitated by Mark. His patience and wisdom made all the difference in the world to me. I thought about his statement as he navigated us through Nashville's heavy rush hour traffic. My vision did begin to clear, and my thought expanded beyond perceived negativity to other statements Lou had made.

"What is Internal Affairs?" I finally asked.

"Customs is cleaning their own house[4]. They're disgusted with CIA containment, illicit drug operations, corruption on the borders, and having their legitimate investigations terminated in DC. So Customs Internal Affairs is cleaning up the agency so they will have the necessary power to overcome the filth permeating the so-called Justice Department. This country needs one reliable agency, and it sure isn't the current CIA or DEA[5]. Customs had a brilliant man running the agency who is legitimately clean and is still determined to overcome corruption."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"William Von Raab[6]. He was Commissioner of Customs when we turned information over to Max Kitchens in Alaska, and he's in a position to make a world of difference for all of us."

"I didn't know anyone clean could even make it to the top of a Federal Agency." I was impressed. Mark was right about my past experience limiting my knowledge. People often draw conclusions based on what they know, and they need to know their knowledge base has been deliberately limited by government secrets. I got excited.

"Everyone needs to know about Von Raab!" I exclaimed.

"People are as blinded by emotion as you were a few minutes ago. There are very few people these days who have eyes-to-see and ears-to-hear truth. Social engineering through cover-up, censorship, and contrived news keeps

the public fearful and emotionally arguing over ancient issues like abortion, cloning, gun control, and song lyrics. People hopelessly rely on government to tell them what to do, then blindly blame and fight each other in drug and race wars designed to separate them from the truth and each other."

"People are so easily led, it's no wonder the criminals I knew in DC refer to them as sheeple. Byrd even said that 95% of the people *want* to be led by the ruling 5%."

"That is a widely known fact," Mark said, "that gives folks like me hope. We only need the majority of that 5% to know and live truth in order to have leaders like Von Raab in power."

"If the majority of the 5% would *serve* the people instead of make the people serve them, we could restore freedom, justice, and peace!" Resolution looked so simple and clear.

"When the people lead, leaders follow," Mark quipped.

"Is the voice of the people leading Von Raab to make a difference?" I pondered. "Who is going to tell them that they are being heard? The news isn't letting the majority rule. With people like Jack Valenti[7] dictating what the public can know from his lofty perch in Hollywood, how will truth be brought to light?"

"Through the thankless efforts of people who dare to live true-to-soul and stand with conviction *without* having to be told they are the majority," Mark replied.

My mind was still rushing from the hope Mark's wisdom inspired when he pulled into Nashville's Catholic Archdiocese for my appointment with Sister Mary-something. Despite my high hopes for humanity, my expectations for immediate resolution to the sexual abuse, occultism, and mind control permeating the Catholic Church were low. Never the less, I would stand by my convictions and exert myself true-to-soul in hopes that the pedophile priests I named would be defrocked rather than simply shuffled around as

usual. It would be over a decade before I would see any truth come to public light regarding the Boston mind control connection, but I still asserted what I knew in my 1990 testimony.

“I’ll write up this information and turn it in,” Sister told me. “If I were you, though, I wouldn’t be looking for any more help from the individual churches.”

I was indignant. “I’m sure the Vatican will need the funds generated by Catholic charities more than I ever could, anyway. They’re going to have a lot of lawsuits to defend since I am certainly not the only one recovering from such horrific Catholic abuse.”

She showed me to the door. “You need to forget your past, quit begging, and get a job.”

“The job I’m skilled for because of my past could generate cash, but it is not a consideration my moral standards will allow. I choose to focus on my daughter’s needs and my deprogramming, thank you.”

Feeling empowered rather than discouraged, I walked back to the car pleased that I had stood by the truth with conviction. True-to-Soul is the only way to live. A clear conscience provides clear vision, and I could see hope for the future. “Success!” I announced with a smile. “No groceries, though. Or financial compensation. Or compassion.”

“Your smile is all I need,” Mark said as he aimed the Pacer towards home.

Chapter 8
TWO WAY MIRRORS

With Kelly's immediate security strengthened, Mark and I used part of the $500 emergency funds released through Bud Cramer's office to drive to Kentucky. Our long awaited trip to see her at Valley Institute of Psychiatry proved encouraging. She was obviously being listened to and cared for by therapists and staff.

"Dad!" Kelly called to Mark as she flung her arms around him in a big hug. "Wayne Cox is only my biological father… he's not my dad. You're the one who loves me, and I love you. So, if it's OK with you, I'm going to call you dad."

"Of course," Mark laughed as I finished signing us in.

"I've missed you so much, Kelly!" I cried as she jumped into my arms. "I wanted to see you when I heard you were leaving Alaska."

"I know," Kelly said. "The nurse explained everything to me. Now we're all here safe. I've got so much to tell you."

Kelly's attending therapist Roger Hargus showed us into a meeting room, quietly explaining to me that our visit would be video taped. "I'll give you a copy when you leave. Kelly has been remembering quite a bit. You may want this for legal evidence to further protect her."

As soon as the door closed, Kelly ran over to the two-way mirror and waved. "I know that's not a mirror," Kelly said. She excitedly told us about how V.I.P. staff was tending to her asthma, keeping her from total respiratory failure. I knew from past experience, however, that the high doses of medication she was given kept her in a precarious health balance. Kelly went

on to explain that she knew who and what we were up against, and thanked me for being such a good mother. Of course I cried. She said, “How many other mothers would take on a whole government for their child?” I was astounded by her insight. She talked in detail regarding sexual abuse by Alex Houston, ritual abuse by Wayne Cox, and sexual/ritual abuse in both Catholic and Mormon churches. She was even remembering CIA cocaine operations, including codes.

“Remember when we took the cruise and got cocaine in St. Thomas where that guy[1] asked, ‘What did the Byrd say?’ He meant Senator Byrd, didn’t he?” Kelly was remembering so much so fast! I was pleased that all this information was being video taped.

“You have to learn your past from the inside out, not from outside input in order to heal,” I told her. “So I really can’t comment on that. Have you written this out?”

“Yeah, but I need to write more. I just haven’t had time yet,” Kelly answered. “Staff is always giving me paper and a pen telling me ‘write it out’. They write a lot of it down, too. I saw them do it.”

By the time we left V.I.P., my arms were full of medical records, staff reports, and the videotape. Still, they felt empty without my precious daughter in them. Hugging her good-bye was more difficult than facing Huntsville, and I cried for hours as Mark drove.

“We need to make copies of Kelly’s V.I.P. records before tomorrow’s meeting with the FBI,” Mark said as we arrived back in Nashville.

“What about the video?” I wondered.

“We really can’t afford to make a copy of it right now,” Mark said, handing me his wallet. “Count our cash and see how many copies of Kelly’s records we can make.”

“That didn’t take long,” I stated as I counted his one dollar bill. “We’ll need

to choose only the most important records."

"I'm expecting some money in the mail. Maybe its at the Post Office." Mark dug deep into his pants pocket and pulled out a handful of change for me to count while he pulled into his Green Hills Post Office. It was unlikely that we would get any mail since his service had been repeatedly interrupted without explanation since our return to the lower 48.

"There's still no mail," Mark grumbled as he climbed back into the Pacer. "I'm getting weary of our mail being illegally confiscated. Even that letter I mailed myself didn't show up. I wrote the CIA a message to put the mail in the box when they finished steaming it open, and that didn't work, either. I've got to do something about this."

"While you were in the Post Office," I told him, "I found a copy shop. Look how convenient it is." I pointed to the shopping strip next door, which featured the Copy Shop. We walked over and went inside.

Mark and I began reprioritizing our paperwork to copy what few pages we could. "Let's make sure Customs has copies for safe keeping, even if it means the FBI will have to wait. We can always turn it in to them later."

"Should I make any copies to go in the red-bag packets we're dropping off at Clement's office?" Mark pondered my question, re-calculating our expenses.

"Can I help you?"

That question would reverberate with meaning for years to come. Mark and I turned around, expecting to see a typical print shop employee. Billy was anything but typical. We saw an extremely handsome, well-muscled young man whose bright blue eyes twinkled with intelligence. Billy would eventually become one of our closest friends, and literally a lifesaver.

"No," Mark told him as he resumed sorting papers. "I can't even afford to run all the copies I need on this self serve machine."

“My machine isn’t in use right now,” Billy said. “It won’t cost you anything. I heard you talking and I’d like to help.”

“You have no idea how much this means to us,” Mark said, handing him a stack of documents. “I’m used to giving, not taking. But I’ll take you up on your offer this time.”

Billy slipped some of the papers into the automatic feeder of his copy machine. “Are any of these documents classified?” he asked.

“No,” Mark told him. “It does have to do with horrific government abuse that they’re trying to cover-up, though. There’s a little girl’s life on the line here, and we’re not going to let them cover it up. Have you ever heard of CIA mind control?”

“As a matter of fact, I have,” Billy answered, much to our surprise. “My whole family is involved in medicine in this town, and I know about the Barbara Mandrell[2] incident at Baptist Hospital. Back when Barbara Mandrell banged her head in that car crash, they brought her in to Baptist. There were Federal agents and armed security posted everywhere, and Barbara was talking about the CIA and mind control. Anyone who heard her was told it was a matter of national security, and that they would lose their medical license, life and liberty if they repeated it.”

“Obviously someone did repeat it,” Mark said.

Billy shook his head in agreement. “Everybody knows about it now. What do you know?” Billy invited Mark into the employees’ backroom where they talked while I finished compiling the paperwork for tomorrow’s meeting with the FBI at the Customs office, and sealing the packets to be red-bagged from Clement’s office first thing in the morning. As soon as I finished, Billy opened the door inviting me to join them.

“How’d you know I was through?” I asked, astounded by Billy’s perceptiveness.

“I wasn’t using my psychic abilities,” Billy laughed. “This is a two way mirror.” He showed me the mirror on the backroom wall was actually a window from the employees’ side. “It’s amazing what can be seen through a two way mirror.”

Billy was easy to talk with, and he and Mark got along like old familiar friends. Billy represented the good side of humanity that Mark had been telling me was the majority. It took awhile for me to realize it, though, since years of being exposed to self-centered cruel people had jaded my perspectives. Even after I regained a love for and belief in humankind, Billy still stands out as that one-in-a-million kind of true friend.

Responding to the gratitude we expressed as we went out the door, Billy said, “Anytime. I mean it. *Any*time.”

It seemed we had just gone to bed when the alarm rang, prompting us to prepare for the days events. After stopping by Clement’s office, which ironically was located in the same Federal Building as the FBI, we crossed town to the Customs office where we were scheduled to meet with them.

“Come in,” Lou called from a cluttered corner where he was bent over looking for styrofoam coffee cups. “Can I get you some coffee?”

“Thanks. Cream and sugar for both of us,” I accepted his warm offer. “How was DC?”

“Windy.” Lou did not elaborate.

Mark tossed copies of Kelly’s record on top of the stacks of paper on Lou’s desk. “We brought a few pertinent records from V.I.P. for you. We’ve got a powerful videotape of Kelly’s testimony, too, that we’ll provide you once we make a few copies of it.”

Lou handed us our coffee and looked through the papers, compassion reflecting in his eyes as he silently read them. He cleared his throat. “What do you want the FBI to have?”

“Everything,” Mark said. “They’ve already got the information packet that we turned into the Anchorage office. Plus I turned over the documents to the Jackson, Mississippi office where my ex-wife’s case is active.”

“I sent information to Agent Roger Young in Las Vegas since he’s working on the Michael Dante’[3] aspect of the case,” I added.

Lou quickly searched his mental files. “Who is Dante’?”

“Michael Dante’ is the pornographer in Beverly Hills who covertly videotapes perversions of global leaders for the likes of Reagan. Roger Young was interested in Dante’s collection, due to the impact it could have on global politics. Since I saw the vault in Dante’s mansion where he kept the tapes, Roger Young was asking for all the information I could supply him. I was often used in sexually compromising positions during the Reagan-Bush Administration, and knew who was blackmailing whom for what purpose. These criminals don’t trust each other and have each other by the perversion so-to-speak. Many of the films I was used in were made at Bohemian Grove[4] in Northern California or in the White House[5].”

“How many of these videos were made?” Lou asked.

“I really don’t know,” I told him. “I’m sure Kelly and I weren’t the only ones being prostituted by the CIA for blackmail purposes. The vault in Dante’s house is about the size of this office, and it was stacked to the ceiling with videos.”

Lou looked at his watch and stood up. “Excuse us,” he told me, nodding to Mark to follow him into the other room. Alone with my thoughts, my mind drifted to my sexual encounter with President dela Madrid[6] of Mexico that was videotaped through a tiny fish-eye lens in the ceiling December 1986 in Malibu, California. The Juarez, Mexican border was being opened as groundwork for NAFTA[7], allowing for the free flow of drugs intended to equalize the US and Mexican economies. The party in Malibu brought in then President Ronald Reagan, his friend and head of the Motion Picture Association of America Jack Valenti, George Bush, Jr., Michael Dante’, then

Mexican President Miguel dela Madrid, and other high ranking officials involved in CIA drug running, prostitution, and mind control. Dela Madrid was no stranger to government-level blackmail tactics, and had cleverly implicated “Poppy” Bush, Sr.’s involvement with CIA heroin as well as cocaine for the ‘hidden’ camera.

“They’re here,” Mark quietly alerted me as he walked back in the office, immediately followed by Lou Bock and FBI Agents Brad Garrett[8] and Phil Tuney. The one who introduced himself as Garrett appeared to be dressed in a satanist costume, looking absurd in his all mat-black attire. Tuney looked like a comic book red nosed alcoholic right out of the funny papers. My amused disgust went unnoticed since their focus was on the coffee corner.

Garrett said, “How ‘bout serving us some coffee?”

Lou was rifling through a stack of papers on his desk. Without pausing, he shot Garrett a sharp look and said, “I know you guys are used to serving the CIA in your office, but we don’t serve anyone around here. Help yourself.”

Garrett and Tuney leaned against the desk, coffee in hand, and took the packet of information Mark handed them.

“The left hand doesn’t always know what the right hand is doing,” Mark began, “so here’s a duplicate of the information we’ve turned in to the FBI through the Alaska, Mississippi, Las Vegas, and DC bureaus.”

“We’ve seen this. And if what Ms. O’Brien says is true, she would be too crazy to remember it,” Garrett began.

“Much of what she has said has already checked out,” Lou told him.

Garrett puffed out his chest even further. “I am a psychologist working for the FBI.”

“Good,” Mark said, matter-of-factly. “Then you’re aware of mind control. Are you familiar with harmonics, or just Aquino’s occult-based variety?”

“We know about trauma-based mind control.” Tuney responded, seething. “In order to avoid further trauma, you *know* you want to disappear into our Federal Protection Program.” He pulled a file from his briefcase. “Everything is in order for all three of you to enter.” He pushed the file toward Mark.

Mark looked him in the eye without picking it up. “You must ‘know’ that Ms. O’Brien and her daughter need protection *from* the Feds not by the Feds, and frankly, I’m quite capable of seeing to their safety.” Mark patted his briefcase and side. “You see I am a one man army.”

Lou rolled his eyes, frustrated that Mark was resorting to a veiled threat in his office. While Tuney cited reasons Mark shouldn’t carry a weapon into a Federal office, Garrett began using subtle Jesuit mind control hand signals in an effort to trigger me. Tuney added a couple of signals as well, including the occult sign of the horns, which indicated to me that both had been cued on my old mind control programming. I tried not to smile as Garrett, who apparently thought I had not seen his antics, intensified his signaling. Both he and Tuney were hand signaling so intensely they looked like they belonged on a baseball field.

“Since you are an FBI psychologist,” I told Garrett, “you must know the difference between *de*programming and *re*programming. Had I been reprogrammed over the top of my old programming, your hand signals would have worked by now. Since I have actually been *de*programmed, not only will I ignore your efforts, you can spread the word all the way up to Dick Thornburgh[9] that I have remembered everything.”

“And you,” Mark pointed at Garrett with his middle finger, “be sure and tell Aquino his hand signals are antiquated.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Garrett began.

“Its all in here,” Mark pointed, still using his middle finger, to the information packet we had given them. “I thought you said you read it?”

Tuney was slamming the Federal Witness Protection documents in his

briefcase, while Garrett picked up the documents. “I’m sure we’ll see you again,” Garrett glared.

“You know it. Give our best to the boys in DC[10],” Mark told them as they shook hands with Lou and stormed out of the office.

It was late at night by the time we arrived back at Melba’s house. Melba excitedly gave Mark his day’s messages as I carried the contents of the Pacer into our tiny bedroom. The walls were oddly barren. My pictures of Kelly were gone. My stack of deprogramming notes, collage pieces, and reminder notes was missing. Where was everything? As I turned to tell Mark, I could hear his mother say, “Those men in nice suits came by today for the papers they said you wanted them to have, so I let them in.” I cried. I cried because I felt violated that the Feds cleaned us out again, but most of all I cried because Mark had lived with his mother’s condition all his life.

Mark’s face fell when he saw our empty room and the tears running down my face. “At least they can’t take the pictures I have of Kelly in my heart,” I said. Such a tender man. Such a harsh day.

Mark reached up into the air conditioner return vent and pulled down a small package, examining it. “They didn’t get Kelly’s V.I.P. video.” He looked around a bit more. “Or anything else I stashed. I learned a long time ago to expect to be raided when reporting to the FBI.” He tossed his stash on the nightstand. “Hey, it’s not so crowded in here,” Mark smiled through his weary eyes as he bounced on our twin bed, patting the pillow beside him. I crawled into his arms, his powerful energy flowing through his hand as he cradled my head.

“I know a great way to relieve tension,” he began. How fortunate I felt at that moment to have survived, know love, share passion, and come so far in exposing politically affluent abusers. I was absolutely convinced this brilliant man beside me must have the biggest balls and biggest heart on the planet. Who else could take on such a task against all odds?

Chapter 9
REFLECTIONS

The next few days were spent writing out memory. Seeing George Bush in the news, oftentimes in the company of his close friend and comrade Dick Cheney[1], caused bits and pieces of memory to flash across my mind's screen. Other events triggered memory as well, from songs on the radio to comments people would make in passing. Everything in my environment was a trigger as Mark explained and I wondered how long the deprogramming process would take.

"In essence, it would take ten years x 10 to remember every detail of ten years," Mark was telling me. "If memory is still being triggered, it needs to be deprogrammed. By deprogramming the program first, you have rendered yourself inaccessible. This doesn't mean that you've remembered everything. Take the time to bring to mind what your subconscious is demanding that you focus on."

"Well, I know I told you about…"

"Oh, no," Mark laughed. "Here we go again."

I reached for my notepad and pen. Memories can feel so close and familiar when they surface that oftentimes I thought I'd already recalled and recorded them. I would even begin to dismiss some as trivial. Experience taught me that these recognizable cues indicated I needed to write out intrusive memory.

In addition to regaining control over my own mind and brain through deprogramming, the process was allowing me to reframe perceptions. For example, since I had no concept of time under mind control, I had no point of reference for judging distance whereby my geography was deplorable. Distorted geography is a common trait among people who have suffered from

a dissociative disorder. Once I regained awareness of time, experience began to give me a concept of distance. I also learned that *timing* is more important than a concept of time. Under mind control, I had lost this sense of timing, which is crucial to moving in harmony with a bigger picture plan. In addition to becoming consciously aware of my past, there was a whole world of information to learn!

Sometimes I felt like the storybook character Rip Van-Winkle, who slept so long the whole world had changed when he awoke. My environment had been controlled all of my life in an effort to keep me from inadvertently being triggered into reality. Many of the politicians I was exposed to were in the news, and their deliberately formed public projections were in conflict with my personal experiences. Therefore, my television viewing was controlled. The subconscious effect of harmonics in music was well understood by those involved in MK Ultra, and therefore my music was as controlled as my television viewing. I didn't get to listen to the 1960's peace and freedom songs, or watch the hippie movement on television, as would have been my natural choice. Instead, I listened to the music my abusers chose, and watched what they instructed me to watch.

I listened to Byrd's old-style country music fiddling, Ford's favorites like Rod Stewart's "Tonight's the Night," Dick Cheney's classical music, Reagan's choice of Michael Jackson or love songs by Air Supply, and songs I was conditioned to trigger to like Lionel Richie's "Three Times a Lady."

When I was being conditioned at puberty, my father excitedly encouraged me to listen to Michael Jackson (still of the Jackson 5) and Donny Osmond (of the Osmonds) as they were "of the same MK Ultra genetic project" that I was. Because of my father's dialogue, I sensed an understanding of them beyond the media hype and advanced harmonic technology, which further enhanced the effects their music had on me.

On TV, I saw the Wizard of Oz, Disney Classics, Twilight Zone, and horror movies I never would have chosen. The phenomena of experiencing other people's choices in a controlled environment caused me to be out of sync with what the general population knew based on their 'normal' experience. For example, Mark would refer to '60's rocker Joe Cocker and I'd say,

“Who?” I would laugh at an ad campaign that was funny to others ten years previous. Or I would have no concept of the public conditioning ad campaigns behind mass social engineering experiments like Hands Across America.

My concept of the people I had been exposed to on the highest levels was beginning to merge with public perception, giving me a clear view of how the public is led. Having been exposed to Reagan[2] the way I was for years, my perception began to merge with the understanding that people had forgotten to consider he was an actor despite his reminding them. They believed his screen image, following what he said rather than watching his contrived actions. People listened to the words of corrupt Congressmen like Jim Traficant[3] rather than watching voting records to see what was actually *done*. Sensing the energy of individuals such as Bill Clinton[4], combined with my experience with him in the drug industry, made it difficult to understand how people could see him as anything but a drug lord. How could people look past Dick Cheney’s sneer to believe he was the least bit concerned with serving humankind as an “elected” official? Over the years, I watched people like Tim Roemer[5], who appeared to be the most robotically mind controlled individual I had ever encountered, be “elected” into Congress. I watched while unlikely, low charisma people like Pennsylvania’s Tom Ridge[6] were slipped into public office. In order to express the reality of my past, I would have to reach a public whose point of reference was deliberately distorted through social engineering.

Since I was still remembering and reframing, Mark utilized his understanding of human nature to diplomatically bring the reality of mind control to light. He wrote hundreds of letters[7] that reached through misperceptions in an effort to incite positive change through public awareness. Responses would trickle in for years despite the 1947 National Security Act continuously limiting action from those who should overtly help.

He pleaded for help from organizations including Amnesty International, the Christic Institute, the Rainbow Coalition, the American Psychiatric Association, all major Judicial and Oversight Congressional Committees, all major news media, law enforcement of Federal, State, and local levels,

domestic and international Intelligence, and groups and politicians on a global scale. He even wrote letters to high-level perpe*traitors* from my past, which concerned me until he explained. “They have no cause to silence us if they know their secrets are already out. Besides, it might keep them from raiding us again if they already have everything we are releasing.”

Mark’s letter writing campaign encompassed the globe even before the Internet became the peoples’ mode of communication. He knew that if he reached the controlling 5% with the truth on mind control, that many paradigms were subject to shift, causing perspectives to change. For those operating on a Need-to-Know basis, the information on mind control could expand their vision to what and whom they were actually working for. Those who ignorantly relied on mind control slaves to keep their secrets suddenly realized deprogramming was a reality that could publicly expose them. Those who believed in Reagan’s statement that the only way to world peace was through mind control of the masses began to rethink their shallow conclusion. Without free thought, there is no free will, and without free will there is no soul expression. What kind of world peace could humankind achieve without peace within?

My stack of deprogramming notes looked small in comparison to the stack of letters Mark had produced by the time we went back into Nashville the next week. Although we momentarily lacked the finances for copies and stamps necessary for distributing them, we were determined to prevail.

“Where there’s a will there’s a way,” Mark assured me as he parked the Pacer in the Tennessee Bureau of Investigation parking lot, where we had our first meeting of the day with Agent Andy Earl. Our meeting was brief since Andy Earl’s honest intentions could not override his superior’s orders for containment. He strongly recommended that we meet with his friend Goodlettsville Police Chief Fred Schott. We left the previously prepared information packet, documents, medical records, and my testimony with the TBI and drove straight to Chief Schott’s office.

Chief Schott listened attentively as I detailed physical and sexual crimes Kelly and I had endured in Goodlettsville through CIA mind control handler Alex Houston. Mark handed him the documents and an information packet,

along with the V.I.P. video of Kelly's testimony.

"Alex Houston is just outside my jurisdiction by 500 feet," Chief Schott told us, looking at the city map on his wall. "I'd arrest him if I could. You have more than enough evidence here." He invited us to stay the morning to talk with him anyway, as he was acutely aware of the CIA drug operations and mind control proliferating in his town.

"I knew Barbara Mandrell was under mind control[8] when she had that head-on collision a few years back. That bump on her head caused her to talk. The Feds that showed up on the scene told me what I was hearing was a 'matter of national security.' When I went to the hospital to check on her, there were armed guards everywhere. I was the investigating Police Chief and they wouldn't let me in!"

Chief Schott tipped us as to who was involved in cover-up, and whom he believed would pursue justice at all costs regardless of the criminals' affluence. He told us numerous other stories of CIA cover-up involving cocaine, murder, and mind control. He had investigated the death of country music singer Keith Whitley, concluding that he had been murdered. Yet the case was closed and covered-up despite Chief Schott's expert evidence. "It's bad enough to try to rise above CIA containment, but it's even worse when a popular entertainer is involved. As soon as I'd say the name 'Lorrie Morgan' or 'Keith Whitley' – let alone mention 'Barbara Mandrell' – no one wanted to hear it."

"We've experienced the same thing," Mark said. "People would rather hold on to their illusions than face the truth."

"It seems to me that people have to know their own truth before they can embrace someone else's," I philosophized.

Mark elaborated, "The average public is socially engineered to the point where they no longer think to look within."

"I know one woman who isn't afraid of truth," Chief Schott told us. "She

works out of Governor McWherter's office with the Organized Victims of Violent Crime, and even he can't seem to keep her quiet. She's honest and doesn't care about politics or prestige when it comes to stopping crime." He advised us to contact Edith Hammons right away.

"You'll need to see the Sumner County District Attorney first, though, to keep Alex Houston away from Kelly. His name is Ray Whitley[9], and he's a friend of mine. I'll call him and tell him you're on your way."

We thanked Chief Schott, and drove to the Sumner County D.A.'s office. After waiting four hours outside General Whitley's office for our 'immediate' appointment, we decided to leave the information and reschedule for the next day. General Whitley was sitting at his desk when we opened the door. We should have known something was wrong, yet Chief Schott's sincerity had overridden our instincts.

"Come in," Ray Whitley said, as if we hadn't already taken the initiative. "Chief Schott said you'd be dropping off a video for me. Give me time to take a look at it, and come back in a week or two."

"A little girl's life is on the line, here," Mark told him. "She doesn't have 'a week or two' to wait on you to review this video. We need it back since we couldn't afford to make a copy of it. We did make copies of the child pornography Houston used her in, though."

Ray Whitley turned crimson with rage. "It's against the law for you to hold any child pornography whether you deem it evidence or not. I'll have you arrested for that."

Mark smiled. "I don't believe so. Do you see me holding it? Other law enforcement concerned with justice has it. We'll just wait for you to take a look at this video so we can pass it on to them as well. We're not leaving until you see this evidence and take the necessary legal action to stop Alex Houston. We'll just sit out front where everyone in the square can see how long we've waited for you."

We sat in the hot sun, hoping Ray Whitley wouldn't waste much more of our time. We had used all of our cash for gas to drive to Sumner County, and we knew we couldn't afford to come back. Besides, I knew from experience that this was a very corrupt county, and I was eager to leave.

"Here's your video," Whitley said, bringing it outside to us. "There's not enough evidence on it for me to arrest Houston. You would have to provide me with a video of him having sex with Kelly before I could respond."

"You already said you'd respond by arresting me for providing you with evidence of child pornography. You're making your agenda very obvious." Mark took the video, not yet realizing Whitley had it destroyed while we waited, and we quickly left his office.

"I really want to be free of this county," Mark assured me, "but we need to at least leave an information packet off at the Sheriff's office."

"I doubt they would enforce law in this case any more than Whitley did," I said. "I'll make sure they know about it, though."

We stopped by Sumner County Sheriff Sutton's office, and I dashed inside with the information. "We've been expecting you," Sheriff Sutton sneered. "This is my Deputy Jeff Puccini."

"Have a seat," Puccini gestured to the jail cell, jingling the keys. "I'm sure you'll be here awhile."

"As a matter of fact, the Sumner County Crimes I am reporting are all documented here," I said, putting the information packet on Sheriff Sutton's desk. "Your name is all over it." I pointed to his name on the outside of the packet, and turned toward the door. "I have a car waiting outside who will call for back-up if I don't return immediately."

I was out the door and in the car, which Mark threw into drive as soon as he saw the expression on my face and drove straight to Chief Schott's office.

Chief Schott's eyes filled with tears as he learned of his 'friend's' betrayal. "I'm sorry to have sent you to him without making a copy of that video. I never dreamed he was on their side. I *know* Edith Hammons won't let you down. I met with her earlier today, and she is waiting for you to stop by her house." He gave us her address, which was nearby.

"I thought Ray Whitley was corrupt," Edith announced as she opened the door. "Chief Schott just told me what happened. Come in and have some coffee. Let's talk."

The aroma of coffee filled our sense, and we gladly accepted her offer. "There's not much to eat around here." Edith gestured to her meager surroundings. "People who help victims never have money. Neither do the victims. It seems only the criminals who abuse them have all the money, and they buy justice with it. That's why it's called the *Criminal* Justice system. I can offer you advice, though, and my copy machine. The first rule is make copies of everything because it will be destroyed, tampered with, stolen, and whatever else it takes to keep you quiet. If you have a tape recorder, keep it going at all times. Now when you decide if you're going to spend your last dollar on food or stamps, you'll have to add audiotapes to your list, too. Survival has its price."

"How well we know." Mark sipped the coffee. It wasn't the imported kind he had been used to, and he reached for the sugar and creamer. "We need an attorney."

"I'll see what I can do," Edith said matter-of-factly. "In the meantime, you'll need to report these crimes to the US Attorney General in Nashville, Joe Brown. Last I knew he was clean. But Attorney Generals are appointed by the President and tend to cave in to the slightest pressure from Washington, DC. Plus Joe Brown is already looking shady since he hired Ray Whitley's wife as his secretary."

"No way," I protested. "Isn't that collusion?"

"Don't give him any of your original documents. Make copies." Edith filled her old worn tabletop copy machine with toner ink. She slipped us a ten-

dollar bill for gas so we could get to the Federal Building the next day. No wonder she lived in poverty herself. “Come back and see me when you’re through.”

That night, V.I.P. telephoned us at Mark’s mother’s house. “Wayne Cox is on his way. We have high security, but it is not designed to keep mercenaries or the CIA out. We’re releasing her tomorrow. Be here to pick her up.”

Apparently our attempts to stop Cox and Houston from having access to Kelly only intensified the problem. I called Edith Hammons to tell her the news and see if she had located an attorney willing to donate his time. “Randy Stamps was an attorney in Sumner County before he was elected to the State Legislature. He’s in a position to help, and is willing to meet with you right away.”

How clean could an attorney from Sumner County be, let alone from the State Legislature? We’d have to find out. Kelly was out of time.

We met with Randy Stamps briefly in hopes he could stop V.I.P. from releasing Kelly on such short notice. “There isn’t time for me to even file a legal brief on it,” Randy said, compassion filling his eyes. “You have my total support, though. I’ll do all I can to help you realize some form of justice.” He shook our hands. “God bless,” he said, which sounded better to me than ‘good luck.’

Kelly’s bags were already packed when we arrived at V.I.P. the next day. I told Roger Hargus and the Administrator what had happened to the video and pleaded for extra time to arrange for Kelly’s needs. “I have no way of dealing with her respiratory problems right now, and it would be cruel to need to hospitalize her just because Cox pushed your panic button.”

Roger shook his head. “More than that has happened. We already lost our copy of that video, plus a lot of Kelly’s records.” A nurse gave me a small folder with several remaining records in it. “We managed to keep a few documents aside. You take them. It looks like you’re going to need them. Kelly is safest with you, too.” We were quickly ushered out the door.

“Why did the Feds come in last night and take my records?” Kelly asked between wheezes as we all climbed back in the old Pacer. “They’re not even protecting me from Wayne Cox. What more do they need before they’ll help me?”

“Justice comes in many forms, Kelly.” Mark aimed the Pacer toward Nashville. “The wheels of justice grind slowly, but it always prevails because truth by its very nature never goes away. Truth lives a wretched life but always survives a lie. We won’t stop or be stopped until you see some justice. Remember, Kelly, ‘its not over ‘til we win.’ That will be our family motto. ‘Its not over ‘til we win.”

“Its not over ‘til we win,” Kelly echoed, and smiled.

Kelly’s asthma grew increasingly worse as we drove, forcing us to stop by Vanderbilt Hospital in Nashville for a breathing treatment for her. As usual, Kelly did not respond to conventional medical intervention, and soon was transferred to the Intensive Care Unit. Through a series of nightmarish events, Kelly was ultimately transferred to Cumberland House for psychological evaluation.

Meanwhile, Commissioner Rucker contacted the Commissioner of Mental Health, Eric Taylor, to explain his efforts to obtain Kelly’s rights to qualified rehabilitation and to schedule an appointment for me. He also scheduled an appointment for me at then-Governor McWherter’s office, as he was unaware that I had been forced under mind control to work on his political campaign during the Reagan-Bush Administration. Edith Hammons made an appointment for us with, among others, US Attorney General Joe Brown. Mark and I set up appointments as well, beginning with another meeting with Randy Stamps.

As awareness rose and our circle of support increased, the loop of containment tightened around us proportionately.

Chapter 10
“GET TO KILLING”

“Still no mail,” Mark said as he got into the car. “I know Bob Clement is beginning to get responses from the red-bagged mail he delivered for us around Washington, so it’s not like our information isn’t reaching pertinent people. It’s just that their response isn’t reaching us. I have confirmation that the CIA is confiscating it.”

“Why?” I asked. “We’re keeping them informed so they don’t have to steal it.”

“It’s called harassment. I’m going to exhaust every diplomatic means of stopping this before I take personal action.”

Mark and I walked over to the Copy Shop to make enough copies for our immediate appointments.

“How’s it going?” Billy asked

“It seems our problems have intensified a bit,” Mark told him.

“Kelly is stuck in Cumberland House without therapy while the mental health system tries to find a way around ‘national security’ cover-up,” I added.

Mark told Billy about the CIA confiscating our mail, and our pending appointments with Tennessee’s US Attorney General Joe Brown and Nashville’s Metropolitan Police Department.

“Feel free to make all the copies you need,” Billy offered, digging into his pockets. “I’ll cover the cost.”

“That’s not necessary,” Mark declined the offer. “I’ve got a couple dollars and we don’t need many copies today. What we need is our mail. It’s our only source of income right now. Is it alright if I leave Cathy here with you to make copies while I go see some friends about this?”

“Of course,” Billy said.

Mark lowered his voice and explained that our situation was somewhat precarious right now. “You look able bodied to me in the event of any trouble.”

“I am well armed,” Billy smiled, his muscles threatening to bulge through the fabric of his shirt.

Mark hugged me and went out the door.

As soon as I had made the necessary copies, Billy offered me a seat in the back room where he could watch the store through the two-way mirror while we talked privately.

“Are you scared?” Billy asked.

“Not with you around.” I smiled.

“I mean scared of reporting classified crimes to the Feds,” Billy elaborated.

“No. They already know about mind control. The only new part is learning that someone with my inside knowledge can be deprogrammed to think to tell their secrets.”

“You name names. Doesn’t that freak them out to learn the very people they take orders from have a criminal agenda?”

“The good guys appreciate confirmation of their suspicions, and the bad guys just make threats. It really doesn’t scare me. Besides, what are they going to do, torture me? I’ve already been through that and I know how to depart pain.

Take my daughter? They already made the mistake of doing that, too. I'm not scared, I'm livid. Now they're messing with a mother's love, and love is the most powerful force in the universe. There's no way to lose."

Billy smiled. "Mark says ya'll have nothing to lose, and anyone with intelligence knows better than to back a man in the corner who has nothing to lose. That's pretty powerful."

"He is!" I exclaimed. "What are the chances of someone of his fortitude and wisdom coming along and rescuing Kelly and me? It all seems so profound."

"It is profound," Billy agreed. "Have you remembered everything about your past?"

"Not yet. I'm still deprogramming and writing out quite a bit of memory. I know the people I was exposed to are influential, but it all seemed so natural the way it happened. There was no glamour or thrills about being around them, that's for sure. Their political power only equates to an ability to exercise more control, cover-up, and containment. I wish they had all been low-life's like my father."

"Is your father locked up?"

"No, he's still free for 'reasons of national security'." I thought about Billy's question. "Thanks for the perspective. They *are* all low-life's like my father[1]."

The front door bells jingled announcing a customer. One of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen walked in, and I had been around some of the sexiest women on the planet. Billy's demeanor did not change while he excused himself, and walked out front. She gave him an envelope, hugged him, and left. "Who was that?" I exclaimed as he walked back in.

"Oh, she's a friend of mine." Billy tossed the envelope on the color copy machine. "She wants me to run some color copies for her modeling portfolio."

“You sure have pretty friends,” I commented.

“I never really thought about it, but you’re right. It’s just the circles I socialize in.” Billy thought a moment. “It must have been like that for you, too. With Ford and Byrd involved in your victimization, you would naturally have met quite a few influential politicians. Add the country music industry, and it’s no wonder you knew so many public people.”

“It is so nice to have someone understand that,” I said. “That’s what I meant about how ‘natural’ it all seemed. I certainly didn’t have preconceived knowledge or perceptions of these people before I was exposed to them, and I know them for what they really are.”

“Same with me and these models,” Billy said. “The one you just saw is my friend and…”

The door jingled again and Mark walked in. “Done,” he announced. “Hopefully our mail service will resume.”

I gathered up the copies and turned to Billy, “And hopefully we will resume our conversation next time. Thanks for everything.” Mark and Billy talked a moment more while I loaded the Pacer and organized for the day’s appointments.

Cumberland House was just around the corner, and we would be stopping by to see Kelly before our appointments. I wanted to appear confident without giving her false hopes, and yet it was all I could do to muster the strength to “visit” my precious daughter. The best I could exhibit was unconditional love, total devotion to her needs, understanding beyond words, and convey my belief in her. The more she believed in herself, the stronger she would be in her adverse environment. All the love in the world could not return her to my arms by the time we had to leave, though. Leaving was always heart wrenching.

We drove silently through town while I refocused on our appointment with US Attorney Joe Brown. When we pulled up to the Federal building, Mark

reminded me to disarm for the metal detectors and he did likewise. Joe Brown's office was spacious and expensively decorated as if to intimidate visitors. "I wonder where all this money came from?" I pondered, naturally thinking in terms of the wealth generated by Nashville's illicit drug business with the CIA.

As though reading my mind, Mark pointed to a probable camera and said, "The walls have ears."

I shrugged. I wasn't going to voice what was on my mind anyway. It was already apparent that this would not be a productive meeting. Previously it had been explained to me that US Attorney Generals were appointed by Presidents and placed in every state to carry out the work of their boss, the Attorney General in Washington, DC. Dick Thornburgh, whom I had known for years under mind control while he was Governor of Pennsylvania[2], was currently the top US Attorney General and Joe Brown's boss. The heavy wooden door to Joe Brown's chambers slowly opened, and he invited us in.

"Don't be talking about mind control. No one knows what it means anyway," he began.

"Should we say 'brainwashing'?" I thought he was giving us advice until Mark glanced my way notifying me otherwise.

"You're not likely to live long discussing the topic by any name." Joe Brown folded his arms across his massive chest. "So why don't you shut up and get a life."

Mark bristled and said, "Who's life do you have in mind?"

"I told Edith I'd meet with you," Joe Brown said. "Now that I have, just leave that envelope of documents and I'll see what I can do."

"My daughter…"

Joe Brown interrupted me, finishing my statement his way, "…is not my job.

You need to talk with Commissioner Taylor."

"I did…"

"Well, good." Joe Brown opened his door. "Thanks for coming by." He closed the door quickly behind us.

"That went better than I thought," I said sarcastically as we walked back to the elevator. Mark smiled and put his arm around me.

"I hope this meeting with Metro goes as well," Mark said. "I need you to wait in the car for me this time. If I'm not out in half an hour, come back here to Clement's office."

I considered the gravity of Mark's statement and glanced around whispering, "The walls have ears."

"I hope they're listening."

The elevator doors opened and we got on, briefly stopping at the FBI level on the way down to the ground floor. Of all people, Phil Tuney got on the elevator. "What a coincidence!" Mark said jovially. "I was reading the funny papers today, thought of you, and now here you are." Mark kept talking, obliterating any chance Tuney would have had to convey the message he appeared to want to deliver. "Why aren't you in DC with Garrett? I'm sure he could use you on this case." The elevator doors opened and we left Tuney dumbfounded to ride it back up to the FBI floor.

"We've got more problems with the FBI than you know," Mark seriously warned me as we drove to the police station. He maneuvered the Pacer into a parking space directly out front. "Half an hour," he said, checking his wire and recorder. "Watch your watch. If I'm not back, you know what to do." Mark took his briefcase and went into Metro Police Station.

I had been in there with him before, and it was not a pleasant experience. One homicide detective, Pat Postiglione, was a neighbor of Alex Houston's told

me, “We’ve already confirmed what you reported about the murder in Nashville, and yes it was covered-up by Byrd’s friend Lieutenant Ezell[3]. Ezell is dead now, unofficially of a cocaine overdose and officially of a heart attack. Your information is accurate, but that’s as far as it goes. You ought to forget about all this and just go live your life.”

Forget about it? I had for ten years! Now it was time for action. Kelly’s life was on the line, I missed her desperately, and justice had to prevail in order for her to be freed from the grasp of her powerful perpe*traitors*. No one should have to endure what she and I had under mind control, and knowledge is mankind’s only defense against it. The only way to bring the knowledge to light was to incite justice. Justice sure was elusive, though. And Postiglione was going above and beyond the call of duty to create further problems. This homicide detective even attended one of Kelly’s mental health sessions[4] to counter her testimony with her intake therapist. I looked at my watch. Twenty-seven minutes to go. I took out my pen and notepad, and began writing an event that kept flashing across my mind.

Dick Thornburgh was a happy person considering the magnitude of the corruption he wallowed in all the time. I had met him at a Pennsylvania county fair where Alex Houston was entertaining as a cover for distributing massive amounts of CIA cocaine. Since Governor Thornburgh[5] was associated with the CIA’s cocaine operations, he was acutely aware of Houston’s true purpose in being there. He also knew that I was under MK Ultra mind control and trained for sex, which he indulged in with me for the next eight years along with the cocaine.

Thornburgh often frequented nearby Youngstown, Ohio’s Charm School as though it were a brothel, sharing camaraderie with one of his partners-in-crime Jim Traficant. As Sheriff of Youngstown, Traficant ran the Charm School where I was trained along with numerous other girls to fulfill the perversions of various world leaders until he was indicted for cocaine. Then he was promoted to US Congress, still ran the Charm School, and remained friends with Thornburgh, Byrd, and others I was associated with. Oftentimes I was trained and programmed at Charm School along with one of Dick

Thornburgh's regular sex slaves, and she and I became as close of friends as two mind controlled girls could be. We were often prostituted and used pornographically together, and saw each other every August while Houston traveled the Pennsylvania fair circuit in his motorhome. The hollow walls of his specially built motorhome[6] were lined with cocaine, which further lined the pockets and nasal passages of Dick Thornburgh.

US Customs had reportedly obtained the Norwegian Cruise Lines manifest listing Thornburgh and me on the same cruise in 1987. He was enroute to the mind control training camp in the Dominican Republic along with his friend Jim Zerilla to scout baseball players for national leagues. Mind controlled baseball players were invaluable to the likes of Thornburgh, who oftentimes bet on contrived baseball games. Knowing who was going to throw the game as programmed gave him an enormous edge in the baseball betting scene, and he made vast amounts of money from it as well as from the cocaine muled in by these unsuspecting players. When criminal betting grew so large that it was well known amongst the public, Pete Rose was their sacrificial goat chosen to take the fall. Once again Thornburgh skated free.

As Attorney General, Thornburgh decided which Federal crimes were to be investigated, thereby making Mark's and my pursuit of justice precarious. Nevertheless, Thornburgh's criminal actions did not make all Federal agents bad and we had no alternative but to count on them to make the difference for Kelly.

I checked my watch. Mark still had ten minutes to come out of Metro Police Department. Suddenly he appeared and was striding across the street at a rapid pace. I unlocked the door and swung it open. In one motion, he was in his seat and driving the car away from the station. "Well," he said, wiping sweat from his brow, "that was close. They just threatened my life. That makes twice in one day."

"What?" I paled and swallowed hard, knowing any idle threat would not have fazed him.

“They told me I wouldn’t live long unless I abandoned you, Kelly, and this case now. I told them to get to killin’ because I was not going to stop or be stopped until justice prevailed.”

“Who told you that?” I asked.

“My childhood schoolmate Lieutenant Tommy Jacobs; the Captain of homicide, Mickey Miller; and that jerk who told you to keep quiet, Pat Postiglione. McElroy and Hickson were there, too.

“You told all of them ‘get to killin’?’ I was flabbergasted.

“Mickey Miller brought me into his office to deliver the threat. They were all in there for backup, I guess. I told them I was wired and flipped open my briefcase[7]. They thought I was going to show them my recording equipment, but I used it for a shield and backed out the door. There were quite a few weapons drawn.”

“And you said ‘get to killin’?”

Mark looked at me like ‘of course’ and said, “If they were going to kill me they would have done it when I first walked in. We had better duplicate and distribute this audiotape fast, though. Like now. I’m going back to Federal building for a few minutes. You’ll need to wait outside again *with the doors locked*. First sign of trouble start blowing the horn. You should be OK here, though.” Mark parked in front of the Federal building, took his briefcase, and got out of the car.

“The metal detectors!” I reminded him, believing he would want to disarm.

“Where’s your weapon?” he asked me, and left while I turned to move it within reach.

Every minute felt like hours while I waited. I picked up my notepad and pen to finish what I’d been writing, but never wrote a word. I watched. And waited. Twenty long minutes later, Mark was back in the car.

“Well?” I prompted.

“They’d better get to killin’,” Mark seethed.

Chapter 11
MENTAL HELLth

Following a coded trail that was akin to a child's treasure hunt game, Mark and I arrived at what would be our rendezvous with Randy Stamps. "Sheriff Sutton had my family's life threatened," Randy began, looking PTSDed and nervous. "And we have to be able to live in Sumner County for me to be a Legislator."

The threats that Mark and I had already endured from Sumner County and Sheriff Sutton did not intimidate us. "If they threaten you, they only intend to scare you," Mark assured Randy. "It's when they're quiet that there is reason for concern."

"I'm already concerned." Randy's eyes grew wider. "I'm sorry I can't help you with your daughter's legal dilemma. I don't have the Top Secret Clearance to get around the 'national security' issues, anyway. You can rest assured I'll be doing all I can covertly from the inside. Please don't contact me anymore. Let's keep Edith Hammons as our go-between." Randy hugged us as though it were the last time he'd ever see us alive, nervously glanced around, and ran out the door.

"We certainly have a lot of support hiding behind their desks," I grumbled.

"That's why I always worked alone." Mark put his arm around me. "People fear what they don't know, and they Need-to-Know the truth in order to effect positive change. When folks are left in the dark, they cave in to fear. Bring truth to light, and their path is clear. The criminals you knew were aware of this. That's why they operate on the philosophy that secret knowledge equals power. You know yourself how truth frees you from immobilizing fear. We have to be tough."

I agreed. My previous terror in Huntsville had taught me that reality is much easier to deal with when armed with facts, no matter how harsh, rather than blinded by emotion.

“Besides,” Mark was saying, “when people are left to superstition and conjecture, their conclusions have no basis, rendering them ineffective. We have got to find a way to bring the reality of mind control to light amidst a wealth of misinformation and terror for Kelly’s sake.”

“It really is up to us, isn’t it?” I said, feeling alone in our pursuit of justice and rehabilitation for Kelly. I thought of Kelly alone at Cumberland House, and realized she must be toughest of all. It had been three days since we had been allowed to even see her, and I was anxious to check in on her.

“Hello, I’m Dr. Gaboy, the resident psychiatrist here,” a ghoulish looking man stuck out his wet, limp hand to greet us when we arrived at Cumberland House. Was this some kind of a joke, or had I just entered the set of a horror movie? Mark and I sat down in his office to fill out forms. There was no place on the State forms to write about classified issues, and we filled them out as best we could. Looking over the paperwork we had completed, Dr. Gaboy continued, “You know, there is no such thing as mind control.”

“Some people call it brainwashing,” I said, using the old term.

“There is no such thing as brainwashing, you know.” Dr. Gaboy related an old war story or two from the Korean War, drifting far from any point he might have thought to make.

I tried another approach. “I know there is a lot of satanic activity around here. You must be seeing some victims of occultism.”

“You know, there is no such thing as satanism,” he said. “Come. Let’s go see Kelly now. We are through here.”

Mark looked at me briefly, his eyes telling me that talking any further was useless. I knew he understood my need to get Kelly out of there fast.

Kelly was in an isolation room reserved for newcomers, and I was traumatized just walking in. Kelly sat on a bed, unblinking, sucking her fingers like she did when she was an infant. Blood smears coagulated on the walls, some shaped into pentagrams. A dirty plastic curtain dangled by a paperclip, and the stench from smeared feces was overwhelming. I was outraged.

“No such thing as satanism?” My voice was rising, and Mark nudged me. His look reassured me that we would take care of this situation outside of Cumberland House. Instantly I knew the hysteria I was feeling would not produce the desired results. Mark slipped a camera from his pocket and began snapping pictures of the walls and room. I swallowed my temper, and demanded to see the nurse in charge.

“I’m leaving here for a meeting with Commissioner Taylor,” I told her. “I’m going to report the blood on the walls, satanic graffiti, the unsanitary disarray of Kelly’s room, and most definitely her condition. I want her moved into a new room immediately until I can get her out of here permanently.”

“We were just moving her, Ms. O’Brien.” She scurried to gather Kelly and her clothes. “I don’t know what you are talking about, though.”

Mark had spoken with Kelly while I talked with the nurse, and she had stopped sucking her fingers and was blinking again. We assured her we would be back the next day and hugged her. I stumbled out into the sunlight.

“What time is it?” Mark asked.

I blinked through my tears to look at my watch. “2:50,” I said.

“We have ten minutes to get to your appointment with the Commissioner. Stay alert.” Mark spoke sternly, realizing I was teetering on dissociativeness. “Kelly needs you to be her voice right now. Stay logical.”

When we arrived at Commissioner Taylor’s office, the receptionist was waiting for me at his door. Mark squeezed my hand, and I walked right in. “I

know your story," Commissioner Taylor greeted me. "And I know you have strong political support. I'm already working on your daughter's case."

"Are you aware of the extremely poor conditions she is having to endure while you're working on it?" I briefly told him about Kelly's desperate mental state under Cumberland House's 'care,' the satanic graffiti, feces, and blood smears.

"I'll send Marsha Willis over there in the morning. She's my best worker, and she is assigned to finding an appropriate placement for Kelly. We'll transfer her immediately to qualified rehab for mind control –anywhere in the country- as fast as Marsha determines there is no one in the State of Tennessee who can do it. You can expedite everything by signing these legal forms that will provide the necessary funding anywhere in the country. Medicaid only covers in-state care, and Commissioner Rucker has gone as far as he can with Federal funding. I know you're up against 'national security,' and this will help circumvent it." Commissioner Rucker handed me the paperwork, and pointed me to Marsha Willis' desk.

Marsha was talking with Mark, and stood up as I walked over. "You can file those papers with the Juvenile Court as soon as I determine there is no one in the state qualified to help her. Federal law stipulates that I must go through this exercise," Marsha assured me. "Mark explained Kelly's conditions over at Cumberland House, and I would like to meet you there in the morning. Then we can come back here to my office and start the process of transferring Kelly."

It sounded so simple. Too simple. Mark drove us back to his mother's house in the country despite being as exhausted as I was.

The next morning when we arrived at Cumberland House the smell of fresh paint filled the air. "You obviously prompted the changes you demanded," Marsha Willis smiled.

"I'll consider my efforts successful when Kelly is out of here," I replied. Kelly met with us in the day room since her new bedroom was shared with other kids. A small spark of hope shone in her eyes.

“Can you take me home now, Mom?” she asked.

Marsha introduced herself and assured Kelly we were all working on her situation as fast as possible. I talked with Kelly while Marsha explained to the staff that their changes needed to be more than cosmetic[1] as numerous high level politicians were overseeing Kelly’s case.

“Is Tipper Gore working on this case?” a Cumberland House staff member asked. Tipper was highly publicized as a leader in state mental health since she was Senator[2] Al Gore’s wife.

Staff member Charlene Johnson giggled. “You know she can’t sober up long enough to do anything.”

Marsha smiled. “Neither she nor Al are working on this case. They are not among the politicians I was referring to. This is a serious case, definitely not intended for publicity or photo ops.”

Marsha returned to the Department of Mental Health to work on Kelly’s case, where Mark and I soon joined her after concluding our visit with Kelly.

“I’ve already made numerous telephone calls,” Marsha began. “It is really difficult dealing with mental health professionals regarding a classified subject like mind control. They like to believe they already know it all.”

Mark and I nodded in agreement. “Have you tried using the word ‘brainwashing’?” I asked.

“Yes,” Marsha said. “I’ve even resorted to using the term ‘behavior modification’ and I’m still having difficulty simply defining the disorder let alone locating rehabilitation for it. If you agree, I’m going to re-start my search in an attempt to locate someone who can diagnose her with MPD[3].”

“Is there anyone within the state who can treat MPD?” Mark asked. “By current mental health standards it takes an average of 8.5 years to diagnose the disorder, during which time it must be treated. Until the Intelligence

community can get accurate diagnosis and rehabilitation information filtered into the mental health community, antiquated long-term therapy is the best that can be offered. How do you propose to find anyone in state mental health to diagnose Kelly's CIA abuse?"

"I was hoping you could tell me," Marsha sighed. "I'm up against Federal bureaucratic red-tape that stipulates 'in order for a child to be transferred out-of-state of treatment, diagnosis must be obtained within the state first'. Do you know of anyone with a degree in mental health who could simply diagnose her?"

"I thought Commissioner Taylor was able to override this obstacle," I complained. "That was my whole point in going in to see him in the first place. Who is *his* boss?"

"Louis Sullivan in DC is over the Department of Health and Human Services," Marsha answered. "I'll give you his contact information, and hopefully he can help. In the meantime, I'm going to continue in my efforts."

"Good luck," Mark said as we rose to leave.

As I gathered up paperwork, I thanked Marsha for her appearance at Cumberland House earlier that morning, and for her thoughtful, kind words of encouragement to Kelly.

Riding the elevator back down to ground level, I suggested we go see Edith Hammons. "Maybe she will set up an appointment with Representative Ben West at the Tennessee Legislature, and tell us who we can see with the Department of Human Services here. This route of Commissioner Taylor's has too many road blocks."

Edith greeted us at the door. "I didn't know you knew Loretta Lynn[4]. I'm related through the Webbs[5]. Years of mysteries are beginning to make sense now that I know about mind control. Come in," she invited. "I made a fresh pot of coffee."

Mark and I went in to Edith's tiny but warm house. "We can talk more about me in a minute," she said, drying off clean coffee cups from the dish drainer. "I know Kelly is stuck over at Cumberland House while Commissioner Taylor tries to straighten things out, and that your appointments with (Attorney General) Joe Brown and Metro (Police) did not produce the results we need. I want to know what brings you here today."

"You obviously have good sources of information," Mark said.

"The best. Me." Edith poured the coffee.

"Marsha Willis…" I began.

"Commissioner Taylor's best." Edith said. "What about her?"

"Commissioner Taylor promised to send Kelly immediately out-of-state to qualified rehab after Marsha confirms there is no one within the state to treat her. In order to do that, she has to obtain a diagnosis from within the state first. Of course, no one is qualified to diagnose classified CIA mind control abuses, let alone treat it."

"She's bound by Federal law," Edith quickly concluded. She picked up the phone and dialed a number into it. "Ben West is a friend of mine. He can help." She spoke to him for several minutes, and asked, "Can you stop by and see him this afternoon?"

We nodded 'yes'.

"Good. OK, Ben. They'll be there after they finish their coffee."

I couldn't believe she'd said that to a Tennessee Legislator, as if coffee were more important. He obviously knew her well, though, and it certainly wouldn't hurt our efforts having her clout behind us when we presented him with our dilemma.

"What do you know about the Commissioner for the Department of Human

Services?" I asked.

Edith thought a minute. "You'd best go above and below him," she answered. "Ben West will be putting pressure on him for you once he hears your dilemma."

"We will be contacting his boss, Louis Sullivan, in DC through Clement's office," Mark said. "And I'll see about getting a referral in to see a manager over there just to make sure they have all the pertinent information below Sullivan, too."

We finished our coffee. "What were you going to tell us about Loretta?" I asked as we prepared to leave.

"I always knew she was connected to Byrd, now I know why. The family has been concerned about his influence on her and her career for years. Of course, her talent is so great she would be a superstar with or without his intervention." Edith sighed. "Our whole family sings. My husband, Ed, my daughter LouAnn, and I sing gospel and even did some touring before I started working with victims. I'm glad to be out of the music business with what I know now. Enough about me," she said as she hugged us. "You two be careful."

Mark's and my appointment with Ben West was encouraging. He understood the dilemma created by state forms that had no fill-in blanks for classified information, and Marsha Willis' Federal stipulation obstacle. His apparent sincerity and legislative position with mental health still did not surpass the strength of 'national security' obstacles, although his inside knowledge promised progress. We left our information packet with him. "I'll do all I can from the inside until I can find a way clear for resolution," he told us. "Keep me informed. I'll tell my secretary to let you in anytime, no appointment needed." He warmly shook Mark's hand and hugged me.

We were exhausted from another long day in Nashville when we arrived back at Melba's house in the country. "That man called again," she told Mark, looking at a piece of paper she had written on.

“Dibble?” Mark assumed ‘that man’ was the same ‘that man’ Melba referred to by that title previously.

“No, the one who called last night.”

“Dale Griffis?” Mark asked. “Did you get a telephone number this time?”

“Of course not,” she said. “He’s going to call you in the morning.”

Dr. Dale Griffis was an investigator I had talked with in Ohio. His reputation as an occult crimes investigator[6] is not what had initially led us to him. Rather it was his geographic proximity to a major hub of CIA cocaine trafficking. Griffis resided near Henry Ade, who booked acts like Alex Houston into strategic Fraternal Order of Police (F.O.P.) shows to dually entertain and distribute massive amounts of cocaine. Since I clearly recalled that Henry Ade had voiced concern over Griffis’ opposition to the drug trade back when I was under mind control, I thought he might be an ally in exposing the whole mess. My previous conversations with Griffis usually centered on Aquino, though, and then sunk into a pit of superstition despite my best efforts to keep him focused on the CIA cocaine operations. He admittedly suspected the cocaine ops proliferating through the F.O.P. via Henry Ade, yet no official investigation was launched.

The next morning, we learned why Griffis was contacting us now. “Civia Tamarkin is a reporter with *People Magazine*,” he told us. “She covered the story on the McMartin Preschool case in Manhattan Beach, California[7]. She considers you authorities on mind control and wants to help with Kelly’s case.”

Our mental alarms should have gone off. The McMartin Preschool scandal was highly publicized in the US and had threatened to bring the reality of mind control to light in early 1990. The systematic sexual and ritual abuse of the children was being covered-up due to the supposedly Top Secret MK Ultra mind control involved. Mark and I followed the case closely, knowing that its outcome could set legal precedent and stop the vast proliferation of mind control. The media frenzy surrounding the event should have exposed

it. Instead, it and the "criminal" justice system discredited the children, their parents, and the massive movement by individuals and organizations nationwide dedicated to rising above CIA containment to expose widespread mind control abuses. Magazines such as *People* who were owned by *Time* of Time-Warner[8] were viewed as part of the containment problem rather than as helpful. Still, Dr. Griffis believed in Civia's good intentions as strongly as he believed in the power of Satan. "Civia considers you authorities on mind control, and would like to talk with you. I already gave her your number."

Despite our skepticism, Civia said all the right things. She knew about national security issues like mind control and CIA drug ops, offering to support us anyway she could. When she heard about Kelly's immediate dilemma, she offered to refer us to a friend of hers within Human Services who worked under Commissioner Grunow. "His name is Charles Wilson, and I'll contact him today to set up an appointment for you."

I immediately set down to pen my letter to Louis Sullivan, who was above rather than below Grunow. "We'll approach the mental health system from all sides," I said, "just like we did the Justice Department."

Chapter 12
POP TOPS and DENTAL FLOSS

Over the next few months, Mark and I literally drove the wheels off the Pacer driving to and from Nashville. The long country road that wound its way to Melba's tiny rural house was treacherous, and we drove it all hours of the day and night.

On one notable trip back from Nashville to Melba's, the rear drive shaft broke loose from the universal joint, fell to the pavement, and threw sparks. Mark managed to maneuver it off to the side of the narrow road. Using what little daylight was left, he rummaged through the glove box and scoured the ground for usable parts. He came up with pop-tops and dental floss. I knew Mark was resourceful, using his applicable intelligence to repair everything from my brain to electronics to car engines. There wasn't anything he couldn't fix, it seemed, but this time the prognosis looked grim to me.

"Fixed," he announced before darkness fell. "It'll make it home if I drive slowly."

"We'll never make it," I concluded out loud.

"Whatever happened to 'voice no negatives without a solution'?" Mark asked. "What's your solution?"

"I promise you that if we make it home I'll never doubt positive possibilities again."

"Be careful what you promise because I will hold you to it," Mark smiled. "Do you want to sweeten that bet? I've got a few proposals." We laughed and played the slow drive home, which totally diverted me from worrying about each curve in the mountain road. When we pulled into the driveway, Mark

parked the car around back near his spare car parts and tools. As he turned off the engine he told me, “Pay-up time.”

The sun was already high in the sky the next morning when we woke up. Mark slipped into his mechanic’s coveralls and went to replace the pop-tops and dental floss with real car parts. I decided to clean the house before joining him.

I was nearly through vacuuming when Mark came through the door. He stopped in his tracks when he saw the clean floor, and bent over to remove his boots and greasy clothes. “Unless you’re undressing for a fun reason, there is no need for you to take your clothes off.”

“I didn’t want to track up the floor,” he said untying his boots.

“You’re working hard for us.” I tied his bootlaces back up. “I’m not into that power-trip that you need to stop what you’re doing just because I’m cleaning house. That never has made any sense to me. Nothing in life is permanent. Life itself isn’t permanent. Why should vacuuming a floor be? Besides, if it were important to me to have everything spotless, it would take me less time to vacuum up the spot than it would to gripe. Anyway, I’m done.” I wound up the vacuum cord, noticing that Mark still hesitated. “Is there something I can get for you?”

“No,” he laughed, walking towards the bathroom. “I need to do this myself.”

By nightfall the car was repaired and serviced. I was still amazed that pop-tops and dental floss had held the car together for thirty treacherous miles. “How did you know to do that anyway?” I asked him.

“I learned a few tricks that the Cubans use to keep their old US made cars running without replacement parts. Back when the CIA unsuccessfully attempted to assassinate Castro[1]…”

I interrupted Mark to ask, “Isn’t it unconstitutional for the CIA to assassinate foreign leaders[2]?”

“It is,” Mark went on. “Everyone knows they do it anyway. As I was saying, when the CIA tried to topple Castro’s government and assassinate him, we gained Intel-generated insight into the way they live that is invaluable. The trade embargo makes it impossible for them to get replacement parts for the US cars that were brought down there by the Mafia in the ‘40s and ‘50s, so they improvised. One of their ingenious solutions got us home safely last night.”

“Doesn’t the attempt to assassinate Castro somehow tie in with the Kennedy Assassination?”

“Mafioso Meyer Lansky was a major player for the CIA. Even though the CIA and Lansky failed in their attempted coup and assassination of Castro, he later became famous for his association with Jack Ruby. Lansky hired Ruby to kill Lee Harvey Oswald before anyone could question him.”

“Wouldn’t it be nice if people could just share knowledge and ‘ingenious solutions’ rather than fight over differences?”

“Wouldn’t it be nice if people made love not war?” Mark’s tongue-in-cheek response sounded realistic to me.

“Let’s start that movement,” I suggested as I helped him peel out of his greasy clothes.

“That movement started back in the ‘60s,” Mark informed me. I wondered if my Rip-Van-Winkle perceptions would ever catch up to date.

“OK, let’s perpetuate it then.”

The next morning, we went to Nashville early to take care of business and visit with Kelly. We met our appointments with Williamson County officials pertaining to crimes that occurred in their county. Williamson County District Attorney Joe Baugh and Franklin, Tennessee’s Police Chief Wisdom gratefully accepted the information packets.

Like Chief Schott, Chief Wisdom was a friend of Edith Hammons'. He fully expected to be hindered from investigating and prosecuting crimes by the 1947 National Security Act. "We have similar cases around here involving mind control and CIA drug ops, and there is little we can do about it. It makes our job of protecting and serving the people nearly impossible. I'll give it my best shot, though," Chief Wisdom promised.

While we drove back into Nashville, Mark updated me on the most recent FBI containment efforts. "Once again the left hand doesn't know what the right hand is doing. A letter from Senator Sasser[3] reached me, and he accused me of refusing to provide information to the FBI unless I was provided 'monetary compensation' first. If I had actually been stupid enough to demand money from the FBI for information, they would and should have locked me up for Extortion, among other crimes. That accusation is ridiculous coming from Sasser."

"I thought Sasser was clean."

"I thought he was just stupid[4]." Mark sighed. "I know how Chief Schott felt when he found out his friend Ray Whitley was dirty. You never know who is going to stand by their moral convictions and friends when it comes to high crimes committed by their bosses. Anyway, Sasser rolled on us."

"How can he say we refused to turn information in? Does he know about Garret and Tuney? What about the FBI in Alaska, Nevada, and Mississippi?"

"Now you know why Customs monitored our FBI meeting," Mark reminded me. "I told you there was more going on with the FBI than you knew, and that Lou Bock was a serious help to us. I can expose this whole cover-up now, and Metro will be caught in the loop. Sasser did us a big favor and doesn't even realize it yet."

"What are you going to do?"

"Red-bag copies of the whole mess to DC through Clement," Mark decisively stated. "Clement already made sure that Bush[5] and Thornburgh got

copies of what you are reporting, and the FBI is looking moronic for having their boy Sasser accuse me of extortion. It's evident that we've gone to great lengths to distribute this information. We prove it every day."

"We've even got that response from the White House," I said, getting excited at the possibilities. "And Jesse Helms[6] himself contacted the FBI regarding us. There is so much of our information in DC it seems absurd that FBI would accuse us of withholding it!"

"We must be making progress," Mark assured me. "Someone is getting nervous."

Mark's statement was even more apparent by the time we reached Nashville.

Kelly's circumstances at Cumberland House were deplorable. Charlene Johnson was working overtime to make Kelly's circumstances difficult, punishing her if she talked about her past. Once when Kelly refused to wear a pair of "ruby slippers" that someone provided her due to past Oz programming, Charlene locked her in a padded cell for three days. Obviously such actions were being prompted from the outside, and Charlene was displaying more wealth by the day with new clothes and a new car.

A gynecological exam had been performed on Kelly in accordance with Metro Police and Luton mental health. "They hurt me, mom." Kelly cried. "It was not like when Dr. Lillibridge examined me. They pulled my legs apart and held me down, and pulled my private parts open so hard it tore and bled. Then they told me I wasn't abused as if their lies would make my past go away. Besides, *they* abused me hurting me like that."

"I am so sorry they hurt you." I held her. "I wish I could have been there to stop them so that never would have happened. God knows you've been through so much already without them adding to it. You're right that their lies can't make the past go away. Neither can Charlene's demands that you don't talk about it. I'm going to take care of this matter as soon as I leave," I said assuredly.

“Charlene thinks I threw this picture away,” Kelly whispered. “It’s something I was remembering that they did to you and me. Since I’m not allowed to talk or write about it, I drew it out.” She slipped me a piece paper, which I immediately tucked under my shirt.

“Kelly, I’m going to go see some friends who are doing all they can for you right now. Do you remember Marsha Willis? She’s working really hard on your case, but she had better be ready to move you out of here *now*. I’m going to Clement’s office, too.” I hugged Kelly close. “I’m going to tell them what is going on here and I’ll show them the picture you drew, too. I love you.”

I stormed out of Cumberland House. When we were back in the Pacer, I looked at Kelly’s drawing and sobbed while I showed it to Mark. It was a very recognizable picture of Youngstown Charm School[7] where we were tortured and trained to fulfill sexual perversion.

Chapter 13
FAMILY MATTERS

“Kelly is out of time,” I announced to Marsha Willis. I told her about the sham exam conducted on Kelly at Metro General Hospital, how she had been treated so roughly in the course of the ‘gynecological’ procedure, and Cumberland House’s deplorable treatment of her.

“Charlene Johnson forbid her to speak of her past, yet locked her in a padded cell for three days because Kelly is still triggering over unresolved issues.” Marsha’s eyes filled with compassion as I told her about the incident with the ‘ruby slippers’.

“And Kelly is having to sneak me pictures of her memories since she is forbidden from writing them out.” I showed Marsha her drawing.

Marsha frowned. Sensing the urgency she said, “I am making progress towards Kelly’s transfer. Have you filed those papers with the court that Commissioner Taylor gave you?”

“I was waiting until I absolutely had to file them,” I told Marsha, dreading the whole process.

“If you file with the Juvenile Court in the morning it can help expedite her transfer. I’ve been working as fast as I can, and you need to be ready. Come back and see me after you go the court, and I should have some news for you.”

Mark and I left the Department of Mental Health and drove to the Copy Shop to make copies of Kelly’s drawing, as well as more copies of documents to take to our appointment that Civia Tamarkin had scheduled for us with Charles Wilson.

“I wondered what had happened to ya’ll,” Billy called as we walked in. “When I don’t see you for a few days, I get concerned.”

“No need to worry about us,” Mark assured him. “We’re not afraid, why should you be?”

“I’m too logical to be afraid,” Billy clarified. “I’m just concerned.”

“Good,” Mark smiled. “Kelly is being abused over at Cumberland House, and we’re moving as fast as we can to get her out of there. I’ve got to go see a friend, and Cathy has some copies to run.”

“You know where to find her when you get back,” Billy said, walking Mark to the door.

As soon as I was through making copies, I set down in the employee’s backroom with Billy.

“I’m sorry to hear about Kelly,” Billy said. “I hope the court system proves to be more reliable than the mental health system.”

“Me, too,” I sighed. “I’m not counting on it, though. We’re going at this from every angle until something gives. Mark has contacts with the local newspapers, and *People Magazine* is monitoring her case now, too. Bob Clement has distributed our information all over Washington for us, including to the US Commissioner of Health and Human Services, and even delivered copies of the FBI cover-up where it matters most. It seems we’re staying ahead, but it really hurts to see Kelly tangled in all the red tape.”

Billy looked somber, and then changed the subject. “I’ve been wanting to ask you about your brothers and sisters. Are they safe?”

“No,” I answered. “They’re all still under my father’s control. I reached out to them after Mark first rescued Kelly and me, and their initial response was hopeful. A few weeks later, my oldest brother, Earl William, sent photos of all the kids with fresh stun gun prod marks indicating that controls tightened

around them."

"Why would your brother do a thing like that?"

"Under orders from my father, most likely." I continued, "He has three children of his own that are being raised in the Project. I know he tried to commit suicide when he turned thirty, which is the age mind control victims are disposed of due to the natural electro-chemical changes that occur in the brain. They start to remember childhood abuse and often break program."

Billy thought about it a second and asked, "Is that why repressed memories surface around age 30?"

"Yes. And it's also why I was supposed to be killed at that age," I told him. "In my case, though, Mark intercepted us when Kelly and I were being transferred to California where I was to be killed and Kelly handled by a creep named Michael Dante'."

"Why didn't they let your brother die?"

"Because he was raising his three children Billy, Tami, and David, according to government specifications under the watchful control of my father," I told him. "My brother routinely took them to Disney World for MK Ultra mind control programming, and his youngest son, David, became the poster child for Sea World riding Shamu the whale. The children's maternal[1] grandmother trained the Maycroft Squaretappers dance team that performed annually in DC at the White House."

"What about your other brothers and sisters?" Billy prompted.

"I have two little sisters and three little brothers. The brother just under me in age, Mike, is running a porn business through his video store in Grand Haven. My sister Kelli Jo, who is ten years younger than me, was used in some of the porn he sells. Plus she knew Ford."

"Gerald Ford, the former President?"

“Yes. I think she had been hurt so bad through suffocation that the CIA couldn’t use her for anything other than fulfilling perversions. She’s a belly dancer who excelled in gymnastics, and she is beautiful.” I told Billy. “My other little sister, Kim, who is twenty years younger than me knew George Bush and has been to the White House.”

“Your mother must have had a lot of kids.”

“And everyone of them abused. It flipped her out pretty bad despite the fact that she had been sexually abused and suffered from a dissociative disorder herself.”

“What about your other brothers?”

“Tommy was called ‘Beaver’ after the Beaver Island[2], Michigan mind control center where he was programmed to become a Jesuit. Timmy is bipolar, and they trained him for sports. I love and miss them all, and the best I can do for them now is keep shining the light of truth on their circumstances so the CIA can’t use them.”

“Well, at least you and Kelly are free, and that makes all the difference in the world for a lot of victims.” Billy’s kindness and compassion were comforting.

“Kelly’s freedom is on the line, though, and I can only hope this next move with the juvenile court frees her entirely.”

When Mark returned, we kept our appointment with Charles Wilson at the Department of Human Services. The appointment was uneventful and provided no hope. We then went to Edith’s to update her on our progress.

Edith, never one to waste time, got right to the point. “I know what Metro did to Kelly in that exam,” she said, inviting us in. “I’ve scheduled an appointment for you with a reputable in-state gynecologist who can reaffirm Kelly’s abuse through the records and photos you have.” She had seen the photos that Dr. Lillibridge took, as well as his Alaskan reports. “He can also

document your vaginal mutilation carving at the same time[3], and he is willing to do so. It may help keep Houston away from Kelly if he reaffirms your horrendous abuse as well."

Edith, who also had a nurse's degree, had already inspected the hideous face that Alex Houston had carved into my vagina with Exacto knives in accordance with Senator Byrd's perverse demands. She gave us an appointment card with Dr. Presley's address, contact numbers, and an appointment time for April 15th. "There is a Church of Christ in Green Hills near Dr. Presley's office that can help with gas money. I know you need it. Just tell them I sent you. You might want to accept their offering of groceries as well." Edith was certainly resourceful. "Good luck with the juvenile court tomorrow," she said as she hugged us good-bye.

As we walked back to the car, I commented on the ways Edith helped us. "Edith knows how to enrich our circumstances way beyond giving money. Her time and advice are invaluable, yet she still understands our most basic needs and sees to them through direct and indirect ways." I thought a moment, reflecting on how Mark was the first to exemplify to me that love and integrity produce more results than any amount of money ever could. "You taught me most about financial priorities," I told Mark, "when the evaporation of your bank accounts only fueled your determination to make a difference for humanity."

Mark smiled. "I sure could use that money, though, to be even more effective. Justice is bought and sold in this country, which is why my accounts evaporated. They think they can contain us by keeping us so poor. They don't know our hunger for justice and rehab for Kelly surpasses physical hunger." Mark opened the car door for me, and continued as he started the Pacer. "Someday we'll have money again and you'll be able to buy things for Kelly, and I'll give you things you've never had."

"Like what?" I asked. "I've got everything in you."

"Clothes, for one thing," Mark said looking at my charity attire. I'd never bought clothes for myself before. Under mind control, others like Byrd

dictated what I should wear from high-class whore clothes to Catholic school uniforms.

“Clothes don’t matter to me much since I’m most comfortable in my own skin. Someday my birthday suit may wrinkle, but I’d celebrate that just to live so long!”

“You’re inner beauty is so radiant, it wouldn’t matter if your birthday suit did gain wrinkles. I’d simply like for you to have the experience of *choosing* a wardrobe for yourself. There are so many gifts and fun experiences that I’d like to give you.” Mark steered us out of the traffic and onto the peaceful country road back home.

“Give. That’s the key. It’s not what is given, it’s a giving heart that matters.” I knew money didn’t buy happiness anyway since I had been around unlimited extravagance with miserable people in DC.

The next morning we were at the juvenile court when the doors opened. “Commissioner Taylor sent me here,” I told the clerk. “He said this court petition is a necessary formality for obtaining my daughter’s rehabilitation funding. I have no intention of relinquishing any custodial rights or controls over her circumstances.”

I further explained that our attorney had recently quit due to ‘national security’ issues involved in the case. She asked, “Are there any abusers from which your daughter may need protection? If so, you’d best write their names down so we can protect her legally.”

In my own handwriting, I wrote a brief paragraph referring to medical and mental health records naming Alex Houston and Wayne Cox among Kelly’s abusers. Even so, Cox filed charges against me before Marsha could complete her work towards Kelly’s transfer, and seemingly as fast as the court papers were filed. April 2, 1991, I was embroiled in a custody battle that would “legally” hinder Kelly’s transfer.

Violations of laws and rights began April 9 in an attempt to cover-up crimes

perpetrated by Kelly's politically affluent abusers. All medical and mental health records documenting Kelly's abuse were instantly rejected by the court on grounds they were "from out-of-state." I was not permitted to testify on her behalf or in my own defense for "reasons of national security."

Local and national media, victims' advocacy groups such as Edith Hammons Organized Victims of Violent Crime, and all supporters were quickly banned from the courtroom. 'Expert witnesses' FBI Agents Brad Garrett and Phil Tuney were called to testify. Tuney testified, "There is no such thing as mind control," while Garrett recommended that Mark Phillips be banned from the courtroom and from seeing Kelly since he was an "expert on mind control." This blatant contradiction was accepted, and Mark was banned from the courtroom and from further contact with Kelly. All of my visits with Kelly were to be supervised so that I wouldn't say words like 'mind control' or 'Mark Phillips'.[4] Worst of all, Kelly was warehoused at Cumberland House without therapy.

I was hindered in my desperate attempts to untangle the quagmire of red tape that Commissioner Taylor's ill advice had caused by court ordered probation. The probation imposed on me was supposedly due to my not yet having a permanent address to provide the court. The only address I had was Mark's Post Office Box in Green Hills. Cox's attorney, Bob Anderson, told Juvenile Court Judge Andy Shookhoff, "Since she can't live in a Post Office Box, I need her available in case I want to serve her papers." So Judge Shookhoff ordered that I sit in the hall of juvenile court for days. At least it was a quiet spot, and I took advantage of the time to write out some of the memories that were flooding my mind, such as:

When the 1984 Governor's Convention was held in Nashville, Tennessee at Opryland Hotel, Senator Byrd was there. This particular convention focused on Global Education 2000[5], and I was working there under total mind control for Reagan's Secretary of Education Bill Bennett[6] and Tennessee's former Governor Lamar Alexander[7]. Louise Mandrell was working there as well, and I spoke to her regarding her sister Barbara's recent car crash.[8] I had known Louise for years. Wayne Cox worked as a steel guitar player for her

and RC Bannon while I was being transferred to Alex Houston in early 1980. Cox had also worked with Barbara for years when she was very young. Plus, Alex Houston worked numerous shows with both Barbara and Louise throughout the 1980's.

Despite having often been around Byrd's other slaves, I rarely had opportunity to speak with them. This was strictly forbidden as it could cause us to inadvertently trigger each other into discussing government secrets we'd been conditioned to forget[9]. Yet no one interfered for several minutes as Louise and I discussed Barbara's dire circumstances.

In addition to discussing Barbara, we talked about the global education system[10] and how I had been used in the press to promote "our education Governor" McWherter. I could not think to tell her how this education system, now in full swing in the US and globally, was designed to increase our children's learning capacity while decreasing their ability to critically analyze. I could only parrot what I had been programmed to say that night to promote it to our nation's Governors. Still, Byrd reprimanded me for talking with Louise when I arrived late for my rendezvous with him at Opryland Hotel's Rhett Butler restaurant.

Being back in Nashville now was opening my mind up to eight years of memories from which I was totally amnesic. I was remembering so much, yet none of it was freeing Kelly from a corrupt and manipulated so-called "legal" system in the State of Tennessee.

When the probation was finally lifted, I went directly to Marsha Willis' office demanding to see Commissioner Taylor. He refused to see me, and Marsha was immersed in the same quagmire of red tape that was deliberately covering up Kelly's dire and desperate need. Marsha voiced deep concern, whispering, "The Defense Intelligence Agency told me to let you know that your life is in serious peril if you keep talking about Kelly and mind control."

Unintimidated, I followed through with my previously scheduled appointment at Governor McWherter's office. His assistant Bernie Durham

said that Governor McWherter “did not deal with such cases,” shook my hand, and showed me the door. Before I left, I handed him a packet of documents and information for their records. “Governor McWherter will need these,” I assured him. Mark and I were launching an international awareness campaign that would eventually result in thousands of letters from all over the world asking Governor McWherter “what does ‘national security’ have to do with the documented rape and molestation of a child’s mind and body?”

While we were running copies on Edith’s old copy machine, it wore out and quit. When Governor McWherter refused to supply her with a new one, she was not surprised any more than we were. Edith took it all in stride, relentlessly focusing on resolution of Kelly’s need.

Chapter 14
IT'S NOT OVER 'TIL WE WIN

"Mom!" Kelly jumped into my arms, her blue eyes sparkling. "Edith Hammons came to visit me. She told me what you and dad are doing to get me out of here, and that a whole bunch of people care about me!"

Edith hadn't yet told me about visiting Kelly, and I could only imagine the strings she pulled to get through Cumberland House's no-visitor policy with regard to Kelly. Obviously she knew her way around and had said the right things to keep Kelly aware of the love surrounding her.

"I've got my own room now," Kelly proudly told me. I looked around her dreary room that was sparsely furnished with several beds. "I'll have a roommate tomorrow, though." I left the small sack of toiletries I'd brought her on the desk, wishing I could have afforded to bring her something fun to brighten her dismal surroundings. She never even looked in the sack while I was there, although she hugged me for bringing it.

A social worker stood at the door with her arms crossed. "You're not supposed to be here without supervision," she said.

"Who wants to supervise?" I asked. "We don't have anything to hide."

The social worker eventually traded her post at the door for a chair, relaxing in the warmth of the relationship that Kelly and I shared. We had so little time together to enjoy each other's company that we maximized every moment. Despite our torturous past, our relationship was strong.

Censorship of our words seemed absurd to us. We had long since developed a heightened sense of telepathic communication when we were tortured together. It was as though we had been blasted into parts of the brain that

people have forgotten how to use. While most people use a reported “10% of their brain,” we were using primitive sensory functions and other aspects to make up for our lack of free thought. Kelly and I utilized this ability to exchange sensory understanding on a level similar to animal communication[1], which extends far beyond mere words. This natural mode of communication, said to have been the common language shared before the Biblical Tower of Babel divided mankind by language barriers, is a phenomenon recognized today between some twins or couples who have loved together for years. Throughout Kelly’s victimization by the State of Tennessee’s so-called mental health and justice systems, our reliance on this innate telepathic system kept us in full communication despite censorship. This was small consolation for the gross injustice that forced our family apart.

We cried together under the watchful eye of the supervisor when I told her that she was half in state custody[2] by court order. I explained that it was a formality that would eventually contribute to freeing her. I also told her, “That piece of paper cannot change the fact that you are my daughter and I love you.”

Kelly wiped her tears. “It’s not over ‘til we win, huh mom?” she asked.

“We’ll win,” I assured her. “And it’s not over ‘til we win.”

“Time’s up,” the social worker supervising us announced. Supervised visits certainly had their limits in addition to being an insult to our relationship.

I kept my appointment with Dr. Presley in hopes it would provide a further measure of safety for Kelly from Wayne Cox and Alex Houston. Cox was free to see Kelly without supervision, despite Kelly’s documented records proving him an abuser. My court appointed Legal Services attorney, Jean Crowe, doubled for the judge on his days off. And her efforts to impose restraining orders against Cox had yet to produce any results. It seemed that she, like the judge, was bound by federal ‘national security’ intervention.

Dr. Presley was a pleasant Christian man whose sole intention was to

medically document what he saw. With in-state records of his reconfirmation of Kelly's extensive sexual abuse, and my vaginal mutilation carving, perhaps the court could levy the restraints against Cox that Kelly so desperately needed. Dr. Presley was prepared to waive all financial charges for the appointment since Edith apparently had explained our financial condition. I offered the Medicaid card issued to me through the Violent Crimes Compensation Commission anyway, since it was intended to fund any court-ordered exams.

Mark and I went directly to the Copy Shop, made copies of the documentation, and then took the records straight to Jean Crowe's office to be filed with the court.

"There are a lot of rumors flying around about you two," Jean informed us. She looked at Mark, "I've even been told you are a containment expert who is discrediting mind control survivors."

Mark quickly determined this court appointed attorney most likely would not be equipped to deal with national security issues. "If I were a containment expert, why are *we* being contained? And why am I not being paid off? I don't even have enough gas in the car to get back home. You'd best use some logic in this case, Ms. Crowe, and stop listening to 'rumors' obviously being orchestrated by the ones wanting to contain this case. There's a little girl's life on the line here."

I handed her the medical records. "If you want to see what containment really is, you need to go over to Cumberland House and see what is happening to Kelly. She is counting on me to get her out of there. Charlene Johnson is being blatantly abusive, and is growing rich in the process. Her new car and gaudy new wardrobe are the talk of Cumberland House staff. Have you noticed her influx of money?"

"Well, I have," Jean admitted. "I'll go see Kelly myself after court in the morning. I want to meet her anyway."

The next morning, I was at the court a few minutes early. While I waited, Cox's Attorney Bob Anderson told Kelly's so-called guardian *ad litem*

Martha Child, state attorneys, and Charlene Johnson, “Gather ‘round. It’s pay-off time. Cathy’s father[3] thanks you all.” Bob Anderson counted out money into the hands of those present. When Jean Crowe finally arrived, I told her about the incident.

“You’re just hysterical,” she said.

Dr. Presley’s records were presented to the court and rejected. The only records that would be accepted ‘were those that the state would request.’ I automatically assumed all exams would be rigged from then on, and prepared myself accordingly.

Jean Crowe went to see Kelly after court, only to determine, “she looks normal to me.”

Despite non-stop persistent efforts to keep Cox from seeing Kelly, he was granted supervised visitation. On April 15, his visit with Kelly was “supervised” by Charlene Johnson! According to Cumberland House records secretly slipped to me by an employee, and Kelly’s own written testimony, Charlene Johnson physically forced Kelly to have visitation with Cox despite her screams and pleas. Cox delivered CIA codes, keys, and triggers in an effort to incite her programmed respiratory failure.

Kelly went into severe asthma, requiring medical attention. She also lost over 10 lbs in two weeks due to extreme stress. This is documented.

I attempted to file criminal abuse charges against Charlene Johnson. I was told that since Kelly was in joint custody, one state agency (the State of Tennessee) could not legally sue another state agency (Cumberland House), and therefore I had ‘no case.’

Kelly, who was severely depressed, brightened when she saw me on our next visit. “I’d like to introduce you to my roommate and new best friend Lindsay.”

A sweet little girl with huge eyes and a pixie haircut shyly said, “Hi.” Her

pupils were dilated as though traumatized, and she was as frail and thin as Kelly. “The FBI was involved in my rapery,” she whispered.

Despite having invented a word, her sincerity and meaning were clear. The social worker that would be supervising today was walking towards us, and Kelly quickly said, “Her father is FBI, and her mother is trying to get her back. Can you help her, too?”

“Please?” the little girl asked, with tears filling her big eyes.

“I’ll do what I can,” I promised. I turned to Kelly, “God knows Dad and I are determined and persistent enough. When we win, it will set precedent and…”

“Ms. O’Brien, I’m going to have to ask you to leave if you’re talking about court matters,” the Cumberland House worker told me.

“I wish Kelly had a worker as conscientious as you to supervise when Cox was here,” I told her. Kelly smiled.

Lindsay gave Kelly a knowing look that indicated the depth of understanding they shared. I silently conveyed my assurance to Lindsay, and Kelly and I went to the dayroom for our supervised visit.

As I prepared to leave, Kelly said, “When Edith was here, she told me about Congressman Clement and her friend Representative West. She said they care about me, too. I wrote them letters.” Kelly was ahead of the game as usual. She gave me two handwritten pages of letters with another hidden between them. “Will you please mail them for me? Charlene Johnson won’t mail them for me. She told me she doesn’t even want me writing them.”

“Of course I’ll make sure they get them,” I assured her, unaware that the Cumberland House worker supervising us would report her for reaching out. The soul stirring pleas that she wrote brought me to tears for years every time I saw copies of them or thought of the injustice they spawned in the court. Kelly would be forbidden by court order to write or receive mail, which was against US Constitutional law and human rights.

Mark was waiting patiently in the car when our visit was over. He, too, cried as he read the letters. The third one she had hidden was to him. She wrote:

Dear Dad,
I miss you. I'm doing everything I can to get this cleared up. I'm sneak-writing to people like the Representative.
She signed it off with hearts and Love, Kelly. The other two letters read:

Dear Representative West,
Please HELP! Court is making me see my biological father Wayne Cox and not allowing me to see Mark and having me have supervised visits. Please help me. Love, Kelly.

Dear Congressman Clement,
I really need Help! Court is making things worse. Court is making me loose the two people I love most (mom, Mark) and making me see Wayne Cox. He is triggering my asthma and he's making me loose Mark. He's lying about abusing me. If you can Please get me out of this situation and help me to see Mark and to have unsupervised visits. HELP! Love, Kelly.

Chapter 15
THE HUNDREDTH MONKEY

“How many others like Kelly are being abused by the system for ‘reasons of national security?’” I wondered as we drove back to Melba’s. I told Mark about my encounter with Lindsay. My childhood environment had been so saturated with incest that I thought the whole world was that way. In the 1980’s, I had witnessed vast numbers of people being mind controlled. “I wonder how many of them survived? And if they survived, are they being mistreated by an ignorant mental health and justice system? Why are people so blind? When is this nightmare going to end?”

“Have you ever heard of the hundredth monkey?” Mark asked.

“No. What do monkeys have to do with this?”

“It is a theory, not meant to be interpreted so literally,” Mark explained. “It is an example of evolution in progress. When an action, positive or negative, is repeated for three generations it becomes genetically encoded. It becomes an inborn autogenic response. If a monkey collects ants on a honey-coated stick, for example, and other monkeys see he is eating more than they, they copy him. By the time the hundredth monkey begins collecting ants on a honey-coated stick, the added energy creates an ideological breakthrough that affects the whole society. When the whole society of monkeys does this for three generations, it becomes their culture. According to Ken Keyes Hundredth Monkey studies, when that hundredth monkey’s added energy creates the ideological breakthrough, evolution occurs. Even monkeys on other continents start collecting ants on honey-coated sticks without copying. They are born knowing.”

“Is this natural process why I do not relate to perpetuating incest despite my own multigenerational background?” I asked, realization clearing my vision.

“That’s the theory,” Mark said. “People are on the verge of evolving out of this nonsense despite the efforts of a criminal few who still cling to the belief that their secret knowledge equals power.”

“All it takes is one monkey to let the secret out, and by the time the hundredth monkey knows it, the criminals in control are history.” I concluded.

“Unless the hundredth monkey couldn’t *think* to do so. Add mind control to the equation. Hitler/Himler research into genetics and mutigenerational families led them to believe that they could control the future by controlling society. Operating on the philosophy that secret knowledge equals power, they would keep pertinent facts from the people and alter their natural evolutionary process. They knew that traumas like incest and torture left people highly suggestible and easily led. After three generations of incest, abuse, and ignorance it becomes genetically encoded and people are born more compliant. It was believed that this could be a formula for mass mind control.”

“Generations of war[1] could create this same compliance in people,” I concluded. “God knows war is traumatic.”

“Hitler is a warning from history to all of us.”

“Did the Nazi’s really believe that mind control would suppress the hundredth monkey evolution?” I wondered.

“It is not so simple.”

“Obviously not. I realize knowledge doesn’t fit in a box,” I said. “I’m still on my learning path just like everybody else, so I’m not trying to package it all up. There is always more to learn. Yet that seems like a logical question.”
“The whole concept of mind control has evolved beyond Hitler’s theories through technological advancements,” Mark reminded me. “Plus we’ve had generations of conditioning now.”

“But we’re not monkeys,” I argued, falling back on my original literal interpretation for illustration. “The strength of the human spirit wasn’t taken into consideration. The human spirit is stronger than genetics.”

“This is true,” Mark laughed. “Obviously the whole mind control theory is flawed, or we wouldn’t be where we are today.”

My mind returned to my original point about Lindsay, only I was feeling much more hopeful now.

“What did you tell Lindsay when she asked for our help?” Mark asked, turning onto the winding country road.

“I assured her we would set precedent and make a difference for her,” I told him. I thought for a minute and elaborated. “Not exactly in those words but the thought was communicated.”

“She understands?”

“Absolutely, which confirms her abuse to me even more than her words did,” I said. “If only people would simply realize, accept and utilize their innate thought communication capability without the abuse[2]. Kelly and I were talking about this and…”

Mark laughed. “Isn’t that redundant? Why talk?”

Suddenly this deep subject seemed light. “You’re right,” I laughed. It felt good to laugh and balance the intensity of our day. “People thought communicate more than they think.”

Mark smiled and rolled his eyes.

“Well, they do. Think about it,” I smiled. “And the answer to your question is ‘yes’.”

“Are you sure that’s my mind you’re reading?” Mark’s gaze indicated it

wasn’t. “Because there is no question.”

“Well, I got your message loud and clear,” I squirmed in my seat, hoping we were closer to home than we were. “It does seem that regardless of where our mental focus is, part of us stays in constant communication.”

“Isn’t that called ‘attraction’?”

“I call it ‘love’,” I giggled. “Thought communication, like our sex, rides on the wings of love and communicates beyond mere words.”

“Tell me more,” Mark suggested, pulling into the driveway. “Want to monkey around?”

Chapter 16
CRIMINAL "JUSTICE" SYSTEM

The next time I saw Kelly, Lindsay was gone.

"Charlene says I have to get along with my peers or be locked in the padded cell. Mom, the kids here are nuts. Most of them are satanists. I'd rather be by myself than listen to their nonsense."

Kelly was right. Her mind controlled past left her with heightened suggestibility, which extended to what is termed "mirroring and matching." She would tend to walk their walk and talk their talk, and she was struggling to overcome this conditioned behavior in order to heal and live true-to-soul. Being punished if she did not conform to Charlene's demands was counter-productive to therapy.

"They hold séances here for group activity."

"Who does?" I asked, believing Kelly must be either exaggerating or suffering flashbacks.

"Melissa Thurmond and all the kids, and Charlene forces me to participate!"

I thought of all the satanic graffiti around Cumberland House when Kelly was first admitted. Swallowing my rage, I approached the worker who held the rituals and asked her about them.

"It's all in fun," Melissa Thurmond told me. "We don't do it for real."

"If these children knew what reality was they wouldn't be here. Apparently you don't know what 'real' means either. There isn't any 'fun' in reinforcing negative behavior, superstition, and the horror many of these kids have

experienced. I will address this issue with the Commissioner of Mental Health, State Legislators, the courts, media, and anyone else who will listen. This is archaic therapy and an absolute outrage. Do not make Kelly participate in any more of your ridiculous rituals."

"I follow orders from Charlene, not from you," Melissa told me. "And Kelly does what Charlene tells her to do. I am not the one forcing her to do anything."

While I spoke with Melissa, Kelly was told by the social worker supervising our visit that she was never to speak of Cumberland House activities to me again as it violated confidentiality for the other children. If she said anything more, our visits would be terminated.

Kelly and I looked at each other in total understanding. She knew I would be working on this issue from the outside, and I knew she would keep me apprised of her circumstances through our silent communication. Our bond grew stronger.

"We have got to find an honest attorney," I told Mark as we left Cumberland House.

"How do we seek an honest attorney in a sea of deception?" Mark said. "The most successful, highest paid attorneys are masters of mind manipulation. They use NLP."

"NLP?" I asked.

"Neuro Linguistic Programming[1]. It's the language of the subconscious. Of course, knowledge is neither good nor bad, it's who has control of it for what purpose. I wish every person knew NLP. Then it couldn't be used to manipulate their critical analysis."

I thought for a moment. "Knowledge is our only defense against NLP the same way it's our only defense against mind control. Once people understand it, they know what to watch for and guard against[2]."

“NLP subliminals have long since been used in advertising and marketing, and yet people are still ignorant about it because the government keeps the information suppressed since it is an integral part of their arsenal for marketing their own agenda to a socially engineered population. Attorneys who are aware of it use it to manipulate the minds of the jury, and even the mind of the judge if he doesn’t have the knowledge to defend himself against it.”

“If people thought communicated[3] rather than used attorneys, they would get straight to the truth,” I said. “Instead, they rely on someone to be lawful who simply manipulates everyone’s thoughts and conclusions through a secret means. It’s no wonder our justice system is called ‘criminal’!”

“Someday NLP must be taught in the grade school system,” Mark said. “Then everyone will have the knowledge and can no longer be led by it. Look how some attorneys perpetuate their secret knowledge of NLP to advance into politics simply by manipulating minds of the public with the same means by which they manipulate the minds of a jury.”

“Traficant is a perfect example. While he was Sheriff of Youngstown, Ohio he was caught in criminal activity that ran through Charm School.”

“The one where you and Kelly were tortured?” Mark clarified.

“Yes. The one she drew the picture of. Anyway, Traficant admitted to taking large bribes[4] to overlook drug trafficking and prostitution when he was caught red handed in 1980. Since I knew him back then, I was aware of his involvement in CIA cocaine, mind control, and prostitution. By the time his court trial came around in 1983, he had been promoted to Congress. He used subliminals and NLP on the jury the same way he manipulated the minds of his constituents and trained sex slaves at Charm School! He got off on all criminal charges.”

“Now he’s running containment by cozying up to the patriots of this country, manipulating their minds the same way,” Mark pointed out. “The good news is, scum bags like him and Charlene Johnson usually get set up to take a fall

to divert attention away from the criminal activity of the higher-ups[5].”

“I wish people would wake up and arm themselves with the facts. It could all be so easy. Instead, we have to find ‘an honest attorney in a sea of deception’ just like you said.”

“I was told by a CIA/DIA officer who works out of Clarksville[6] to contact the head of the Trial Lawyers Association, Reese Bagwell, and see if we can find a clean one,” Mark said. “I have reason to believe this Bagwell guy is as dirty as any attorney can be, which is why he’s head of the Trial Lawyers lobby. We have no choice. Kelly’s out of time.”

Mark and I met with Attorney Reese Bagwell. Bagwell was working along side of his former law school roommate Frank Rubino, who was the appointed attorney for the former Panamanian Leader and CIA cocaine operative captured in ‘Just Cause,’ Manuel Noriega. The DIA’s ‘special agent’ Jim Dibble was also cooperating with Bagwell at the time, which provided further validation and insight into the validity of our case. Still, we were cautious. After all, Bagwell’s office was located in Clarksville near Fort Campbell, and his behind the scenes activities reeked of DIA, CIA, and Jesuit affiliation. Aside from his association with Noriega, Bagwell’s “friends” included Michael Gilstrap, head of the National Coalition Against Pornography, and former Ambassador to France, Joe Rodgers[7].

Bagwell’s Catholic Jesuit ties and the Mormon ties of his robotic-appearing partner Phil Kendrick did not keep them from associating with Gilstrap, Rodgers, and their ‘Tabernacle Baptist’ church. This church, considered by locals to be a cult church, used a massive blue monarch butterfly for their logo. Mark and I quickly determined Gilstrap’s N.C.A.P. organization and church were a catch-net operation for Nashville mind control survivors when we had cause to attend ‘Tabernacle Baptist’ at the request of one of his robotic slaves. The massive structure had an upper balcony, which was strangely lined with armed military personnel apparently guarding the sophisticated electronic equipment we saw in use there. We met with our contact as scheduled as she feared for her life and was pleading for help. Believing Gilstrap intended to help victims like her, she gave us his business

office address.

Gilstrap's 'toy-manufacturing' front[8] did little to hide his CIA agenda when Mark and I met with him. When his use of CIA and Jesuit codes, keys, and triggers to Pentagon-level mind control programming failed to produce the desired results in me, Gilstrap had resorted to stroking the blade of a knife he had pulled as a threat. The web we were tangled in was becoming clear to us, and we took all of this into consideration when we met with Bagwell.

"We need a clean attorney with a security clearance who can deal with the national security issue covering mind control," Mark told him. "Because of your position, you are the only individual qualified to give us direction."

"My partner will help you," Bagwell assured us, pushing the intercom button to page him. "Of course, you know you are playing with fire and are liable to get burned."

Mark, who didn't take veiled threats from anyone, rose like lightening in an effort to prevent Bagwell from leaving the room. His partner opened the door just in time for him to introduce, "Phil Kendrick," as he hurried out the door like a scalded cat.

Kendrick was kind, though his dilated pupils suggested that his sincerity would not surpass inevitable orders of containment. Once again, we were blocked from conventional justice and resolution of Kelly's escalating need. No help was offered, and only veiled threats voiced.

We conveyed the information of our experience to Representative West when we delivered Kelly's heart-wrenching plea to him. He was working behind the scenes for Kelly's cause just as Edith knew he would; yet the magnitude of the containment was seemingly insurmountable. I told him about the rituals being held at Cumberland House.
"Kelly and I do *not* take responsibility for what we were tortured to do under mind control, but now that we are aware and healing, we take full responsibility for our actions. No excuses. Not only is Charlene Johnson being counterproductive to Kelly's rehabilitation, she is also forcing Kelly to

act against her moral conviction."

Representative West's concerns were obvious. "The rituals will stop, Ms. O'Brien. I can assure you of that much."

"Are we any closer to obtaining a diagnosis within the state so she can be transferred?" I asked.

"Talk with Marsha Willis," he answered, giving me a knowing look. "Barry Nurcum[9] has agreed to take Kelly's case."

"What made him change his mind?" I asked suspiciously. "When Commissioner Rucker contacted him in 1989, he claimed he was not qualified to help her."

"Vanderbilt Psychiatric is a Defense Department Subcontractor," Mark added, noting that Dr. Nurcum, an Australian citizen, worked there on a green card work permit apparently underwritten by the D.O.D.

"I understand there is hope anyway," Representative West assured us. "When Marsha learned that Charlene Johnson punished Kelly for reporting abuse to Judge Shookhoff, and that your efforts to prosecute her are hindered by state law protecting Cumberland House workers, it seems she convinced him to take the case. Despite how grim things may appear, there are many people deeply concerned for all three of you!"

"What do you know about US Customs?" Mark asked, shifting the subject slightly.

Ben West smiled. "I know that Internal Affairs will be coming in to interview both of you. They are serious about cleaning up corruption in their agency, and apparently you two are providing them with significant information."

Mark was surprised he already knew about our pending Internal Affairs meeting.

Ben West lowered his voice. “I also know that Agent Lou Bock may have helped save your lives.”

This same insight was raised again when we saw Marsha Willis later that afternoon. “I was really concerned for all of you,” she confided. “Mark, I know you are capable of keeping Cathy safe as long as you two are alive.” She swallowed her emotion, “I was relieved to learn of Lou Bock and Bob Clement’s intervention on your behalf to the FBI. This case is tough. Everyone will be much safer when Kelly is transferred to rehabilitation, and Dr. Nurcum has agreed to evaluate her for the necessary diagnosis.”

“How can he do that?” I asked. “He already said he’s not qualified to diagnose MPD/DID let alone mind control.”

“I spoke with Debbie Upchurch of the ICAM[10] organization. Apparently your meetings with her, and her meetings with Kelly provided her enough insight into the validity of your case to complete State forms with a diagnosis of ‘*looks like* Multiple Personality Disorder,’ and Dr. Nurcum is qualified to determine that much.” She smiled. “Kelly begins therapy with him immediately after he meets with you two. You name the time, and I’ll schedule the meeting.”

“We have extensive meetings already scheduled with Internal Affairs,” Mark began.

“Customs?” Marsha inquired.

“Yes,” Mark said. “So we’ll meet with him the first of next week.”

“Done,” she said.

Our meetings with US Customs Internal Affairs began the next day. In addition to detailed testimony, I provided photographic details describing corrupt Customs officials involved in CIA drug operations. Jose Busto’s Intercontinental Shipping based in San Juan, Puerto Rico was of particular interest since he had masqueraded as a US Customs and Immigrations officer

with Norwegian Caribbean Lines cruise ships[11]. Throughout the 1980s, my association with CIA drug ops via NCL had placed me in contact with numerous high ranking drug lords and politicians; including Manuel Noriega.

By 1986, Noriega's blatant cocaine dealings threatened to further complicate the ongoing Iran Contra hearings. In an effort to threaten Noriega into silence and temporary inactivity, a meeting took place in Bradenton Beach, Florida near McDill Air Force Base. I was there on Noriega's yacht along with Oliver North and Aquino, among others[12]. The object of "Operation Shell Game" was to appeal to Noriega's superstitions since a logical approach hadn't slowed his CIA cocaine ops down. Psychological Warfare, which is designed to incite superstitious response, was used to no avail. Soon after, CIA Chief William Casey died of a sudden brain tumor the day he was to testify in Iran Contra, and the scandal diverted away from Noriega's dealings. By the time Bush Sr.'s 'Operation Just Cause' resulted in the incarceration of *his* former CIA associate Noriega, much pertinent information had come to light that not only validated our case but brought us to this point of providing details to Internal Affairs.

"Your experience ties in with Watchtower[13]," the Customs Internal Affairs officer told us. "We have numerous validations, yet are continuously being stopped from the top in DC. We want to know why. I'm sending in two of my best agents from Florida to interview you at length. Compensation for information like yours runs into the hundreds of thousands, and I'll see what I can do to have the funds released to you despite your declining Federal Protection. Quite frankly, I don't blame you for turning down protection from the criminals you are turning in! I can't promise you anything, but I can assure you I will do all I can to have this compensation released to you in order that you can better protect yourselves and get some rehabilitation for your daughter."

I already felt drained of every bit of information by the time Agents Jack Devaney and Howard Rudolph came in to meet with us. Rather than conduct the interview in Lou Bock's office, they suggested we meet at their hotel suite where everyone could be more comfortable. "We can order a pizza, stretch out on the couch, and enjoy a few comforts while we drag you through all this testimony again," Devaney said.

Mark and I were comfortable with these interviews regardless of where they were conducted. It was strenuous trudging through every detail of my experience repeatedly, yet it was important that it be recorded more than once for precise comparative accuracy. Since my memory of such events was photographic due to the mind control trauma involved, it was easy telling the truth over and over. At the same time, it was exhausting mind work for hours on end.

Agents Rudolph and Devaney were kind and compassionate. Their boss in Florida worked directly under Von Raab, and it was during the course of these interviews that we learned the extent to which Von Raab had succeeded against insurmountable odds in weakening the drug operations. When George Bush, Sr. was head of the CIA, he oversaw this same southeast region through which CIA drug ops were established[14]. Overcoming Bush's obstacles to unveil the drug operations was an enormous accomplishment considering he was officially US President at the time.

"We risk our lives, infiltrate Caribbean drug operations, bust the drug lords, catch the leaders, obtain the plans, dismantle the structure, then we get stopped. Undercover Customs agents and DEA[15] are exposed and killed, leaders and drug lords and the confiscated drugs are back on the streets, and plans are put back into action before we can finish dismantling them," one of the agents complained.

"Having eyes to see these covert operations is quite an accomplishment in itself, " I began. "I realize that the more you know, the more you see. Still, most people don't think to look for this kind of criminal activity when it involves a woman and her child, and particularly when it involves their favorite entertainer! Jimmy Buffet's direct involvement with CIA drugs ops in Key West naturally placed him in a 'key' position to exchange drug for arms in Cuba."

"Do you believe Buffet was under mind control?" I was asked.

"Absolutely not!" I exclaimed. "Buffet was highly skilled in using CIA mind control codes, keys, and triggers to program or access me to ensure the

operations he orchestrated were precisely carried out. Not only was his cover as a successful singer/songwriter highly effective in diverting people from his CIA affiliation, he was also highly adept at carrying out covert operations unnoticed!"

Devaney and Rudolph smiled and nodded to each other. Apparently they were already wise to Buffet's Key West CIA ops. "Cuba is only 88 miles from Key West," one of them prompted.

"Buffet bragged about being 'Uncle's point man to Cuba' once when I was used in a drugs for arms operation," I answered. "The boat Buffet used in the operation looked like a normal speed boat, yet it got us from Key West to Cuba quickly. Drugs were being exchanged for rocket launchers to be sent to Afghanistan. The CIA was arming the Afghani Freedom Fighters against Russia, and the same "You Are What You Read" programming George Bush (Sr.) subjected me to was being used throughout the Cuba-Afghanistan operation. My purpose in being there was to deliver the Afghanistan book embossed with a gold key used in programming."

Rudolph asked, "Are you saying that MK Ultra was used in Cuba?"

Mark spoke up. "Considering that she was under mind control at the time, she would have had no ability to consciously comprehend specific details regarding the programming of others. Since she was likely on a military base, and MK Ultra mind control is used in all military facilities, the information she is reporting simply provides further specifics."

Devaney made a note and asked Mark, "Are you aware of any mind control training facilities in Afghanistan?"

"Mind control training camps encompass the globe," Mark began. "There are more mind control training camps cropping up every day, particularly those in the Middle East that are sponsored by the Arabs, Mossad, and US! The vast evidence regarding those blond-haired blue-eyed children who are being abducted and transported into Saudi Arabia for mind control purposes is only the tip of the ice-burg. Former US military who have not been deprogrammed, as well as men from war torn and impoverished countries are

prime targets for these terrorist mind control facilities. Mind control is out of control, and the 1947 National Security Act further covers this invisible menace!"

Devaney and Rudolph were making notes in addition to the tape recorder catching every word. "This certainly clarifies Custom's dilemma in resolving these issues. Every time Von Raab submits plans of resolution, Dick Thornburgh in DC shoots them down. I know he's doing the same to your case, and all we can do is persist."

"Thornburgh is blatantly and vastly corrupt," I said. "How much longer can he stay in the office of Attorney General with the likes of Von Raab frustrated with his blatant injustice?"

"There are two scenarios at work here," one of the agents answered. "One, follow the money and trails of coke right into Thornburgh's office and publicly expose him through the media. Or two, expose his criminal activity from a different angle. He's tangled up in so much it won't be hard to do."

"Or three," the other agent said, "Catch him both ways. A slimy snake like him could wiggle free of anything unless he's overwhelmed from every angle."

We talked on into the evening, filling up every audiotape they had with them and our own! By the time we parted, Customs Internal Affairs knew everything I knew about Thornburgh, Bush, Noriega, Jose Busto, Jimmy Buffet, the Caribbean branch of CIA drug ops, the arming of Nicaragua's Contras, and the destabilization of the Middle East through the arming of Afghanistan and Iraq. Mark and I knew we had strong support, and friends as dedicated as we are to dismantling the criminal corruption that was eroding the soul of America.

Chapter 17
GOVERN YOUR OWN THOUGHTS

The clock on the wall of the Stahlman Building's Legal Services office ticked annoyingly loud, as if to remind Mark and me that time was passing while we waited. My court appointed attorney, Jean Crowe, was finishing up her lunch hour before meeting with me. Mark's stomach growled, disrupting the monotony of our wait as it echoed through the empty waiting room. Finally, the secretary appeared.

"Ms. Crowe will see you now," she announced.

"Why has Kelly been denied the right to testify in court?" I asked Jean Crowe as she wiped crumbs from her desk.

"It was just a hearing and doesn't matter, anyway," Jean Crowe told me. "All Kelly does is incite negative response from Cumberland House when she tells the judge that Charlene is abusive."

"How can that *not* matter?" I was agitated. "It is bad enough that I am not allowed to be Kelly's voice to prosecute Charlene Johnson. Now she is denied access to the court, as well. What voice do we have?"

"Well," Jean cleared her throat. "You have me. Kelly has Cumberland House attorneys and a guardian *ad litem*."

"Are you aware of the séances that are being held as 'group therapy' at Cumberland House?"

"Oh, Cathy," she sighed. "That's just all in fun."

I swallowed my rising rage, standing firm on logic rather than allowing

myself to be blinded by emotion. I tried another direction. “Kelly is forbidden from telling me anything further about her circumstances; I am denied copies of her Cumberland House records; Cox and his attorney have full access to her and are reportedly triggering her; her health is failing; she can no longer write, receive letters or have phone calls; she is counseled that her past is not real and that I am insane…”

“Well?” Jean raised her eyebrows.

“ I wish I were insane. Then none of this would be real. There would be no such thing as mind control, Kelly would be OK, and all would be right with the world!”

“The whole conspiracy theory is irrational.”

“You’re playing games with semantics,” I countered. “This isn’t about a ‘wild conspiracy’; it’s about real crime. It’s about the way things are. It’s about the political affluence of the perpetrators involved who are hell bent on covering up their crimes at all costs. They’ve got all the money and influence, I’ve got a welfare pro bono attorney, and Kelly doesn’t even have a voice.”

“And I have a life and other cases, you know,” Jean Crowe asserted, as though I were imposing on her. “This should be a Federal case, not one for family court.”

“Well at least we agree on something,” I said. “But, as you must know by now, Dick Thornburgh and so-called “national security” are blocking all routes to conventional justice. The ultimate justice will be positive change through public awareness, anyway. The media is hot on the issue of mind control and government corruption right now, and they won’t stop until Dick Thornburgh goes down as the most immoral criminal to ever oversee the US Department of Justice.”

“Mark my words,” I said, gathering my paperwork. “Dick Thornburgh’s reputation and career are on the line…the line of coke that leads straight to his office and up his nose. He will be forced to resign in a scandal that will

shake the so-called halls of justice of this country. Maybe then you'll be free to do your job and at least restore Kelly's Constitutional rights."

I stormed out of the office, slumping against the wall of the elevator as it groaned and squeaked it's way up to the District Attorney's office. "Straighten up," Mark advised. "This meeting with Scott Rosenburg may result in providing Kelly's ticket to freedom."

Mark was right. By filing for back child support from Cox through Assistant D.A. Scott Rosenburg, we could be awarded sufficient funds to obtain Kelly's transfer to qualified rehabilitation outside the state of Tennessee. At the very least, perhaps it would legally bind Cox to where he wouldn't be able to continue his visits with Kelly.

"Come in," Scott Rosenburg invited me into his office as he perused the paperwork I had provided. He took out his calculator. "According to these figures, Cox owes in excess of $21,000 in back child support." He looked up, satisfied with his conclusions. "If we can prove…" His phone rang, interrupting his statement. "Excuse me," he told me. "Yes," he said into the phone and hung it up. A knock at the door prompted him to pick up a large file, which he handed to a secretary without discussion. "I'm sorry," he apologized, his soulful eyes reflecting his sincerity. "We are under funded and under staffed. I chose this job to make a difference for the kids, and…"

Another secretary poked her head in the door. "Your waiting room is full and you have a meeting in 15 minutes."

Scott sighed. "I would like to talk with you further, Ms. O'Brien."

"Cathy," I dropped the formality.

"I heard about your case some time ago, Cathy, and know that you have support from the most moral politicians I know," Scott said.

"I used to believe 'moral politicians' was an oxymoron," I smiled. "Now I know better. It's more like 'military Intelligence'… few and far between but

nevertheless possible."

"Let's see what we can do about getting that back child support that's owed you," Scott said. "Kelly needs it. How can I reach you when we're ready for court?"

"Through Jean Crowe. Since we're in juvenile court two or three times a week these days I'm in her office often."

"While you're in the building, come up and see me. This case is top priority and should be ready for sixth circuit court soon." Scott stood up, looking me in the eye as he warmly shook my hand.

I told Mark about our new possibilities as we drove to our appointment with Dr. Barry Nurcum at Vanderbilt University Psychiatric Hospital. "Even if Kelly is awarded a fraction of the amount that is owed," Mark said, "we can obtain serious help for her."

"Maybe Internal Affairs will succeed in arranging for compensation and help for Kelly," I offered.

"With Dick Thornburgh head of the Justice Department? Counting on the courts to serve justice is a stronger possibility." He parked the car. "I'm going to make a quick phone call. I'll meet you in Nurcum's office."

I rode the elevator up to the psychiatrist's office, feeling more confident in Mark's plans than I did in Dr. Nurcum's abilities. Mark joined me as Dr. Nurcum's secretary invited us in.

Dr. Nurcum was already aware of Kelly's case thanks to Marsha Willis, and no time was wasted on recapitulating history. "I'll begin seeing Kelly next week," he told us. "In the meantime, you two must cease talking about mind control."

"We have meetings with top law enforcement officials, politicians, and media persons, and you want me to avoid the words mind control?" I asked.

“No one knows what you’re talking about anyway,” Nurcum stated.

“Civia Tamarkin with *People Magazine* knows what mind control means, and I am aware that you know Civia,” I countered. “She speaks highly of you.”

“I’m telling you to forget about the issue of mind control because it will cost you your life if you persist.” Nurcum was becoming agitated.

“I hope you won’t be advising Kelly to ‘forget’ about reality.” My words were lost to the friction rising in the room as Mark stood up.

“Wait a minute. You are Kelly’s doctor not our attorney.”

“I’m telling you to shut up.”

“You don’t want to do that,” Mark said, beginning to smile.

“While I do my job, you must shut up.” Red rose in his neck as Dr. Nurcum stood to look Mark in the eye. I gathered up our papers and prepared to leave. Fast. “I know what I’m talking about, *shut up*!”

“Are you quoting Civia Tamarkin, or is she quoting you?” Mark asked, sarcastically referring to a recent conversation he had recorded with her. Civia had apparently been tipped that we were meeting with Nurcum, and had advised us to “forget about mind control” and “shut the f--- up.”

“*People Magazine* won’t be quoting me about this case.” Nurcum said.

“If you were quoting Civia, you would have used the same foul language she did,” Mark smiled. “I wonder who both of you are quoting? Whose advice are you two following that has you so hysterical over two little words like ‘mind control’? Wise up. Think for yourself. Either way you’ll be losing that green card as soon as the guard changes in DC.”

Mark and I went out the door. On the way back to the car I said, “His office is crawling with Feds. They may as well have punched eye-holes in the

newspapers they weren't reading to watch more closely."

"They'd have removed their dark glasses if they needed to see better," Mark added. "They were there to *be seen*, and it seems they achieved their purpose. They know they can't intimidate us, but they sure did succeed in intimidating Nurcum. That doctor needs a heavy tranquilizer. Wait until you hear the tape I made of him losing his temper."

"Is Kelly safe with this arrangement?" I was concerned.

"I believe Nurcum's intentions to help her are genuine," Mark observed. "But I don't trust anyone who is that scared. He'd roll in a heartbeat, and his cowardly heart is beating fast from fear. Let's go to plan B. I made a phone call that is very promising. I don't want to discuss it around here, though."

We talked about our options and plans as we drove back to Melba's house in Charlotte. Without providing unnecessary detail, Mark told me about a trusted associate on the inside of the Intelligence Community who had access to technology that could help Kelly. "One of the best spies in the world was just deprogrammed through this doctor and made a remarkable recovery. He's safe and thinking free again. This doctor is aware of our case and has agreed to help Kelly. We could use that child support settlement to get plane tickets overseas."

I knew better than to question him further. Mark always shared whatever information he could with me, and to press for additional details ahead of time was both unnecessary and unsafe. I excitedly pondered the possibilities, reflecting on my meeting with Rosenburg. His soulful eyes had shined with sincerity, and I felt better about my connection with him than with anyone else involved in Kelly's case. Nurcum I was not so comfortable with. I thought back on our meeting with him, and suddenly laughed out loud.

"What in the world is so funny?" Mark asked.

"It just struck me funny that you told a leading psychiatrist to 'think for himself.' Considering what Kelly and I emerged from and what we've been

through with the mental health system, it seems ironic."

Mark smiled. "If you liked that one, then you'll like the letter I just sent to Al Gore after he refused to help Kelly."

"I really hoped he'd help. He doesn't seem like a bad guy."

"He's not. Nor is he a good guy. He's just a guy who does what he's told who has jumped through so many hoops he no longer has an original thought of his own," Mark explained. "So I sent him the message in DC 'govern your own thoughts' hoping he would reconsider."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. Like I said, I don't believe his thoughts are his own."

I pondered how Mark's message to Gore reverberated with profound meaning. "There would be no such thing as mind control if everyone realized the need to apply the phrase 'Govern your own thoughts'."

Chapter 18
COVER OPS

"One of our 'guardian angels[1]' gave me a contact number for Rita Jenrette of 'A Current Affair' TV show. I just talked with her, and if this comes off as planned it could be a real break for us," Mark told me as I emerged from a refreshing shower. It was a bright morning, and we were getting dressed for a meeting with our local District Attorney Dan Alsobrooks. We needed him to be aware of our growing reputation as government whistleblowers and the precarious circumstances that accompanied it. He had also stated interest in our case regarding a local criminal by the name of Ernest Ray Lynn[2]. For now, though, our focus was on the phone call that Mark just completed.

"Rita Jenrette is a Washington insider turned television host. Her TV news magazine is shaking up politics." Mark paused to poke his tongue in his muscled cheek for a smoother shave.

"Is she part of the media expose' on Dick Thornburgh that Customs Internal Affairs referred to?" I asked, pulling on my blue jeans.

"Yes," Mark splashed shaving cream from his handsome face. "A former FBI Operative by the name of Darlene Kinsey and her partner, CIA Agent and field officer Bradley Ayers, turned in evidence that corroborates your information on Caribbean CIA cocaine ops . They would like you to see the show that's airing tonight since they'll be showing photos of that mansion in Jamaica you talk about."

"That sounds interesting," I commented, passing Mark the towel.

"What's interesting is that they, too, tie this whole thing to Thornburgh, his involvement in the drug industry, and 'national security' cover-up."

“How are they surviving?” I asked, deeply concerned for their welfare knowing all-too-well the difficulties encountered while whistle blowing.

Compassion filled Mark’s eyes. “Darlene Kinsey said her husband has been murdered. Officially it was ruled a suicide, but that’s not the way she sees it. Rather than succumb to terror tactics being used to silence her, she’s going public with the information.”

“Smart move.” I looked at my watch. “We have twenty minutes to get to Alsobrooks’ office. I’ll get our briefcases and meet you in the car.”

Mark had the car warmed up and ready to go by the time I climbed in a few minutes later. The ‘pop-tops and dental floss’ were holding up great, and the Pacer was as reliable as ever. Switching gears from our earlier conversation, I turned to discussing our upcoming meeting. “Is Dan Alsobrooks clean?”

“We’re about to find out,” Mark said, steering us toward the small town of Charlotte, Tennessee. “Edith Hammons says he’s clean. She’d have cause to know since he’s investigating Ernest Ray.”

Loretta Lynn’s son, Ernest Ray, was indicted for shooting a woman in the back in what was termed a ‘trailer park’ fight[3]. I had known Ernest Ray throughout the 1980’s since he was traveling the Country Music circuit as front man in Loretta’s band. In reality, I knew him to be acutely involved in mind control atrocities, CIA cocaine drug ops, and had even heard him brag that he “could get away with murder[4]” due to what he knew about Senator Byrd. Ernest Ray was acting in the capacity of Loretta’s mind control handler along with her Road Manager Ken Riley while they dealt in CIA cocaine ops without her knowledge[5].

Dan Alsobrooks was as clean as Edith had said he was, and he promised to do all he could to help keep us safe. He was in a position to help considerably, and he did. We shared a passion for justice regardless of the fame and/or influence of the perpetrators, as well as a need to stop the flow of corruption that was hindering prosecution of them. Mark and I shared information with Alsobrooks regarding Thornburgh, ‘national security,’ and

what I knew about Earnest Ray.

“Ernest Ray is noted for his ‘charming personality’ and for being a ‘lady’s man,’ which in reality is simply that he uses NLP to manipulate the minds of everyone he encounters. He mastered mind control techniques through his CIA friends and contacts. I know from experience that he associates with Byrd and Bill Clinton. That shift of the Country Music Industry into Branson was a deliberate move to bring Nashville’s branch of CIA drug ops closer to Clinton’s Mena Airport[6] operations. These are powerful contacts for Ernest Ray, which allows him to be privy to classified information.”

“What do you think of Ernest Ray’s character?” Alsobrooks asked.

“He knew MK Ultra codes, keys, and triggers to my mind control programming and accessed sexual aspects for his own perversion. That’s not exactly being the ‘lady’s man’ he portrays himself to be, but it does illustrate his total lack of respect for CIA ops. He wasn’t supposed to be doing that, and arrogantly laughed at anyone trying to stop him. He was a loose cannon. Pretty crazy, really. Anyone so immoral as to repeatedly traumatize his own mother to control her is capable of absolutely anything. I’m not surprised that he is caught up in legal trouble, although prosecuting him will be a challenge considering his contacts.”

“He *will* be prosecuted,” Alsobrooks vowed. “He’s going to learn that there are those who do oppose his criminal actions.”

Mark and I left Dan Alsobrook’s office, satisfied that someone of his caliber shared our passion for justice, regardless of the outcome. “The good DA is in for a surprise if he thinks he can put Ernest Ray away,” Mark said.

That night, after the TV news magazine ‘A Current Affair’ publicly revealed the direct involvement of Dick Thornburgh in CIA Caribbean cocaine and mind control ops, Rita Jenrette telephoned again. Her show was being cancelled, their lives were threatened, and all three were now frantically striving to survive.

“Darlene, Bradley, and I will be appearing on Geraldo Rivera’s show right away to expose the containment that has been placed on us.”

“Geraldo?” Mark asked. “You know he is aware of our case, vowed to expose it, then rolled over at the first threat. Geraldo is a spineless sensationalist.”

“I’m not surprised at all,” Rita said. “But we have no choice. It is a matter of getting our voices heard *now* or die.”

Mark voiced his understanding, offering support.

“I’ve been around DC enough to know how to survive, even if my show didn’t,” Rita said. “It was worth it to expose Thornburgh. He has got to be stopped. I am concerned for Darlene, though. This has been hard on her.” It was agreed that Mark would stay in contact with Darlene Kinsey until all necessary measures were in place to ensure her safety.

When Geraldo aired, it was brief. The three were removed from the show during commercial break. Darlene was back in contact with Mark immediately, and great lengths were taken to maintain her security.

In the meantime, Kelly’s security remained a primary concern as well. Her sessions with Dr. Nurcum had begun, and knowing that Vanderbilt Psychiatric Hospital is a Defense Department Subcontractor never left my mind. After all, Vanderbilt Hospital was where Kelly had been taken several times per year during the 1980’s. Once when she was there due to respiratory failure, Loretta was in the Psychiatric wing at the same time reportedly being reconditioned in MK Ultra style. Vanderbilt was a nightmare from the past that was intruding on our present. I questioned Kelly for every detail in an effort to monitor her level of dissociation. The best news she had to offer was that she felt like Nurcum was listening to her regarding Cox.

Mark and I left Cumberland House, checked our Post Office Box which was still being filtered by the CIA, and went over to the Copy Shop. After running a few necessary document copies and updating Billy, we began the drive to a

designated rendezvous point for a meeting with John Morrow.

“Who is John Morrow?” I asked, shifting my focus from Kelly to our meeting.

“He’s with the Nebraska Leadership Conference[7]. He traveled here in order to meet with us. Apparently one of the kids[8] Houston abused in Boys Town[9] is talking, and they’ve got quite a bit of evidence on some of the politicians you named, like George Bush[10]. They know about MK Ultra mind control, sexual child abuse for mind control purposes, CIA cocaine operations, and absolutely nothing about surviving containment.”

“I’m really hungry,” I complained, knowing it seemed trivial in light of the issues we were dealing with. Yet, it was an intrusive fact.

“So am I,” Mark said. “Did you bring any peanut butter sandwiches?”

“We were out of peanut butter. I made egg sandwiches for us instead.” I dug around the console hoping to find loose change. “Do you have any change for a soda?”

“I wish,” Mark answered. “I don’t even have money for gas. Let’s hope we have enough gas in the tank to get back home from our meeting with John Morrow. We’re supposed to meet him at a hotel room all the way across town.”

We knocked on the hotel room door. A wide-eyed gentleman opened the door as far as the security chain would allow, checked behind us, and quickly let us in.

“They’ve already killed our investigator,” John began. “Gary Caradori and his son, nearly a year ago July 11, 1990. He had the evidence.”

“Who knew he had the evidence?” Mark asked as we walked in and set on the couch.

“Everybody. We thought if everyone knew, we would be safe.” John’s eyes brimmed with tears. Obviously he was a concerned citizen and not a hardened Intelligence officer.

“The first rule of survival is making copies of everything. The second is keeping a tape recorder running.” Mark flipped open his briefcase to reveal the tape recorder. “And never use a courtroom as a forum.”

John was writing everything down as fast as he could. “The court case is already under way. Everything is going wrong.”

Mark and John talked at length. The CIA had already infiltrated the Franklin case, leaving little hope that victims Paul Bonacci or Alisha Owen would have a chance to heal and recover from their ordeal. The parallels between the Franklin case and Kelly’s extended far beyond Alex Houston, yet we could not align with the Nebraska Leadership Conference due to the extent to which they were being pulled down by the very ones they sought to expose. Their evidence against George Bush, Sr. was overwhelming, as was ours. Yet convergence of the information could have placed Kelly in the same precarious position that the Nebraska victims were struggling to survive.

“Let’s stay in contact,” Mark suggested. “Maybe we can help each other survive this mess without aligning our efforts.” As we went out the door, John hugged us both as though he’d never see us alive again.

As Mark drove the Pacer toward his mother’s, we made good use of the time discussing events. We knew we were in deep, yet we also knew we could survive as long as we kept ourselves free of other cases and organizations, and recorded and copied everything.

“The Nebraska Leadership Conference is one more example of how well-intentioned organizations become infiltrated,” Mark commented.

“Why are they aligned with Ted Gunderson?” I asked. Ted was a well-known and liked former FBI agent who was Resident Agent in Charge of the Southeastern Division in Memphis during the years that I was abused. He

claimed he had not been aware of the blatant and rampant CIA drug operations, let alone mind control. Gunderson's recent investigations into the McMartin Preschool[11] child abuse scandal resulted in one of the worst nightmares in California history. Ted retired in 1979 as Senior Special Agent in Charge of the FBI in Los Angeles, California, and his friendship with LA Police Chief Darryl Gates blazed through the infamous LA riots[12].

"I don't know why they associate with Gunderson," Mark answered. "I always say 'I know who to trust because I know how to trust' because of people like him. Ted is such a likable person, yet we know better than to align ourselves with him. He's like the kiss of death."

"He reminds me of Leslie Neilson's character in 'Naked Gun[13]' where everyone around him dies while he obliviously smiles his way through," I mused.

Mark laughed. "You're not the first person to make that comparison. Ted even looks like that Neilson character since they both are of Norwegian decent."

"Why are people judged by their projection rather than by their actions?" I wondered. "The old adage 'never judge a book by its cover' certainly should be applied. People in the public eye like Ernest Ray and other entertainers I know; or Jim Traficant, and most politicians I know, can project anything and folks buy into it. Why? Can't they see?"

"In the case of the Nebraska Leadership Conference," Mark thoughtfully replied, "desperation and ignorance seems to have blinded them to reality. You know yourself that fear is blinding. It takes logic and a rigid formula to survive CIA containment."

I reflected on the untimely deaths of Darlene Kinsey's husband, Gary Caradori, and his son. "People need to know what you do, Mark. Your insight into surviving CIA cover-up is desperately needed these days. We need a media break on this information."

“It’s going to take someone with serious strength of purpose and conviction to break through media censorship. Somebody who won’t roll over and cave into intimidation. Those media networks are like street prostitutes who do it for money and not for passion of truth. Plus they have their FCC[14] license to protect and do what they are told out of DC.”

“Rita Jenrette put her show on the line,” I reminded him.

“I respect her for it, too. She’s not the Geraldo-type who’ll roll over and do anything for a job.”

“That reminds me,” I thought aloud. “Civia and Ted Gunderson are friends. They knew each other through the McMartin scandal. Civia, as a reporter, covered the story while Ted, as an investigator, tried to uncover it. ‘Small world’ as my abusers would say. It is a bizarre coincidence!”

“There is no such thing as coincidence if a Fed and a journalist are involved,” Mark advised. “When the same people keep popping up over and over again, there is a reason for it. Signs like this should never be ignored.”

“It does help identify who is part of containment and ‘cover-ops’.”

“Better turn off that recorder since we’re running out of batteries again,” Mark smiled, turning into the driveway. “Let’s leave this ‘small world’ behind and go melt into ours.”

Chapter 19
OCTOPUS

The sun was shining directly overhead by the time we emerged from ‘our world’ of bliss to focus on our goals. The phone was ringing like an alarm clock, and Mark hugged and kissed me warmly one more time before rising to answer it.

I slowly woke up, luxuriating in the passion that lingered in our room. Mark’s voice barely reached me as he talked on the phone in the kitchen while the coffee brewed. I stretched. Another new day! I reflected on our love, appreciating the safety, peace, and hope that thinking freely brought to life. Circumstances were intense, yet life’s conditions could not reach the realistic spiritual high that comes with being free to live true-to-soul in harmony with love. Unconditional love celebrated through unconditional sex helped balance the intensity of our lives.

Mark opened the bedroom door, asking me to join him outside for coffee. I slipped into my robe and went with him into the fresh air. We enjoyed our privacy out in the country. We settled into the swing under the shade tree, savoring our coffee while we talked.

“That was a reporter by the name of Danny Casolaro who just called.” We paused to watch a huge crow fly overhead, casting a shadow across the ground. Mark resumed, “He is the reporter who is investigating the Inslaw case. Former National Security Advisor William Hamilton[1] owns Inslaw, which produced sophisticated computer software called PROMIS until it was stolen by the Justice Department.”

“Why did Danny call us?” I asked, since we didn’t even own a computer at the time let alone understand the subject.

“He learned about us through natural attrition in the course of his investigations, and knows that we have collaborating information. My spook contact that gave me the ‘OK’ code on Danny apparently did likewise with him. It saved a lot of unnecessary dialogue, which allowed us to get straight to the point. Casolaro is about to publicly expose the whole Inslaw case, which he refers to as ‘The Octopus[2]’ due to the different tentacles of corruption emanating from the Executive Branch of the Pentagon. Dick Thornburgh is right at the core.

One tentacle of the Octopus extends to Byrd and Senate Appropriations; another into CIA cocaine ops and mind control. When Danny’s story breaks, it will expose your case and Kelly’s. Inslaw[3] also ties in with Iran-Contra[4], BCCI[5], and the October Surprise, among others. Thornburgh has refused to answer questions before the House Judiciary Committee, who subpoenaed close to 500 documents regarding Inslaw and the stolen PROMIS software. Casolaro says ‘the Octopus’ is the biggest story to ever break in this country. He believes it could re-establish Constitutional values of truth and justice by exposing high-level criminals like Thornburgh and Byrd, and ultimately return the Government to the people. Pretty exciting stuff.”

“Is he aware of the dangers?” I asked.

“Of course,” Mark answered. “Apparently he has significant inside contacts, information, and support. Otherwise he would never have found us. He uncovered the Justice Department’s motives in stealing the PROMIS software and for pushing Hamilton‘s Inslaw business toward bankruptcy. The software was sold to Israel with a ‘trap door’ in it, which gave the Justice Department access to the data base of Israeli Intelligence.”

“The Mossad?”

“Yes,” Mark answered. “It was also sold with the same ‘trap door’ in it to Iraq and other foreign governments. That’s why ‘national security’ has been slapped on the Inslaw case. Casolaro has survived the investigation part, and was calling from DC to alert us that he has full media exposure lined up for release of his story. It sounds like he is going to succeed.”

“Customs intel said the story would break. Casolaro must be one of the ones doing it.”

“There is a vast number of reporters ready to break stories on mind control, CIA cocaine ops, and Government corruption. They know our country is being taken over by criminals, and want to stop it as much as we do. All eyes are on Danny right now, waiting for him to take the lead and break it all wide open.” Mark smiled. “It would sure make a world of difference for us if he does. Anyway, he wants to talk with you and will be calling back in a few days.”

“Is he a spook? Should I talk with him?”

“Of course,” Mark assured me. “He is a really nice person; very soulful and kind. He already has his facts in order. He just wants to tell you that he respects what you’re doing and thinks it’s phenomenal you survived.”

“Survival is no accident. He must know I’d have never survived without you.”

“He indicated that.”

We finished our coffee and went back inside to begin writing letters. I naively believed religious leaders like Pat Robertson and Jesse Jackson[6] might have compassion on Kelly’s situation and help. So we wrote them letters and sent them information packets with the few remaining stamps we had. We also wrote to Linda Blood, who was in the process of writing her expose’ on Aquino, *The New Satanists*[7]. Linda had known Aquino for years and was appalled by his torturous, controlling actions. Aquino claimed Linda as his girlfriend for a while, and she could only speculate that perhaps it was her name that first attracted him to her. Linda’s physical appearance also undeniably resembled Lillith’s, the woman Aquino later married. While Linda was clearly more attractive than Lillith, both women looked like Aquino’s mother. Whatever Aquino’s twisted justifications were for latching onto Linda, she turned negative experience into positive by publicly exposing his satanic ‘secret’ means of mind control. She released inside information

provided by friends of hers within the Temple of Set that would haunt Aquino in future years.

Mark and I drove back into Nashville a few days later for yet another court hearing. A psychiatric evaluation of me was required for court records, and Cox was ordered to undergo psych exams as well. Since Mark and I were in constant communication with many of the nation's leading psychiatrists, I certainly wasn't concerned with test results. Mental health professionals were among the first to encounter numerous survivors of mind control filling their offices. Since rehabilitative information was scarce and the problem so vast and severe, word spread that Mark's recovery methods used on me had proved successful. Our conversations with psychiatrists and psychologists were in depth and extensive. Were it not for Kelly's adverse experience with mental health, it would never have occurred to me to be cautious submitting myself to an evaluation. Besides, I was elated that Cox would be undergoing a psych exam. Even the least qualified psychiatrist would surely diagnose his obvious insanity.

Mark strongly advised me to be cautious with my exam, and not to expect so much from Cox's. "The CIA is notorious for falsifying psych exams. Scam exams are as routine as confiscating mail and tapping phones."

Mark's advice soon proved true when I went in for my psych exam as ordered with Dr. Cynthia Turner-Graham. "Wear this transmitter wire and keep your tape recorder going at all times," he told me. I went inside, confident though cautious.

"Would you like me to complete all of these tests?" I asked, looking at a huge stack of papers.

"Do what you want," she told me without looking up from the newspaper she was reading. "I already know the results. I have been advised on how to write you up and I've been paid well for it. You've made some serious enemies running your mouth, honey."

"I've also got serious support," I told her, picking up my belongings to exit the building quickly. "Thank *you* for running your mouth." Mark saw me

rush out the door, had the Pacer in gear as I swung into the car, and quickly drove away.

“You were right,” I grinned. “And we have it all on tape. If Cynthia Turner-Graham is the best they can do, we’ve got it made. She tipped their hand.” I played the tape for Mark as we drove straight to my court appointed attorney’s office.

“We’ll give Jean Crowe a copy of the tape later, but she needs to hear this now and put a stop to this nonsense,” Mark said. After submitting the recorded evidence of the foiled scam, no other evaluation was attempted. Cox’s “clean bill of health” psych exam was considered a scam as well, and the intended adverse court results were averted.

When we played the tape for Jean Crowe, she had said, “I’m not sure what we can do with this since it isn’t a test result like the court ordered. What made you record this?”

“It’s necessary for our survival to record everything,” Mark told her. “We sure can’t count on the justice system to take care of things for us.”

“That reminds me,” Jean said, standing up. “I saw in the newspaper that Dick Thornburgh is talking about resigning[8]. He says he’ll be running for Senate instead. I did read where some kind of cover-up and cocaine use was traced to his office like you predicted. You must be psychic!”

I groaned. “That’s not ‘psychic,’ it’s inside knowledge. Big difference. What is it going to take to prove the reality of this case to you?”

“You need to prove it the court, not to me.”

I threw up my arms in exasperation and turned to leave. “It’s a good thing I was ‘psychic’ enough to record Cynthia Turner-Graham,” I sarcastically muttered as we left.

When I saw Kelly the next week, she slipped me a hospital ID bracelet

indicating that she had been injured in a Cumberland House van accident. I had not been notified. One compassionate Cumberland House worker slipped me the medical records from the accident as well, along with hospital records from when Cox had previously triggered Kelly into respiratory failure. My outrage over not being notified was overwhelmed by my compassion for Kelly. She was a child in need of understanding in order to heal from her traumatic past, and still she was forced to deal with trauma and cover-up every day. Since she had been forbidden by court order from talking to me about such things, she knew she risked a straightjacket and padded cell for slipping me the hospital bracelet.

Covering for her, I smiled through my disdain and hid the bracelet in my purse. Kelly smiled back and we communicated beyond words. We shared that warmth, knowing, and bond that no court orders could hinder.

“With understanding comes compassion,” I told her. “And they just don’t understand you or where you’ve been. Reality doesn’t go away just because someone ‘in authority’ doesn’t care to understand the truth. Believe in yourself, Kelly. I do.”

“I know what’s real,” Kelly confidently said. “Believing or not-believing doesn’t change the facts. That’s why it doesn’t matter what they believe. And I don’t just ‘believe,’ I *know*.”

“Truth, by its very nature, never goes away,” I reassured her, as I so often did. “Neither do I.” While I hugged her, I cradled her head to me. Such a strong spirit.

“Imagine what your future holds,” I said. “Univer*soul* justice is bigger-than-life and as ab*soul*ute as truth. It rides on wings of love, and love is the most powerful force in the universe. When life’s negatives are inevitably balanced by positive, it is tipped to the good by nature of univer*soul* justice. Considering all the negatives you’ve been through in life, what must your future hold to balance it? Your future is bright with promise.”

Kelly softly laughed with delight while I held her. “You are brilliant, Kelly, and everyone is going to know it someday.”

I silently reflected on Danny Casolaro's progress, knowing he was on the verge of making a positive, profound difference for us all.

When Mark and I left Cumberland House that day, we went directly to Jean Crowe’s office with the hospital ID bracelet and medical records. “Please don’t expose Kelly for giving me this,” I pleaded. “She doesn’t need to be put in a straight-jacket for telling the truth.”

”What do you want me to do?” Jean asked.

“Know the truth.”

Mark and I left Jean Crowe’s office and went home. While we were unwinding from a long, hard day, the phone rang.

August 10, 1991. Danny Casolaro was dead.

Chapter 20
"SUICIDED"

The murder of Danny Casolaro changed the world, and the public never knew it. Only those of us counting on media persons to bring the reality of government corruption to light knew it, and now we were left on our own while seasoned journalists cowered in the dark. Danny's murder sent a clear message that had terrified the media into silence.

Mark and I discussed Danny's murder the next morning while we sipped our coffee in the backyard swing. "A double agent insider asset within the FBI called and told me Danny was dead. He was killed in West Virginia of all places," Mark began. "Right there in Byrd's backyard. Danny was in a hotel in Martinsburg, West Virginia, on his way home to complete his story. He called his brother[1] to tell him he had the evidence. He should have known the phone was tapped." Mark wrestled with his grief and the magnitude of the meaning to Danny's death. "He was excited about breaking the news," Mark wiped his eyes. "Next thing you know, Danny is found dead in the bathtub with his wrists cut. A brief, cryptic 'suicide' note was found in place of his 'Octopus' manuscript. I know for a fact he wasn't suicidal when I talked with him. He even told his brother he was *not* suicidal in the event something happened to him. His wrists were slit so deep his hands were nearly severed. There is no way he could have slit his other wrist in that condition[2]."

Mark and I sat in silence before he continued. "Danny's body was embalmed before the family was notified. Elliot Richardson, the former US Attorney General who worked the Inslaw case with Danny, is calling for a Federal investigation into his death."

"Maybe there will actually be an investigation[3] launched since Thornburgh is no longer in office to cover it up," I hoped through my grief. President Bush, Sr. had accepted Thornburgh's resignation as Attorney General within hours

of Danny's death[4]. By August 15, Thornburgh had sidestepped the Inslaw case and unlawfully packed up 258 boxes of documents[5] and left office[6].

"His assistant[7] filled his vacancy," Mark reminded me. "It's the same tune, different song."

"It wouldn't bring Danny back, anyway," I cried. "The most that could come from a legitimate investigation would be that the media quits cowering and restores freedom to the press. Maybe someone will even have the fortitude to release the 'Octopus' in Danny's honor, and for the sake of our country."

"Every journalist I know of is afraid of being 'suicided' now. They've coined a new word from Danny's death, but they're afraid to even speak it, let alone broadcast it." Mark's frustration with cowardice reached new heights. "How a whole nation can fear a criminal few is beyond my comprehension."

Still dressed in our robes, we rose from the swing and began walking. Nature could be soul soothing at times like these, and we made our way through the woods at the edge of the yard.

"Danny's cause will never die," I vowed. "Surely there are more people out there like us who will keep the spotlight of truth on his murder and the cause he died for."

"Elliot Richardson's call for a federal investigation will most likely be stopped under the 1947 National Security Act. When corruption reigns unchecked at the political top, criminal activity filters all the way down through local police. These days, law enforcement is protecting a corrupted system rather than it's citizens."

"It's like the military," I added. "If they could think beyond what they are told, they would realize that Operation Just Cause[8] was 'just cause' Bush wanted his partner-in-crime Noriega silenced before he revealed that he was on the CIA payroll for being their drug broker for the Columbian cartels. The military is protecting a corrupted system, too, whether they are aware of it or not."

Mark agreed. “With both law enforcement and the military protecting a corrupt system that the media is afraid to expose, it’s easy to understand why the government is determined to take away our guns.”

I thought about Mark’s statement, acutely aware of the campaign that had been launched to disarm citizens. Still, the connection wasn’t clear. “What do you mean?”

“This criminal government doesn’t want guns in the hands of people who can think for themselves.”

“Of course,” I responded, realizing that justice was solely up to the people now. “But many citizens aren’t thinking for themselves these days, either. Now that the media is afraid to report the truth, people won’t think to seek it themselves.”

“You know what Hitler said,” Mark reminded me. “He said, ‘What good fortune for the government when the people do not think’.”

“With what you and I know about social engineering,” I said, “until the government succeeds in taking guns away from citizens, they’ll be telling us who to shoot just like they did the military in Just Cause!”

“We need to get the truth out there before it gets to that point,” Mark said. “Guns are humanity’s last line of defense. Truth is the first.”

“When people realize the truth, they’ll be empowered to take these few criminals out of power and reclaim their country and freedom. Evolution over revolution. Being armed with knowledge is much more effective than weapons.”

“This is true,” Mark said. “When you consider the technological advancements that the criminals in control of our country have to use against us, our guns look ineffective anyway. Granddaddy’s squirrel gun is not going to get it when faced with their computerized advancements, harmonics, ELF waves, biologicals, nuclear capacity and so on. Still, we better hang on to our

weapons just because they are hell-bent on taking them away. They must feel threatened by them. Besides, being armed with truth *and* weapons is a powerful combination."

"The truth is essential for ensuring that people know who the enemy is," I said. "Social engineering on the most basic level is already causing racial problems, for example. By focusing people on racial differences, likenesses are overlooked. Emotional issues like racism, homosexuality and abortion keep people hating and fighting amongst themselves so as to divert them from realizing who the enemy truly is."

"Divide and conquer. Hate is a result of fear, and fear is the most controlling emotion of all," Mark said. "Look at how the media caved into fear with the murder of Danny."

"How long do you believe it will take before people wake up to reality?"

"Let's hope they wake up soon, despite the media blackout," Mark answered. "The longer it takes, the more effort will be required to restore peace, justice, and freedom. We'll do our part to make sure the truth gets out there."

"Danny certainly did his part. People should know that anyone with the passion for justice like he had would never suicide at the point of victory." I reflected on his courage. "We'd better make it clear that we're not suicidal."

"No one gets out of here alive," Mark said, which was a fact he often stated in regards to living life fully without running from death. "But we're not through with our purpose any more than Danny was. You're right. We'll make it clear that we're not suicidal."

We had been walking for some time, and decided to return to the house and get dressed for the day. Just as we were about to emerge from the woods, Mark suddenly stopped me in my tracks and gestured me to be still. I saw through the weeds that Melba's house was surrounded by what appeared to be a S.W.A.T[9]. team. The black uniformed men had guns drawn, and were circling the house to enter through all doorways. Mark's finger went to his

lips, signaling me to stay silent. I watched as he stealthily approached the men from their blind side while they assumed their positions for a raid.

He tapped the shoulder of a County Sheriff Deputy, triggering him to look the opposite direction from where Mark stood. “What the hell are you doing?” Mark boomed. The Deputy jumped, nearly dropping his weapon.

“Who are you?” he loudly responded, clearly startled.

“Not the man you’re looking for,” Mark responded. “Now what are you doing here?”

“There are Federal agents out front who need to see you,” he said. “I’m just here to accompany them as required by law.”

Federal agents must be accompanied by the local Sheriff or his Deputy when raiding a citizen and/or serving a warrant by Constitutional law. Knowing the local elected Sheriff is essential for all citizens, and can prove to be a lifesaver. We hadn’t elected our local Sheriff, and Dan Alsobrooks did not have jurisdiction to stop the harassment that was unfolding.

“Why the dramatics?” I heard Mark ask as they walked around front.

“We heard you were armed,” the Deputy replied, as I emerged from the woods to slip through the backdoor.

Melba was oblivious to what was going on outside, and I went into our room and quickly pulled my clothes on. Peeking through the blinds I could see Mark talking to several men. There was no S.W.A.T. van, just one Sheriff’s car among several Fed cars parked out front. I was still shaking when Mark walked in the room.

“They were here to serve a warrant for me to appear in Federal Court,” he calmly informed me.

“On what charge?” I was perplexed how they could charge him with a crime

when he epitomized justice itself.

“Threatening the life of the President.”

“*What*!?” I knew that was preposterous.

Mark smiled. “Obviously this indictment is going nowhere. We are so publicly vocal, everyone knows I wouldn’t jeopardize your case with anything so absurd even if I was that stupid. There can’t possibly be any evidence. Even the Feds who served the papers know better.”

“Then why did they surround the house with guns drawn?”

“They know I’m armed. They’re pussies, not a posse.” Obviously Mark wasn’t worried, yet I did not share his confidence in view of Danny’s blatant murder.

“There is no justice in this country,” I said, giving voice to my concerns. “If they can trump up charges like this, there is no limit to what they can do in a courtroom.”

“Or outside of one,” Mark pointed out. “Look what they did to Danny right in front of the public’s eye. At least I get a jury to witness this attempt to silence us.”

“But the courtroom can’t be used as a forum for speaking out.”

“We’re not going to use it as a forum,” Mark said. “Sometimes more can be said in silence than in words.”

“*We*?” Since Mark wasn’t multiple, he must be referring to the two of us. How did I figure into this?

“You’ll have to testify as a witness. This is a ridiculous charge that is going to blowback on them and expose them as the criminals they are,” Mark assured me.

Mark's mother knocked impatiently on our door. "Mark!" she shrieked as though we were still outside. "When are you going to take me to the store?"

"Just a minute," he told her. She had no clue what had just transpired, and it was better that way. He turned back to me, hugging me in a comforting embrace. "I'll make a phone call while we're in town. This is an opportunity, not a problem."

"Mark!" Melba was banging on the door again, unable to hear his attempts to reply. He rolled his eyes and slipped into his jeans and shirt. He opened the door and she nearly knocked on his chest. "Oh," she exclaimed, steadying herself. "I want to pick up an angel food cake to go with my lunch."

Mark smiled back at me while I got my purse, sharing the understanding that it must be nice to have such simple "big" problems.

By afternoon, we each had appointments lined up with Federal Attorneys who were taking our case pro-bono. Since we weren't paying them, I wondered who did and how that would effect the outcome. While we discussed our circumstances, the doorbell rang. Mark and I looked at each other, wondering who it was this time. He peeked through the blinds.

"It's Billy!" he exclaimed. "I wonder what he's doing here?"

Our new-found friend from the Copy Shop in Nashville had driven all the way out to Melba's house in the country to see us. He presented us with a huge basket full of gourmet foods, which looked especially delightful considering our welfare budget. "I heard about Danny Casolaro," he said, as we thanked him for his gift. "I figured you two could use some cheering up."

I was touched. "Billy, that is so thoughtful of you."

"Weren't you afraid to come out here?" Mark asked. "You know I'm armed and on high alert."

"No way," Billy answered. "You're wise and sensible, not an emotional,

fearful type. Why would you even ask me a question like that?"

"We've had an interesting day," Mark began. We all walked outside, enjoying the peace of nature while we talked. We told Billy about the Federal warrant.

"You must be making significant progress," Billy observed. "You've got somebody real scared to make a move this ridiculous."

Mark smiled, looking me in the eye to make sure I got the point. We began to relax in our conversation, enjoying our friendship rather than focusing on outside pressures. Soon Mark was telling Billy the story of how he learned about Kelly and me from the Chinese officials. "Alex Houston is so uncool. It's a wonder his lack of diplomacy alone didn't get us killed. Here we were, guests of the Chinese military who already *know* what a slimebag criminal he is, and he's explaining business to them. Finally, our Hong Kong partner took me aside and said, 'Misser Houston is embarrassment speaking broken English to interpreters.' I had to find a way to shut Houston up, which is nearly impossible to do with an entertainer. Plus I had to throw him out of the company, *and* rescue Cathy and Kelly from him."

We all laughed as Mark imitated Houston speaking to the interpreters. Since I had traveled for eight years under Alex Houston's control, I knew exactly what Mark was talking about. Houston had the same broken English for every language. There were many times I believed Mexican and Cuban drug lords would kill him just to shut him up. In retrospect, those were dangerous times.

"I can see why you two aren't afraid of death," Billy said. "If it was your time to die, it would have happened by now."

"I've had numerous near-death experiences," I agreed. "I've peered over that edge and have absolutely no fear. If people knew what death is really about, they would begin enjoying their lives instead of running from death."

"People fear what they don't know," Mark added. "I've had close calls, too,

and have even been declared DOA[10]. I'm not afraid of death in the least."

"I'll cross that bridge when I come to it," Billy said lightheartedly.

"I never saw a bridge. Or pearly gates. Or a tunnel, river, or light," Mark said from experience. "It's more natural than that. Less earthly."

"More like a transition into a peaceful dimension of immense love," I said. "It's not 'an end', it's more like a beginning."

"Well," Billy said, rising to leave. "Danny's in a better place."

"Yes," I agreed. "But this world is *not* a better place with him gone."

"We've got quite a challenge facing us, now," Mark said. "Bringing truth to light in a media blackout isn't exactly easy."

"By the way," I injected, "we're not suicidal just because we don't fear death. We're not through with what we need to do any more than Danny was. So, you heard it first, *we are NOT suicidal*."

"Well, stay safe," Billy said, walking to his car. He smiled at Mark, "I know you will."

"Thanks for the basket," I called, remembering the gourmet goodies he brought.

Billy smiled. "I figured you could use some fun treats." He turned to Mark, "Come and see me next time you're in town and let me know what the lawyers have to say." The tires of Billy's Trans Am squealed as he drove away.

Chapter 21
FEDERAL *WAR*RANT

“I didn’t know Federal Attorneys could be so understanding,” I told Billy after our meeting with our respective attorneys. “My attorney, Mike Terry, seemed to understand everything before I even told him.”

“Funny how that happens among Feds,” Mark sarcastically commented.

“Yeah,” Billy acknowledged. “Let’s see what justice he can bring to your case. What did your attorney have to say, Mark?”

“There wasn’t much to discuss. We had to walk across the street so they could finger print me. I asked why that was necessary since the Feds already had fingerprints on me in their files.”

“What had you done?” Billy asked, alarmed.

Mark smiled. “Worked for them.”

“That’s about as criminal as it gets,” I muttered.

“Did you have to submit to the finger printing anyway?”

“Sure,” Mark answered. “But I had fun. The guy who was taking my fingerprints kept getting smudged results. It must have been the nervous tick I developed for the occasion. By the time they were clear enough for the record, he and I were getting along well in spite of Henry Martin, my attorney, advising me to shut up. After he took my palm print, I shook his hand.”

“He shook your hand?” Billy laughed.

“My attorney wasn’t too happy about it. Neither was he when he realized what he had done. Anyway, Henry Martin was steaming mad by the time I submitted the handwriting samples. They told me I had to write the names ‘Alex Houston, Earl O’Brien, and Wayne Cox’, which I found odd since the subpoena sited ‘threatening the life of the President.’ So I asked, ‘why are you beating around the bush? Shouldn’t I write George Bush?’ My attorney was adamantly advising me to be quiet. But the Fed taking handwriting samples said, ‘I didn’t ask you to write George Bush, but apparently you did’.”

Billy was laughing by then. “What did you say?”

“’Of course I wrote President Bush, threatening to pursue justice in Kelly’s case regardless of who her perpetrators were.’ I got to the ‘threatening’ word and my attorney almost keeled over. I thought he was going to have a heart attack since the veins in his neck stuck out so far while he was spitting ‘shut up’ at me. The FBI was video recording the whole thing and I wanted them to know where I stood.”

“Did they make you write ‘George Bush’?” Billy was holding his sides laughing by then.

“Over and over like a grade school punishment. So each time I wrote it, I wrote it differently just because I could. I told them my back had been giving me trouble, which caused nerve damage.”

“When does the Grand Jury convene?” Billy asked, aware that this would be a necessary step in order for a ‘no true bill’ or a Federal indictment to be delivered.

“September 19.”

“I wondered what date they would come up with since today is already the 9th.” Billy was aware of the numbers games the Feds always played. “If it is the 3rd, 6th, or 9th, I always know you two will be in town for court or some kind of harassment. Why do they keep playing the numbers game when they

know you're onto them?"

"Because they are so self absorbed and arrogant that they would rather signal their friends than disguise their plan," Mark said. "And many at the top subscribe to the ancient mystics Kabala numerology game.

"Like 33rd degree Masons?"

"It's not quite that simple," I answered from my point of view. "They actually believe in the numbers based on the mathematical universe the Hebrews devised thousands of years ago."

The Copy Shop was growing increasingly busy as rush hour picked up. We hugged Billy and left. I needed to meet with Jean Crowe and Scott Rosenburg anyway.

"Bob Anderson threatened Edith Hammons at the last ICAM[1] meeting," I told my attorney. "Does he have jurisdiction over the Organized Victims of Violent Crime?"

"If it scared her, I guess he does. Bob throws his weight around all the time to intimidate people when he thinks he's losing a battle. Apparently he is concerned with the progress that Marsha Willis and Debbie UpChurch are making on Kelly's behalf through ICAM."

"Edith isn't taking it lightly," I informed her.

Jean smiled. "Bob Anderson doesn't know the political clout Edith has behind her grandmotherly appearance. He harasses everybody who stands by you and Kelly, including me. Maybe she can put him in his place."

"Behind bars?" I asked, turning to leave.

"In bars, at least," Mark chimed in, referring to Bob Anderson's reputed drinking habits.

“Maybe he’ll be *dis*barred,” Jean played along, insinuating that he could lose his attorney’s license.

Mark and I parted at the elevator so he could put money in the parking meter while I went up to see Scott Rosenburg.

Upon completing legal paperwork for the upcoming child support trial, Scott paused to inquire about Mark’s Federal subpoena. Word spread fast through Nashville, which somehow managed to keep its small town aires despite its metropolitan size. “We’re going to plead the 5th[2],” I told him. “It doesn’t make sense to me other than that we can’t use court as a forum anyway. That seems backwards to me when courts are supposed to know the truth.”

“It is a complex case,” Scott thoughtfully explained, “and ‘threatening the life of the President’ doesn’t have anything to do with it. By staying silent, they can’t dilute the reality of your case with nonsense. You are better off keeping these matters separate.”

“Since Danny Casolaro was murdered, the media is cowering; which gives the criminals opposing us free reign. I must admit, this one makes me nervous.”

“Yes, but I know you have friends with just as much power. Plus you’ve got supporters like Edith Hammons who is on television advocating for victims all the time.”

“Thank you, Scott,” I said, genuinely comforted at the thought. “It is true that citizens’ organizations are very supportive. People helping people works far better than major organizations like Human Rights Watch, Amnesty International, or the Christic Institute.”

“The Christic Institute hasn’t helped?” Scott asked, aware that Christian oriented organizations should be more helpful.

“Neither has Pat Robertson or Jesse Jackson,” I said. “Since the issue of mind control becomes a spiritual one by natural attrition, I thought the Christians

would be among the first to help."

"What do you mean 'spiritual'?" Scott asked.

"By my definition, spiritual is our innate love energy source or connection to God so-to-speak. Soul is the merging of spiritual into the physical world. I realize this is just my perception, and people correct my use of the words all the time based on their interpretation."

Scott thought a minute. "Religious semantics aside, how does it interface with mind control?"

"From experience I know that without free thought, there is no free will, and without free will, there is no soul expression. Even though my spirit was in a safe, loving space while my body was being tortured to carry out the will of others, I had no ability to express it. I could not *think* to stand by moral principals or causes, and above all, I wasn't free to live in harmony with love's will. Now that I am free to *think* to express, my spiritual testimony is strong. Which makes it difficult for me to understand why churches close their doors on me and the whole issue of mind control. Maybe I don't use the proper religious semantics to describe it."

"Maybe it will happen in time," Scott offered.

"In time for Kelly? They're already too late. We do have a lot of support from victims' groups like Edith's Organized Victims of Violent Crimes who are working towards legal help. Justus Unlimited out of Littleton, Colorado and the National Victim Center are helping. Speaking of bizarre semantics, I don't even feel like a 'victim.' Neither does Kelly."

"I refer to you as a survivor," Scott said.

"That is a better term," I agreed. "Although 'survivor' sounds like we should be whining about our past 'victimization,' and neither Kelly nor I can relate to that space. The ultimate goal of victims and survivors is to 'forgive' their abusers in order to psychologically heal. In our case, healing is a deliberate

psychiatric process. Understanding our abusers makes more sense than 'forgiving' them. With understanding comes positive change, sometimes compassion, whereas 'forgiveness' sounds like condoning criminal actions! It's all semantics anyway, I guess."

"Pleading the 5th is a matter of semantics, too, that ultimately will work in your favor. Sometimes the less said, the more that's understood. It's like your back child support case. We will only present finances to the judge, not the other issues even though they may be more pertinent. Mark is wise in telling you to never use court as a forum."

"Thank you, Scott. Your legal advice is heart warming. I wish all attorneys had the strength of spirit that you do." As I rode the elevator down to the ground floor of the Stahlman Building, I realized I didn't know Scott's definition of "spirit," "soul," or "religion," and wondered if I should have mentioned his strength of spirit. By the time I was walking toward the Pacer, I understood that heartfelt communication surpassed semantics anyway. And I learned that from a District Attorney? I smiled as I climbed in the car, feeling confident that all would go well with Mark's Grand Jury hearing.

On September 19, we arrived at the Federal Building early since I was told to come in for questioning by the FBI prior to the hearing. Brad Garrett was in town for the occasion, and he and Phil Tuney were to meet with me in Attorney General Joe Brown's office. "Remember," Mark emphasized again, "Say nothing, and they have nothing. They have nothing, so say nothing. Open your mouth… and they have something. What you say will be used against you."

"Never use court as a forum," I recited. "I'm ready. Mike Terry says this FBI questioning isn't pertinent to your case so don't answer anything. When we're in front of the Grand Jury, all I do is plead the fifth. That is simple enough. I'll be glad when this is over."

I rode the elevator alone to Joe Brown's office on the top floor. His secretary showed me to a side room where Garrett and Tuney were waiting.

“How’s it going with Internal Affairs?” Garrett asked, as though he were referring to our last meeting in the US Customs office. Our work with Internal Affairs was not his business, and his attempt to trick me into talking was transparent.

“Let’s talk about internal affairs,” Tuney said. “You claim you know Dick Thornburgh sexually. Tell me about it.”

“In your hottest dreams.” I accepted the cup of coffee Garrett handed me and set it on the table with no intention of drinking it.

“Maybe you’d rather tell me what you know about Noriega. We’ll see if it matches what he says about you.” Tuney gestured for me to drink the coffee.

“I thought you were here to question me about Mark.”

“We have all our answers there. And the evidence, “ Garrett said. “He’ll be locked up longer than Noriega. He’s facing 20 years to life.”

Tuney shuffled through a huge stack of papers in front of him. “You know, everybody in DC knows Byrd has a little penis. What else can you tell me about him?”

I took a sip of the water that I had brought with me.

“All I put in your coffee was cream and sugar,” Garrett defensively said.

“I’m already awake and alert, thank you,” I declined the coffee.

“Well good,” Garrett answered. “Then you’ll absorb what I’m about to tell you. It is important that you know the facts. You need to know that Mark is going to be locked up for the rest of his life if you plead the fifth.”

“Pleading the fifth is an admission of guilt,” Tuney nodded.

“I don’t know how you’re going to live with putting him away forever in a

Federal penitentiary," Garrett said, his veiled threat strengthening my resolve to stay silent. "Thornburgh's out of office now. His friend William Barr is carrying out his work while he plays. We'll let him know that you had Mark locked up."

"He'll tell Byrd," Tuney said to Garrett as though he were protesting.

"Word will spread," Garrett assured me. "All because you think you are so smart to plead the fifth. You are making a big mistake that will cost Mark the rest of his life, resting behind bars."

We sat in silence. I looked at my watch. It was nearly time for court. "By law, you cannot keep me from testifying."

"I'm telling you," Garrett said, standing up. "Don't plead the fifth or Mark will never see the light of day again. Whoever gave you that advice has set you up and Mark will go down. Don't plead the fifth!"

We walked out of the office to the elevator, which suddenly wasn't working. I looked at my watch. There wasn't time for this. "Take the stairs," Tuney said, opening the door to the stairwell. Anxious to leave, I started down the staircase.

"Don't plead the fifth!" Garrett shouted as I arrived at the door on the next floor. It was locked. I kept going, experiencing locked doors all the way down into the basement. Weaving through boxes, buckets, trash and janitor tools, I finally stumbled out into a room with an elevator. Apparently it was a service elevator, but it took me to the main floor where court was about to begin.

My attorney was pacing outside the courtroom, checking his watch. I was scheduled to testify first. Mark was being held separately from me in Henry Martin's office across the street. Relief spread across my attorney's face when he saw me. There was no time to explain where I'd been. "I'm not allowed to be present in there," he reminded me, speaking quickly. "I'll be right here. After each question, tell the judge you need to speak with council.

It’s just a ploy to make them wait. Do it. Come out here and we’ll act like we’re talking it over. I’ll tell you to plead the fifth.”

When my turn to testify came, I blocked out my horrible experience with Garrett and Tuney, and took the stand. The Grand Jury looked somber, and the Judge appeared agitated. I answered each question with a need to speak with council, only to come back into the courtroom to plead the fifth. By the time I was through, the Grand Jury was weary. When Henry Martin told the prosecuting attorney, Van Vincent, that Mark would also be pleading the fifth, he wasn’t even called to testify. The Grand Jury delivered a “no true bill” and Mark was free.

The whole ordeal had proved so strenuous, I could only cry with relief. We would celebrate later… for the rest of our lives.

Chapter 22
NEED-TO-KNOW

“I wasn’t surprised when Henry Martin told me that I would not be testifying,” Mark said as we discussed our court experience on the long drive home. “I heard him on the phone talking heatedly to Van Vincent, telling him that I would be pleading the fifth the same way you did. When he hung up the phone, he let me know that this case wasn’t over just because I wouldn’t be testifying. He said, ‘They are determined to lock you up one way or another.’ But he doesn’t know what I know. I tried to tell him, ‘the whole case was a hoax to begin with. They’ll attempt their harassment from an angle less costly to them. Like they’ll keep confiscating my mail or raiding my house or something else mundane.’ He still couldn’t grasp the concept that I am *not* scared.”

“This whole thing was unnerving for me,” I admitted. “It wasn’t Garrett and Tuney that scared me, of course; it’s what I know about the prison system. All they need to do is lock either one of us up for one day and it’s over. Mind control is so highly advanced, rampant and unrestrained in the prisons, it’s no wonder there has been such a major effort to lock us up.”

Mark swerved around a car that had stopped in the middle of the road while the driver tried to decide which way to turn. “When I was working for Ampex out of Redwood City, California back in the 1970’s, I was couriering Top Secret file tapes into Fort George Mead, Maryland on mind control methods that were being used in prisons and mental institutions. Everything I saw and knew regarding mind control had convinced me that we could literally empty our prisons and mental institutions by turning the inmates into productive, healthy, happy citizens. I really believed that behavior modification techniques would be used to better the world.”

“They still can be,” I reassured him.

“Perhaps they could be if the information wasn’t being classified. As long as these criminals are in power classifying information and technology in order to control the public, how will the knowledge reach the people?”

I thought of Danny Casolaro and sighed. “With journalists caving in to fear and threats of being ‘suicided’, I do wonder how the truth will be brought to light. It needs to be, though. People need to know what you know.”

“That’s ironic,” Mark said. “I was operating on a Need-to-Know basis when I believed mind control could help people. Are you familiar with the term?”

“Sort of,” I answered. “Dick Cheney and other controllers would tell me what I needed to know, but I never perceived it as a term.”

“Well, Need-to-Know is a term officially used by the CIA and other alphabet organizations like the FBI, NSA[1] and DIA. It means you are told all you Need-to-Know in order to carry out your *part* of an operation without full awareness of what you’re working towards. In my case, I believed the government was developing mind control in order to help society rid itself of crime and mental illness. Nobody bothered telling me that it was being developed to control the population, create super-human special forces war machines, or was being used to torture and hurt innocent citizens like you and Kelly. I had no clue. I was so focused on doing my “part” and excited at the prospects, that it never occurred to me that I was contributing to the greatest menace mankind has ever endured.”

“How did you find out?”

“That is a story all in itself.”

“Well, we’ve got time,” I said, referring to our long drive home. “It’s the public who is running out of it. Is the tape recorder on?”
“Yes.”

“Good. Let’s leave it on for posterity. I’d really like to know all you *can* tell me.”

“I was originally hired as an audio tape engineer for the Southeastern division of Ampex, Corporation, selling tape within Nashville’s Country Music Industry and to NASA in Huntsville, among other government operations. Having a Top Secret Security Clearance gave me access to mind control information that I otherwise would not have been privy to. In the early days, what I witnessed about training monkeys from the Yerkes Primate Center in Atlanta, Georgia figured right in with NASA’s use of programmed monkeys for space travel.”

“Did they ever torture the monkeys?”

“Of course not!” Mark looked appalled that I would even ask such a question. “We were teaching them to understand words through sign language and to run simple equipment. I never saw trauma based mind control methods being used on the monkeys, let alone on inmates of prisons and mental institutions. My natural rapport with animals made working with primates a fun and rewarding aspect of my career. I enjoyed communicating with them and seeing them respond so positively.”

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I didn’t mean to suggest that you would have anything to do with trauma based mind control. I know you better than that. It’s just that everyone I knew tortured animals, and I thought it might have been part of what led you to expand your vision. You still haven’t told me how you learned beyond your Need-to-Know.”

“While I was with Ampex, I also worked other divisions since I had a Clearance. I worked the Yerkes Primate Center in Denver, Colorado, for example. Of course, I preferred working the Atlanta branch since I lived near there. Plus, the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta was a major account of mine since the CDC required so much tape for the old wall sized computers they were using back then. The CDC was one more reason why my Clearance was so high. This put me in touch with other Top Secret installations like Jack Parson’s Laboratory ‘JPL’ in Pasadena, California. Between there and Redwood City, I was spending more and more time in California.”

“Reagan was Governor of California back then, wasn’t he?” I asked.

“Yes. He became involved in mind control operations in the state mental institutions and prison systems.”

“I knew Reagan was responsible for releasing Merle Haggard from San Quentin,” I said.

“Wasn’t Haggard in prison for murder?”

“Yes,” I answered. “I am aware that mind control was being used in San Quentin at the time. I wonder if it was used on Haggard, or if he simply became privy to it. Personally, I know Haggard[2] as a torturous abuser who openly perpetuates mind control.”

“People can’t be programmed to program,” Mark reminded me. “Think about it. Knowledge is our defense against it. Once we are aware and stay conscious of it, we know when our actions are in conflict with our soul intent. Likewise, the subconscious cannot consciously manipulate the subconscious of others without deliberate awareness.”

“That makes sense,” I agreed. “Haggard says he ‘sold his soul to the devil’ in order to be released from San Quentin. And it was Reagan who released him.”

“Him and how many others?” Mark wondered. “Reagan’s release of inmates and mental patients was contrary to the studies I was involved with. While I was working with Ampex so heavily in California, Reagan jumped into the mix with his trauma based mind control. Under National Security, there is no limit to the amount of torture, abuse, experimentation, or even murder that people can be subjected to without recourse, and Reagan capitalized on it! The president of Ampex became embroiled in a fierce battle with Reagan, desperately fighting to maintain the integrity of his company. Reagan wouldn’t hear of it. He was hell-bent on using every horrible brainwashing technique imaginable, torturously and technologically expanding far beyond Ewen Cameron’s experiments in Montreal! Then he turned the tortured mentally ill out onto the streets[3]! The benevolent work I was doing suddenly was being taken over by a power monger whose only concern was for his

political career and not the people. He nearly collapsed Ampex in a trumped up stock scandal that supposedly involved the president of the company"

"How did he do that?"

"Easy, since the CIA controls Wall Street. The United States Government was rapidly being taken over by that same criminal faction that abused you. They got a firm grip with the Kennedy Assassination, and the same players are still in power today."

"Like Ford's Cabinet?" I asked, referring to former President Ford's Secretary of State, Dick Cheney; his head of the CIA, George Bush; his Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld; and his Press Secretary Jack Valenti.

"That names a handful of them right there. Valenti, who you knew as Reagan's friend and head of the Motion Picture Association of America, was even a part of Kennedy's motorcycle brigade the day he was shot! Anyway, the point I was making is this: Since these power mongers are put in office by Corporations, those that are run by friends flourish while Corporations like Ampex are diminished. These political criminals didn't want the results of Ampex's work to reach the public, so it was financially scandalized through stock fraud. These politicians control through secrets, and it wouldn't benefit them if their secrets were incorporated into society as a positive functioning part."

"Is that why they have secret societies like the Masons?" I asked.

"Well, that's a different area. Yet when you think about it, secret societies have compartmentalized information the same way it is compartmentalized in the mind of a dissociative under mind control. I know you can relate to that! Compound the same concept further by creating divisions in society through social engineering of racism, sexism, religious differences, and so on, and information becomes even more compartmentalized."

"It's as though everyone is functioning on a Need-to-Know! People need to know this!" I was excited.

“They need to expand their consciousness to realize that what they thought they knew was but a fractal of reality,” Mark expounded. “When I found out that my good intentions were actually fueling a mechanism to control humanity, I was devastated. When I realized what this meant to our country and world, I was appalled. And Reagan was right there at the epicenter of it all.”

“I perceived Reagan as ‘Uncle Ronnie’ until my free thought allowed for expanded knowledge. Now I see that everyone else inside the beltway and the public perceive him the way his TV image portrayed him.”

“And still portrays him today with Bush in office and Valenti controlling what people watch on TV from his Hollywood power position,” Mark added.

“How are people going to realize their Need-to-Know is limiting their understanding, their actions and reactions, and ultimately mankind’s evolution?”

“Coincidentally…” Mark began.

“Come on,” I argued before he made his point, “to quote a wise man I know 'there is no such thing as coincidence'!”

“You got that right!” Mark smiled. “Like I was saying, ‘coincidentally’ I heard from a spook-turned-whistleblower in Cooperstown, New York who is disseminating information under the title ‘Need-to-Know’. I needed to know if he was legitimate, and so far most everything checks out. I thought you’d find it interesting that someone is actually spreading information under ‘Need-to-Know’.”

“That is too cool,” I replied. “What kind of information is he spreading?”

“That’s what prompted me to check him out. His name is Stephen Bratcher, and he claims he was a victim of MK Ultra on the highest level. If he was a mind control victim, I’m not sure what caused him to break program. Most likely it was due to his age. He’s in his early thirties. One of the first things to

surface was his memory of Disney World mind control programming."

"How did he remember that?" I asked, acutely aware of the sophisticated mind control programming that went on there. Few people had remembered or were talking about Disney mind control in 1991[4]!

"Apparently he was obsessed with Mickey Mouse and Disney themes like most programmed slaves are, and was wondering why. The fact that he could even wonder is either indicative of his programming breaking up, or he was a volunteer like he also claims who skated when the torture began."

"Nobody volunteers to be tortured," I argued. "I was told the same thing under mind control, that I 'volunteered.' Operating out of the "Volunteer State" of Tennessee during the '80's gave me cause to hear that often. It sounds like Bratcher is verbalizing program to me."

"He's not recovered, that's for sure," Mark said. "You'd be surprised what some people do volunteer for, though, for money. There's some reason why he is talking about valid information."

"Does he smoke marijuana?" I asked, aware that marijuana's mind expansion properties are the motive behind the government's adamant opposition to the herb. Since it can render mind control uncontrollable by penetrating memory compartmentalization, marijuana use is strictly forbidden in the military, special forces, among spies, etc.

"He doesn't smoke marijuana that I know of, although he admits to drinking heavily. It may be that his programming, if he had any, is breaking up naturally the way yours did at 30. Since he is at that age when electro-chemical changes occur naturally in the brain, it could have affected the barriers to his compartmentalized memory."

Mark paused the tape recorder for a moment while he said, "Look, I know for a fact that some of what he's talking about is valid since Ampex installed sophisticated equipment in the labyrinth of laboratories under the proposed Disney site while I was working for them. Those labs were crammed with

sophisticated electronics that have nothing to do with theme park rides. Bratcher said he was under the Disney Theme Park's Holden Lake and suddenly had awareness. He described the layout of that area that I had been into." Mark resumed recording. "It really freaked him out since he was supposed to be operating in a controlled robotic mode and suddenly realized he had no concept of how long he had been in the UNderworld of Disney World[5]. That's not the best place to break program or decide you made a bad choice volunteering. He somehow managed to survive it and has been talking ever since."

"How *is* he surviving?" I asked, deeply concerned.

"He is asking for help, which is why he contacted me. Even more than rehabilitative therapy, he is wanting a few pointers on how to stay alive and survive whistleblowing. He's disseminating information, but he's talking about the most controversial stuff of all."

"Disney?" I knew speaking bad of Disney carried enormous consequences since it was a programming epicenter for MK Ultra mind controlled slaves from military intelligence[6], special forces, spies, and even entertainers who could be harmonically tuned ala Trilby[7].

"Yes. And he's talking about The Farm[8]. What's even more dangerous is that he released sensitive information on DARPA."

"What's DARPA?"

"Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency[9]. It's the most Top Secret special weapons development lab in the world."

"I'm glad I don't know about that one."

"You've talked about, only not by name. It's in a sleepy little town in Virginia."

"Oh, that place," I shuddered. "I guess I didn't Need-to-Know the name when

I was there. Isn't it called Blackbeard or Blackbird or something like that?"

"Keep looking until you see a road sign in memory."

I closed my eyes and focused. "Blacksburg!"

"Yes! I was aware of it when I was couriering file tapes for Ampex. My perception of DARPA is that it holds the key to what is eroding the soul of America- and the world. Everything I know may still be classified."

"Then I won't ask you what you saw," I said, aware that laws of Sedition could result in his imprisonment if anyone found out he was talking. "What does Bratcher say?"

"Bratcher is disseminating information on DARPA's purpose. Since the US is a mixture of people from all over the world who combine genetics through breeding, they share cultures and knowledge from the DNA level all the way through to a conscious level. The very structure of our country provides rewards to those who achieve the most and advance the farthest. Well, over time, the knowledge and resultant technologies became the most highly advanced in the world."

"And this is the knowledge that the criminals in control of US are keeping secret," I concluded.

"Yes. It's where they root their philosophy 'secret knowledge equals power' and their basis for compartmentalizing bits and pieces of it through Need-to-Know. According to Bratcher, these secrets are multiplying and compounding at an alarming rate. Technology has reached a level where it is compounding itself through computerization creating artificial intelligence. Artificial intelligence continues to breed with technology, to the point where technologies are out of control and appear alien. What I saw back in the 70's was already alarming. Knowledge was becoming unmanageable, and those controlling secrets were running out of ability to absorb, comprehend, and utilize it all. Bratcher says they've now allowed alien-technology to compound to the point where it is totally out of control, and the survival of

humanity is in jeopardy as a result."

"But artificial intelligence lacks soul, and therefore lacks wisdom just like the criminals in control of it. Think about it. With wisdom we can shift

power, dismantle the secrets, and reclaim our innate strength before it's too late."

"And have these criminals tried for crimes against humanity," Mark added. "What they have done is treasonous to all mankind!"

"Mankind can still make the necessary changes," I continued. "All it would take is a spiritual revolution evolution! By everything I overheard being discussed, those flat thinkers who've been in control already *know* they are out of time. It's just a matter of time until artificial intelligence controls them, too."

"Maybe it did all along," Mark suggested.

"Maybe it *is* alien," I surmised. "The point is still the same. Wisdom outthinks a criminal mind every time. With spiritual evolution through wisdom, humanity can reclaim soul purpose. What is Bratcher's spin on a solution?"

"He's focused on step one, disseminating the facts. People Need-to-Know the truth first."

"Wow," I pondered. "Truth does make us free."

"It kept me free from a Grand Jury Indictment today," Mark smiled as he turned off the tape recorder and parked the Pacer in the driveway. "The difference between fiction and reality was all the Grand Jury had Need-to-Know."

"And we're free to celebrate the victory!" I said, opening the door.

Chapter 23
PANDORA'S BOX

The next day was spent writing out Top Secret memory. Bits and pieces of what I had previously remembered regarding my experiences at the Blacksburg, Virginia DARPA laboratory concerning artificial intelligence and George Bush's discussions regarding the same demanded to be expanded and written out in comprehensive detail. The strenuousness of yesterday's Federal Grand Jury hearing, combined with the discussion of DARPA, had triggered a need to further deprogram what I knew.

Additionally, we were nearing a calendar date, which naturally triggers memory stronger than anything else even without a conscious concept of time. Perhaps that is why people celebrate anniversaries and holidays on an annual basis. Whatever the reason, calendar dates such as the first week in August's Congressional Recess and the first week in October's Country Music Association Awards always caused my memories to surface accordingly. I had been used extensively during those times. This year, George Bush was scheduled to be in attendance at the CMA awards in Nashville, which enhanced my urgency to write out memory. As a White House/Pentagon level mind control slave during the Reagan-Bush Administration, I had been in a position to witness and experience secret inner sanctuary operations and tactics that should be public knowledge. My need to write out these photographically recalled details was increasing proportionately to my growing awareness of public ignorance and socially programmed apathy.

While I deprogrammed and wrote out the vast information and technologies to which I had been exposed, I would occasionally emerge from my past long enough to make side notes of solutions. Since I was now capable of *thinking* and ultimately feeling, making notes of "soulutions" helped me to respond logically to these previously experienced harsh realities. Likewise, people

must logically think out of the box that social engineering has locked them into, rather than allow a handful of criminals to dictate their actions. Good people have a Need-to-Know that what they don't know is controlling them.

Perpe*traitors* I knew during my tenure as an MK Ultra mind controlled slave are acutely aware of human behavior patterns, such as how violent behaviors in society often occur in conjunction with specific calendar dates. DARPA's information source provided intricate details into actions and reactions that reverberate for generations, and this insight was being kept secret from the populace while it was used against them.

Reagan's unprecedented release of mental patients while he was Governor of California was implemented on a national scale during his Presidential Administration. Occultism (a.k.a. satanism), which is usually the reversal of Catholic mass, had been used extensively as a trauma base for mind control whereby many institutionalized people were termed Survivors of Ritual Abuse (SRAs) by mental health professionals. Around Halloween, county jails and mental institutions filled up with people suffering from calendar-date intrusive memory flashes. When memories are not written out, occultic flashbacks can result in violent behavior and subsequently overfill jails as well as mental institutions.

Unrecovered victims who were turned out onto the streets during the 1980's began acting out their satanic abuse in a subconscious effort to bring conscious awareness to their plight. Satanic movies like the CIA's Jesuit movie director/producer Peter Blatty's over-hyped "Exorcist," and music like Ozzy Osborne's, were also deliberately introduced into society in accordance with social engineering plans emanating from DARPA. It was foreseen that Reagan's release of the ritually abused from mental institutions without effective therapy would result in their acting out their abuse on calendar dates. This, in turn, traumatized others, reaching proportions that traumatized society as a whole. Since the effects of trauma on the human mind render people more suggestible and easily led, social engineering began evolving into mass mind control as anticipated through this deliberately enhanced violence.

People's superstitions "naturally" heightened through their ignorance in

conjunction with occultism's deliberate rise in the '70s and '80's[1]. Additionally, humankind's innate need for calendar-date tradition furthered the use of numerology for control purposes. Mathematical sequence was easily perpetuated by artificial intelligence.

For example, the US public would become conditioned to violence occurring on April 19, the calendar date when both Waco and Oklahoma City Bombing tragedies traumatized the nation. Rarely do people in the US dare gather on that date anymore. On the flip side of the same phenomena, global focus of love on Valentine's Day has raised collective consciousness, romantic expectations, and traditional indulgence in chocolate decadence every February 14. Even those without a current relationship crave chocolate on that date the way people crave hotdogs and hamburgers on July 4 in the US. As more and more people realize this human trait of socially engineered autogenic responses to calendar dates, collective conscious awareness rises as is necessary to incite deliberate, positive change.

Why not declare every day "the day" to focus on love, rather than only one day per year? What kind of collective consciousness would rise when love encompasses the globe each and every day? Would love's positive energy reframe calendar dates of fear and trauma? Could declaring every day "Earth Day" save the planet from the imminent destruction that is perpetuated every other day of the year? With awareness, possibilities are endless! By rising above predictable routines to establish deliberate heightened awareness instead, spiritual r*e*volution would make us wiser. If humankind collectively stood strong in this knowing, they could reclaim control of their lives! The key to open this awareness is truth.

Most all actions of those few criminals in control have/had triple meaning, cause, or purpose based on the artificial intelligence knowledge they are privy to. Nothing is ever perpetrated by them "accidentally" or "coincidentally." The only exception to this is when unanticipated "blowback" from sudden exposure of formerly secret information occurs. Considering that they have full access to suppressed and artificially compartmentalized intelligence, it is easy to understand their ability to utilize it on various levels at the same time.

Criminals in control of *our* information and *our* technology even consciously

speak on two levels at the same time. NLP, the language of the subconscious, has long since become a natural form of communication for them. Television's mass communication enabled them to manipulate the public through speaking on both conscious and subconscious levels at once with ease. Specific words used to condition the public become clear, and even predictable, with awareness.

During Reagan's Administration, the word "awesome" emerged, followed by "amazing." George Bush then led us through "A Maze" where the exit sign was changed to enTrance. Then people were "basically" conditioned to economic "basics" for years. When US militias began gaining strength and numbers in an effort to regain control of Constitutional values and government, every violent tragedy of the times was termed a "malicious attack." Prior to the "malicious" attack on militias, they were respected for peacefully and wisely upholding American[2] values. Those with eyes-to-see and ears-to-hear realized what spin-doctors were doing, while the ignorant were led further into the dark.

Most who could *think* to seek answers to society's increasing violence were already socially engineered to accept media-hyped government solutions, and they predictably reacted accordingly. Senator Byrd, in the powerful positions of Senate Majority Whip and head of Senate Appropriations, could quote the US Constitution as well as satanists quote the Bible. He could twist verbiage into a reversal to fit the New World Order agenda without the people's awareness that he was doing so. "Good people don't *think* to look for this kind of criminal activity," he confidently boasted.

In the *mean*time, spin-doctors of social engineering spun the news and views of the population without their conscious knowing, creating further divisions among them. In response to the rise of satanism, debate over Constitutional values of Freedom of Religion became a deliberate emotional diversionary issue, while harmonic technologies through music blasted violent lyrics into the subconscious mind. Violent lyrics then became the diversionary issue, focusing the public away from the technological advances in the application of harmonics and inciting debate over Constitutional values of Freedom of Speech. Erosion of US Constitutional values commenced while the original issues were never resolved.

DARPA's source of artificial intelligence was driving problematic actions, reactions, and solutions designed to enforce controls, in addition to providing reverberating results from secret technological harmonic advancements. Those who fed from this Top Secret advanced information source, such as George Bush, began gaining global momentum while the people lost more and more "basic" freedoms.

At Bohemian Grove in Northern California, this advanced artificial intelligence was/is discussed by those gathered there for the purpose of ushering in what Nero, Adolph Hitler and George Bush term their New World Order. Under MK Ultra mind control in the '80s, I was often used sexually at the Bohemian Grove, which gave me cause to overhear and photographically record these intense discussions[3].

Computerized technological advancements have perpetuated artificial intelligence to the point where it appears alien. Even those at the Grove had varying points of view on the original source of DARPA's artificial intelligence, spawning fascinating discussions on various multi-dimensional extra-terrestrials.

I was at the Grove in 1986 under MK Ultra mind control waiting for new orders while George Bush talked with his comrade Dick Cheney. Artificial intelligence's hundred-year plan to total global control was discussed. Computers were scheduled to emerge as the leading household communications device. These flat-thinking criminals believed that they would be capable of controlling people on a worldwide mass communications level more powerful than television. Focused computer users would already be tranced into their monitor screens, which would then be used to pump vast amounts of information into their heads. "It will bring people up to speed information-wise," George Bush had said.

Former Prime Minister of Canada, Brian Mulroney, had excitedly discussed the same concept being applied through the school systems. Bush, Mulroney, and Cheney had failed to consider that computers would be used by humankind to communicate truth with wisdom to re-establish free thought. Just like Byrd had said regarding "good people" being unable to "*think* to look for this kind of criminal activity," these flat thinking criminals were

incapable of thinking like us. They never thought to consider the strength of the innate human spirit, the far-reaching impact of wisdom, and resultant *soul*utions. While artificial intelligence was providing them with information on actions and reactions, it was not providing wisdom. Truth's wisdom is humanity's key to freedom.

It was discussed and decided that fear would be perpetuated globally in order that focus would stay on the negative rather than allow for soul expression to positively emerge. As people became more fearful and compliant, capacity for free thought and soul expression would diminish. There is a distinct inability to exert soul expression under mind control, and evolution of the human spirit would diminish along with freedom of thought when bombarded with constant negative terrors. Whether Bush and Cheney deliberately planned to raise a collective fear over collective conscious love is doubtful. They did not think, speak, or act in those terms. Instead, they knew that information control gave them power over people, and they were hell-bent to perpetuate it at all costs. Cheney, Bush, and other global elite ushering in the New World Order totally believed in the plan mapped out by artificial intelligence. They were allowing technology to dictate global control.

"Life is like a video game," Bush once told me at the rural multi-million dollar Lampe, Missouri CIA mind control training camp complex designed for Black Ops Special Forces where torture and virtual reality technologies were used. "Since I have access to the technological source of the plans, I dictate the rules of the game." The rules of the game demanded instantaneous response with no time to consciously think and critically analyze. Constant conscious disruption of thought through television's burst of light flashes, harmonics, and subconscious subliminals diminished continuity of conscious thought anyway, creating a deficit of attention that could easily be refocused into video game format.

DARPA's artificial intelligence was reliant on secrecy, and a terrifying cover for reality was chosen to divert people from the simple truth. Since people perceive aliens as being physical like them, it was decided that the technological reality could be disguised according to preconceptions. Through generations of genetic encoding dating back to the beginning of man, serpents incite an innate autogenic response system in humans to

“freeze” in terror. George Bush was excited at the prospects of diverting people from truth by fear through perpetuating lizard-like serpent alien misconceptions. “People fear what they don’t know anyway. By compounding that fear with autogenic fear response, they won’t want to look into Pandora’s Box.”

Through deliberate generation of fear; suppression of facts under the 1947 National Security Act; Bush’s stint as CIA director during Ford’s Administration; the Warren Commission’s whitewash of the Kennedy Assassination; secrecy artificially ensured by mind control particularly concerning DARPA, HAARP, Roswell, Montauk, etc; and with people’s fluidity of conscious thought rapidly diminishing; the secret government embraced the proverbial ‘absolute power that corrupts absolutely.’

According to New World Order plans being discussed at the Grove, plans for reducing the earth’s population was a high priority. Mass genocide of so-called “undesirables” through the proliferation of AIDS[4] was high on Bush’s agenda. “We’ll annihilate the niggers at their source, beginning in South and East Africa and Haiti[5].” Having heard Bush say those words is by far one of the most torturous things I ever endured. Equally as torturous to my being were the discussions on genetic engineering, human cloning, and depletion of earth’s natural resources for profit. Cheney remarked that no one would be able to *think* to stop technology’s plan. “I’ll destroy the planet first,” Bush had vowed.

I knew as I deprogrammed, that George Bush and his New World Order plan must be stopped at all costs. My side notes of soulutions prevented me from re-dissociating from the reality that I never wanted to believe in the first place. Whether Bush was boasting or meant what he said, I watched as the plan began to unfold. I was also seeing reformulation of plans as humankind began slowly waking up and gathering strength of spirit to change the source of power flow.

“We need to go to town in the morning,” Mark told me after I closed my notebook. “Bratcher said he mailed some important papers to me. I need to at least attempt to retrieve them before the Feds get hold of them.”

“Good,” I said. “I’d like to see Kelly, and check on Rosenburg’s progress towards obtaining the child support Cox owes.”

Bright and early the next morning, we loaded up the Pacer and drove to Nashville. “Remember when I first began having memory flashes in Alaska and told you about Bush saying he would destroy the planet if he doesn’t get his way?”

“Yes, and he’s right on schedule.” Mark rolled down the window to let in the cool, fresh morning air.

“That’s what I was writing out in detail yesterday.” Now that it was already written out, talking about it with Mark was healing. Tears rolled down my cheeks. “It caused me to realize again why we’ve been able to survive these years since you rescued Kelly and me. You are so wise. We never could have made it to this point if it weren’t for you and your ability to apply what you know with soul and wisdom. You have applicable intelligence. Its no wonder DARPA’s computers can’t seem to predict and counter your actions. You’re outthinking them all. You are proof that love wins.”

“Truth always survives,” Mark said. “It’s getting it out there that is so treacherous.”

“The truth Danny was about to reveal didn’t go away just because they ‘suicided’ him.” I blew my nose.

“His true purpose lives on,” Mark expounded. “With the remaining media journalists cowering in the shadows, it’s hard to see beyond the moment to realize the magnitude of his accomplishments. In time, his truth will be public knowledge. His success may not be visible right now, yet in some ways he made a huge difference for all of us.”

“In essence, he put a computer virus in Bush’s video game,” I assured myself, reflecting on my conscious awareness of the details that became clear yesterday.

“Whatever it takes to crumble the matrix,” Mark added, seeming to understand the meaning behind my statement.

“What is a matrix?”

“Look it up in the dictionary. It’s the beginning with an end; a structure like a womb; the rock that grows the crystal,” Mark defined. “Bush’s ‘video game’ has an origin, a structure, a matrix from which it originates. When I read your notes last night, it was simple to see the solutions you noted. Remembering events as you did, despite Bush’s dark spin, undoubtedly cleared your vision. Fear didn’t blind you to truth’s solutions.”

“Truth, no matter how horrible in content, does free me from fear, just like you said it would. Now when I see that lizard alien image creeping into society through social engineering, I know it’s just a matter of time until truth shatters it’s fearful illusion to set the public free.” I thought back to another alien-theme occurrence Bush had perpetuated through his ‘You are what you read’ programming[6]. “It’s like remembering how the lizard holograph[7] Bush showed me was staged. Realizing he really isn’t an alien freed my mind to recall other events surrounding the trauma, and most likely this DARPA information, too.”

“That’s what I meant the other day when I said that realizing the truth is step one towards implementing solutions. Bratcher’s Need-to-Know concept is essential.”

“Now people simply Need-to-Know the reality that lizard-aliens are a deliberate DARPA illusion lifted from the Outer Limits tv show in order to be empowered to take positive action and unplug artificial intelligence from negative sources like Bush.”

Mark smiled. “That’s more easily said than done.”

“Well, truth never goes away, so we have all the time in the world to stop these narrow-minded flat thinkers. No matter how intelligent they are and how far they progress, wisdom will stop them.”

“Mind control must be stopped first,” Mark countered. “Under mind control, humanity *is* out of time.”

“Wow,” I thought aloud, while my mind reverberated with the meaning. “You’re right. Truth needs to prevail now. I’m fortunate to be free to think for myself again and believe in the power of the people. It must scare the wits out of Bush, Byrd, Cheney, and all those creeps that the wizard’s curtain[8] has been pulled back to reveal they are just vile, evil men running a computer they call Pacer.”

“Or is the computer running them? Either way, they’ve overplayed their hand. They may believe they are ‘above the law,’” Mark said, referring to Reagan’s statement during Operation Shell Game[9]. “But they’re subject to the same laws of humanity and the same laws of the universe that the rest of us are. They can and will be stopped.”

Before Mark dropped me off at Cumberland House to see Kelly while he attempted to retrieve our mail, I dashed into the Stahlman Building to see Scott Rosenburg. He informed me that Cox had delayed court depositions until the first week of January, which meant obtaining the back child support would take longer than hoped. Fortunately, time frames towards Kelly’s rehab that Mark had established were flexible.

I stopped by Jean Crowe’s office on the way back downstairs, and learned that Edith Hammons had filed complaint against Cox’s attorney, Bob Anderson, with Judge Shookhoff. She vowed that if action were not taken immediately on her detailed charges of threats and harassment, she would take the matter to the Supreme Court.

While I picked up my copy of the document and turned to leave, Jean Crowe advised, “Wayne Cox is scheduled to see Kelly again when he’s here for depositions in January. You might want to ask Dr. Nurcum to recommend that the visit not take place.”

“I’ll take care of it,” I assured her, hurrying out the door to get back to the car before the parking meter expired.

On the way to Cumberland House, I filled Mark in on recent events. We agreed to see Dr. Nurcum, Representative West, Marsha Willis, and anyone else who could affect the matter as soon as possible. It seemed I had barely closed the car door before Mark sped out of sight, and I could only hope he would succeed in confiscating our confiscated mail. I went on into Cumberland House to see Kelly.

Kelly and I would be supervised by a friendly social worker today, who immediately notified me that Melissa was gone. I was relieved that Kelly wouldn't be subjected to her Halloween rituals. We sat on the floor to draw pictures together, discussing mind-brain function as only she and I could. "Charlene says I have to get along with my peers or else," she said, nervously glancing at the social worker supervising our visit. "It makes it hard to be true-to-soul when I have to act like something I'm not."

I drew the pie graph illustration that Mark had drawn for me. I illustrated her compartmentalized mind, cryptically explaining that the different compartments were different displays of her personality that were able to get along with anyone. To 'get along with her peers,' she reflected their personality through what is termed by real therapists as 'mirroring and matching.' "That reflection projection is something to be aware of, not to use. Since some therapists lack the education to understand your condition," I explained, "they might force you to mirror and match 'or else'. When you stay strong in who you are true-to-soul right here," I pointed to the center of the graph, "you can choose to act as you're told while knowing deep inside it's an act."

"Is that part right here," Kelly pointed to the center of the graph, "that little light inside me?"

"Yes!" I was elated by her perspective. "Shine it bright. Keep shining it brighter and brighter until you are the radiant, brilliant *you* that you know yourself to be!" I continued drawing the picture as a beautiful sunflower in full bloom, reflecting unlimited light from the sun. She understood the meaning behind the drawing, which she could keep as a loving reminder without Cumberland House staff taking it away.

“Here’s a picture for you that shows how my brain works,” Kelly excitedly said as she drew a fascinating picture illusion. In less than two minutes, she drew what appeared to be an Eskimo looking into the sun from one angle, and the head of a thoughtful Indian Chief from another. I was astounded! Not only did the picture reverberate in depiction, it also reverberated in meaning considering her part Cherokee heritage, our Alaskan experience, and a headdress that also appeared as sunshine!

“You are brilliant!” I hugged her, forever strengthened in light of her loving spirit.

Chapter 24
STEP SEVEN

January 13, 1992, extensive Court Depositions were taken as scheduled. Those in attendance included Wayne Cox, his attorney Bob Anderson, an attorney for the Department of Human Services, Kelly's court appointed Guardian *Ad Litem* Martha Child[1], Assistant District Attorney Scott Rosenburg, my court appointed attorney Jean Crowe, and me. While these depositions should have been sufficient to obtain Kelly's right to therapy and free her from the State Justice and Mental Health Systems, January 13 only proved to be the day from hell as indicated by the date.

By law, discovery depositions required that I submit questions to my attorney to ask Wayne Cox. The questions I posed were formulated with Mark's expert input, and would have proved sufficient to force Cox to purjer himself and reveal the truth. Questions like: Does lime have a color? Clocks and musicians both have what? What does a clock not have that a musician's hand does? What do you use a kiln for? These questions would have bypassed Cox's ability to lie, triggering him into his persona that only knew murder and dismemberment. My attorney violated the law and my rights by refusing to ask these pertinent questions.

Worse still, when he arrived in town Wayne Cox was permitted access to Kelly by Charlene Johnson who overrode court orders and Dr. Nurcum's recommendation that such visitation be prohibited. My distress at learning this atrocity in the course of depositions was compounded by knowing I had no legal recourse against the violation. My heart was with Kelly the whole time my mind focused on countering contrived allegations and answering grueling legal questions obviously formulated by someone knowledgeable of my diffused CIA MK Ultra programming.

When the process was finally complete, I rushed to Cumberland House to

comfort Kelly. Cumberland House staff forbid me to see her, claiming to be under strict orders from Charlene Johnson. I sought resolution to the dilemma from ICAM, the organization overseeing Kelly's case that was securing her out-of-state rehab through Dr. Nurcum's forthcoming diagnosis. I learned that ICAM had suddenly been dissolved and was no longer in existence. It would be days before I was able to see Kelly.

Kelly cried when I finally saw her, "I thought I was being protected against Wayne, but Charlene held me down and forced me to see him. I put my fingers in my ears so he couldn't trigger me this time, and Charlene held my hands behind me and made me listen. What's worse is that Wayne kept triggering me and no one stopped him."

Mind control triggers can be individualized, in sync with the victim's conditioning. Visual or auditory contact with an abuser is a significant trigger in itself. Even if I could somehow convey understanding of this mind control trigger to Kelly's "care-givers," it most likely would not have resulted in the positive change she so desperately needed. The gross injustice and total lack of compassion at this point had convinced me that it was completely up to us to make necessary, drastic changes. Mark and I took immediate action to establish Kelly's transfer to the high tech rehab that awaited her outside the country.

Depositions had proved that $3000 of what Cox owed in back child support was readily available. Thanks to Scott Rosenburg, Sixth Circuit Court proceedings quickly commenced to obtain release of the funds. He presented the case before Judge Brothers[2], who awarded Kelly the $3000, then withdrew his original judgment while the Department of Human Services filed claim to it.

Although we were aware of ongoing scandal surrounding Judge Brothers' alleged money laundering and dealings in Nashville's cocaine industry, our case against Cox was so strong that this delay was not anticipated. In addition to the numbers proving he owed extensive back support, we had obtained a copy of Cox's Louisiana bank statement of an account in Kelly's name. Still, Judge Brothers delayed the release of the money, and ultimately release of Kelly from the Tennessee system.

After court, I walked across the street from the Court House to Scott Rosenburg's office to further discuss the case. "Having looked into Cox's eyes during deposition was enough to convince me that he was lying," Scott said with compassion, "and that he is most likely capable of executing what you've told me about him. I am dedicated to this case, Kelly's cause, and her legal right to that back child support. It will be released," he vowed. "Soon. The Department of Human Services may be awarded current child support, but they have no legal right to what is already owed."

I stopped by Jean Crowe's office as usual on my way out of the Stahlman Building. "Since ICAM was dissolved, there is a new organization called OmniVisions that was specifically formed to deal with cases like Kelly's," Jean Crowe excitedly told me.

"We don't need more red tape to complicate things further," I said, skeptical of any State- organized help by this time.

Jean lowered her voice. "It's designed to help you. We'll go to the meeting tomorrow. They want Mark to attend as well."

The meeting with OmniVisions did seem encouraging. It appeared that the employees we met with were sincere in their determination to help. They already had a large file on Kelly, and were aware of her need for out-of-state rehabilitation.

"Until we can obtain Kelly's transfer, there is a new therapist in town with a dual degree in psychiatry and psychology who is willing to take her case," they assured us. "His name is William Mitchell. He is just now opening his practice here, and a big case like Kelly's could establish him in Nashville. Best of all, he claims to be acutely aware of MK Ultra mind control and recovery from it. He studied under Dr. Marty Orne."

Mark spoke up. "I know Marty Orne[3]. He works with the Department of Defense and has a published reputation within the CIA for executing MK Ultra mind control abuses that begin where Dr. Ewen Cameron[4] left off," he asserted. "It is rumored that he still sleeps with his mother for fun. How do

you know what Mitchell's intentions are with Kelly?"

"See for yourself. He wants to meet with you and Cathy before he accepts the case."

When Mark and I met with Dr. William Mitchell, Md.Phd., we found him to be highly intelligent, well informed, and he demonstrated that he was capable of handling Kelly's case. Although Dr. Mitchell had professional ties into Vanderbilt Psychiatric, his association with Dr. Nurcum would be minimal. He wasn't even interested in Nurcum's findings or files on Kelly. "My first effort with Kelly will be to treat her for the extensive PTSD she must have suffered with Cox's recent visit and to develop a rapport with her," he said. "You are welcome to monitor her progress in my care, but my first order of business will be to petition the court to seal her records.

That will keep all State and Federal prying eyes off her case. It is my intent to help your daughter, not feed intelligence to the Feds."

After watching Mitchell expertly use NLP, Mark's impression was "he can be dangerous." Still, there was no viable alternative. Soon after Kelly began therapy with Dr. Mitchell, OmniVisions claimed they were prepared to procure her out of state therapy, which would in turn protect her from further abuse by Charlene Johnson and Wayne Cox. "All you have to do is relinquish full custody of her," they said. "What few remaining parental rights you still have are being overridden by the courts anyway. Simply sign this paper and Kelly is free."

I was desperate for resolution to Kelly's ever-increasing need for protection, but I had no cause to trust OmniVisions. Nor did I yet trust Dr. Mitchell, although he appeared to be making fast progress treating Kelly's PTSD. I opted to think it over.

Before I could even sleep on my decision, it was made for me. January 22, 1991 the State of Tennessee took full custody of Kelly through immoral and illegal means. I wasn't even notified until after that fact. Dr. Mitchell's request to seal Kelly's records was denied, and she was stopped from further therapy with him while he appealed. Mark suspected this was a ploy since Dr.

Mitchell had completed his part for the CIA.

Mark and I began writing letters in earnest, notifying everyone who was aware of Kelly's case on state, national, and international levels that the State of Tennessee had suddenly taken custody without a trial.

"Why is this being allowed to happen?" I wailed. "Kelly's case should set precedent. It can make the difference for so many affected by mind control, and yet everyone seems to bury their head in the sand rather than face the issue."

"People ignore mind control because they don't want to think about it," Mark explained.

"Which doubly perpetuates it," I concluded. "There must be a way to resolve this."

"We'll exhaust every option until we find a way," Mark consoled me.

In addition to our massive letter writing awareness campaign, we also quietly solidified arrangements for Kelly's transfer out of the country to where qualified rehab awaited her. When the $3000 was finally released through Scott Rosenburg's diligence, Mark and I were ready and finalized the details.

Within hours of establishing Kelly's flight to freedom, the Doctor anticipating her arrival was murdered. When the phone call came in, we were told he was murdered while treating a US Intelligence officer assigned to NATO Special Ops who was actively in the midst of International espionage. We were devastated.

In the meantime, OmniVisions released Kelly from Cumberland House and placed her in Foster Care--with Melissa Thurmond! Melissa was the former Cumberland House worker who held the occult "full moon rituals." I had no legal recourse.

Life's conditions couldn't be worse, it seemed. Mark and I turned to

everyone we could think of for help within the State of Tennessee; in Washington, DC; in law enforcement, politics, and mental health; as well as national and international organizations supposedly designed to intervene in situations such as ours. We contacted news organizations, television networks, media persons such as Oprah Winfrey[5], and we even appealed to those we had previously contacted. We pleaded with US Customs Internal Affairs for intervention, only to find that their understanding, compassion, and validation of our case could not overcome the political corruption that had taken over America.

One day in early April while Mark and I were furiously writing letters seeking help, there was a knock at the door. A man in a wrinkled suit who appeared severely traumatized saluted Mark when he opened the door. He spewed his credentials and showed his military ID, saying his name was Tommy Bland. “I know of your circumstances, and I would like to help in exchange for your expert advise on how I can regain control over my own life and mind. Are you familiar with DARPA?”

Tommy’s story, what he remembered of it, was traumatic. Tears streamed down his face as he relayed one of the most horrifying experiences I had ever heard. Mark provided him understanding and coping skills, which in turn gave him hope that some day he might recover. “What you know could restore free thought to America,” Tommy told Mark emphatically, “and ultimately help humanity as whole. I will do anything I can to help you.”

“When the time is right, I’ll take you up on your offer, “ Mark told him, fully aware that Tommy’s admission of holding a Step Seven Top Secret Clearance and ID credentials could prove beneficial to our cause.

Within days, Edith Hammons telephoned. When she excitedly suggested that we meet, Mark and I drove out to her house. It wasn’t like Edith to make such a request and we knew it must be important.

After pouring our coffee, Edith began, “Ben West called me and asked me if you would speak before the Tennessee Legislature regarding Kelly. We need changes in the law to protect the children rather than protect their abusers. Commissioner Grunow will be in attendance.” Commissioner Grunow was

head of the Department of Human Services who had repeatedly refused to meet with me throughout Kelly's ordeal. Now he was being called to task, and I eagerly accepted the invitation to speak.

"What should I do about members of the Legislature that I was exposed to under mind control?" I asked her. "I know that Senator Albright is still in office." It had not been uncommon for me to attend Legislative functions and parties back in the 1980's, dealing CIA cocaine and/or being prostituted to various members. Albright in particular stood out in my mind since I was prostituted to him in conjunction with Alex Houston's first mind controlled slave, Maria Medina. Albright was heavily involved in CIA cocaine money laundering ops that ran through Nashville's country music industry.

"I mentioned that to Ben," Edith said. "He told me to assure you that you have no cause to be nervous just because you're making a few criminals nervous. He said, 'let the guilty sweat because it only further validates your case.' Besides," she patted my hand, "I'll be watching them to make sure they won't come near you."

"Oh, they won't get near her," Mark vowed.

I wasn't nervous, anyway. This was clearly too good of an opportunity to allow the past to muck it up. I could make a significant difference on Kelly's behalf. Edith handed me a slip of paper with the numbers HR 1462 and S 902 written on it. "Those are the numbers of the Bill in Kelly's name that are currently before the Tennessee House and Senate. You're scheduled to speak on Monday, April 13th."

"The 13th?" Mark raised his eyebrows.

"Well, maybe it will prove to be *their* unlucky day," I smiled, fully aware of numbers games by now.

When we left Edith's, Mark and I briefly stopped by Tommy Bland's apartment on the way out of town. Mark had previously been to Tommy's residence, and tipped me to his display of photographs involving US Air

Force Intel Command and DARPA. I studied the fascinating photos that lined his walls while Mark and Tommy talked. There were pictures of him with Bush as CIA Director, Panamanian Leader Manuel Noriega, recognizable Top Brass military, beside Air Force One, and other notable photos that seemed to me that they should be classified.

When Tommy's teenage children began arriving home from school, they lovingly tended to their father. They treated him attentively with respect, compassion, and understanding. They knew their father had suffered extreme trauma, and asked only that he receive help, too, once we succeeded in obtaining it for Kelly. Our brief stop proved to be a highly informative and very moving experience.

On the long drive home, I decided not to question if Tommy's ID had had anything to do with the recent turn of events. It wouldn't have made any difference anyway, and sometimes it was more beneficial not knowing such details, especially when it involved a Step Seven Clearance. Instead I asked, "Did you see all those photos on Tommy's wall of him with George Bush?"

"I couldn't get past that one of him with Noriega."

"It's no wonder he is having trouble with his memory," I continued, still thinking of the photos of him and Bush together in various places.

"With what Tommy knows about Noriega and Bush," Mark continued, "Bush should be sitting on Noriega's lap during his upcoming trial."

Noriega's trial was scheduled for Friday, April 10. Despite our submission of evidence through numerous means including Jim Dibble, C.I.D., and attorneys Reese Bagwell and Frank Rubino, we hadn't been called to testify. I thought about Mark's statement that Bush should be sitting on Noriega's lap. "Bush should be sharing a cell with Noriega anyway based on the information Customs validated regarding my experience with them in CIA cocaine ops[6]! I assume Tommy hasn't been called to testify at Noriega's trial either, since pertinent evidence is still hanging on his walls. Obviously Noriega's case is rigged as bad as Kelly's is. With Bush in office and

National Security slapped on the case, there is little hope that the truth will come out."

"It will eventually," Mark assured me. "It always does. A lot of people know that Just Cause was 'just cause' Noriega was skimming CIA drug profits from Bush's CIA baby known as Operation Watchtower. The facts can't be suppressed forever, especially when the likes of William Van Raab all the way through to Tommy Bland have evidence linking the two."

We drove the rest of the way in silence while I focused on what I would say to the Legislature on Monday. Something had to give. Kelly's situation with Melissa was becoming increasingly worse with every full moon. Being denied therapy for PTSD with Dr. Mitchell right now compounded the felony. How could I simplify such a complex subject as mind control and, ultimately, Kelly's needs for public presentation? Somehow, I would have to find the words to open their ears, their minds, and their hearts while motivating them to take action.

If truth were allowed to come out during Noriega's trial on April 10, it could be of enormous benefit to my speech before the Legislature on the 13th. Noriega's trial, however, did little to reveal reality[7]. Bush's involvement was twisted to appear heroic, as though his 'Operation Just Cause' was a major Drug War victory. In the wake of that whitewash, my determination was at an all time high.

While I spoke, I barely noticed Senator Albright's outrage while he stormed out of his seat to dramatically make a phone call in plain view of everyone present. I stayed intensely focused on clearly making my point for Kelly's sake. Not only did I cite the injustices incurred through a corrupt justice and mental health system, I also pointed out specifics where bureaucratic red tape only tangled the facts. I suggested solutions that would be more humanitarian and less formal. State forms and laws did not allow for room to address issues that were becoming prevalent in society, from ritual abuse and incest to mind control. When I was through, Representative West called for immediate changes in the Department of Human Services to be written out in full by Commissioner Grunow and placed on his desk within the week.

A short question and answer period followed. Support was strong and compassionate. After a few moments, Tommy Bland, in full dress Air Force blues, stood up to say, “Today the voice of the people changed government policy. Could this be construed as a giant step forward in their movement against the dictates of the New World Order?” Pandemonium broke out in the Legislature, and the meeting was unofficially adjourned.

While I made my way through the crowd towards Mark, I was roughly spun around to face Commissioner Grunow. He was seething mad, spitting his words at me. “I personally assure you that your daughter will never be freed from State Custody, and that I will do everything in my power to make sure you never have visitation with her again.”

Somehow I remained calm while I retorted, “By the time you submit your paperwork to the Legislature for their approval, I will be doing everything in my power to insure it’s the last thing you do as Commissioner.”

While I continued to make my way through the crowd to Mark, Ben West stopped me to excitedly tell me that the Bill before the Legislature in Kelly’s name would undoubtedly pass. When I told him about Grunow’s threat, he assured me, “You need not worry about him since he answers to me.”

“It’s who in Washington, DC that he’s been answering to throughout this case that concerns me,” I responded.

Mark arrived at my side by then, wisely expressing appreciation to Ben West for the opportunity he had afforded us. After extending my thanks as well, I turned to Mark to ask where Tommy was.

“I didn’t even know he was here!” I said. “The question he raised regarding the New World Order raised people to their feet. I’d like to thank him.”

We never saw Tommy Bland again.

Chapter 25
US MALE

May 9, 1992 the Bill before the Tennessee State Legislature in Kelly's name passed into law. Edith Hammons mailed a copy of the law's verbiage to our Post Office Box, and it never reached us.

"We don't even get junk mail through that Post Office Box anymore, let alone important documents" Mark told her. "I've exhausted every diplomatic means I know to rectify the problem to no avail. I'm going to have to take action on it myself tomorrow."

When we arrived in Nashville the next morning, Mark dropped me off at the Copy Shop while he tended to the matter. After I made a few necessary copies, I settled into the employee's back room where Billy was busy working.

"How is Mark going to stop the CIA from confiscating your mail[1]?" Billy asked while he continued his work binding booklets he had copied.

"I really don't know," I answered, watching the front door through the two-way mirror. "I'll sure be glad to see him come through that door, though, to tell us all about it. He really is disgusted with the Feds for refusing to act on the documented crimes we've turned over to them, and this illegal confiscation of our mail is one more crime they're ignoring."

"Ya'll are battling a corrupt government over freedom of thought, and they interrupt your communications violating freedom of speech," Billy stated. "That's criminal."

"They confiscated our copy of the Legislative action on the Bill in Kelly's name. The bill passed into law, yet it hasn't done anything to alleviate

Kelly's circumstances. It seems criminally ironic that this new law in Kelly's name deals with mind control and satanism while, at the same time, Melissa has control of Kelly by court order and is subjecting her to occult rituals! Not only is that morally and legally wrong, but Kelly is potentially volatile and could trigger into violence from the rituals at any time. I'm concerned for her safety and the safety of those around her."

"Let's hope she won't solve her problem with Melissa herself," Billy offered.

"I can only hope that Dr. Mitchell's court action will produce positive results real soon."

"It's a wonder any justice can be obtained through the courts anymore," Billy observed. "I noticed that George Bush intervened on Ernest Ray Lynn's sentencing for his criminal cocaine and attempted murder charges to substitute his prison time with 'punishment of writing a song[2].' Writing songs is what he does anyway! We're the ones being punished for his crimes if we have to listen to it."

"Poor Loretta. I had hoped they would lock Ernest Ray up so she could be free from at least one of her mind control handlers. Instead, he is free to continue to manipulate her in her MK Ultra victimization and distribute cocaine for the CIA! What kind of justice is that?"

"Does Loretta know she is carrying cocaine on her buses for the CIA?"

"She can't think to know it, Billy. She would be devastated to know how she is being used for criminal activity that ultimately hurts others. She is such a pure, gentle, loving soul. With Mooney, Ken Riley, and Ernest Ray all actively participating in her use and abuse by the CIA, I had hoped that perhaps Ernest Ray's conviction would result in her first step toward freedom. But George Bush stepped in and set Ernest Ray free instead! Did you notice that Ernest Ray's attorney was Reese Bagwell?[3]"

"Bagwell keeps popping up in news lately, whitewashing these CIA criminal cases. It's a good thing Mark kept him off your case. Noriega's trial was

‘amBushed’ by the same cover-up of CIA cocaine ops. I’ll bet Ernest Ray wasn’t the least bit nervous about the truth leaking out considering Bagwell’s input into his and Noriega’s cocaine cases.”

“It astounds me that the media is ignoring Noriega’s extensive ties into this country, from his education at the School of the Americas[4] to his well known involvement with Bush and the CIA in the cocaine business. Can’t people see that this so-called War on Drugs is no more than the CIA eliminating their competition while they take over the industry worldwide?”

I paused to reflect. “If people don’t wake up soon, we’ll have a drug lord running this country.”

“We already do,” Billy said, unjamming his stapling machine.

I laughed. “I’m referring to Bill Clinton. In 1984, I was at the Swiss Villa Amphitheater in Lampe Missouri[5] where Bush and Clinton were talking about their New World Order. Bush was really pleased with how well Clinton’s Mena cocaine operation was funding the New World Order effort, and he assured Clinton he would be rewarded politically. In those days, the groundwork for NAFTA[6] was established to open the border to ‘free trade of drugs to equalize our economies,’ and Clinton was right there in the midst of it all. It was already determined that Bush would be put in the office of President at the same time Salinas was put in as President of Mexico so they could usher in NAFTA.”

“Wait a minute,” Billy said. “What about elections?”

“What elections?” I asked. “Its easy for them to rig votes with the electronic ballets. If third world countries used archaic methods of voting, we sent in representatives from the US to ‘oversee them.’ Everybody I knew in politics didn’t give elections a thought. They knew that people would believe in the corrupted, controlled polls, and that those appointed to office in accordance with the New World Order were secure.”

“So people are misled by their leaders to believe they chose them?”

“Not only that,” I answered, “but figureheads are placed while the real power works behind the scenes. For example, when Salinas was Vice President of Mexico, he ran the country while dela Madrid was only a Presidential figurehead. Vice President Bush ran this country while Reagan was *acting* President.”

“Why is Bush President now?”

“These guys have become so arrogant, they are blatant. Their overconfidence will eventually be their downfall. In the meantime, they have planned for contingencies like we’re seeing with the militias and patriots beginning to wake up and rebel. When Bush and Clinton were talking in 1984, Bush told Clinton ‘when the American people become disillusioned with Republicans leading them into the New World Order, you, as a Democrat, will be put into place.’ I expect that Clinton will be our next President based on that conversation I heard.”

“This is serious information!” Billy looked up from his work. “Its no wonder the Feds are worried about your revealing what you know.”

“There are a lot of people who know what I know[7],” I assured him. “And even more are waking up to reality fast. People with Intelligence operating on a Need-to-Know are gaining insight into a bigger picture with the truth that is emerging. They gain one more piece of the puzzle and the Big Picture suddenly comes into focus. When it does, their paradigms shift. Mark and I are also aware of numerous scientists waking up to the reality of a New World Order agenda who are furious that they’ve been mislead and used. These people are uniting with strength, and the New World Order elite will need to play their hold card and switch political parties. Watch and see. Clinton will appear to ‘defeat’ Bush according to plan, while Bush continues business as usual from behind the scenes of the New World Order.”

“Who do you think will follow Clinton?”

“A compliant, sleeping public mesmerized by his Oxford learned charisma.”

Billy looked up from his work again to clarify his question. “I mean into the Presidency.”

“Hillary?” I smiled half-heartedly. “Seriously, she is brighter than Bill, and is even more corrupt. Knowing her, she’d probably rather work behind the scenes, although she may be used as another appearance of ‘change’ since she’s a woman. That’s just speculation based on how these criminals operate. They want to keep their power all in the family. I did see Bush, Jr. being conditioned, and trained for the role of President at the Mount Shasta, California military programming compound in 1986[8]. He’s not very bright, though, so I don’t know how they could possibly prop him up…”

The front door bell jingled as Mark stormed into the Copy Shop and strode for the door of the backroom where he knew Billy and I would be. I jumped up and threw my arms around him.

“How’d it go?”

“We’ll get our mail now.” Mark sat on the counter, taking a long drink from my bottle of water.

“How do you know?” I impatiently inquired. “What did they say?”

“Nothing,” Mark said, wiping his mouth. “I did the talking. I walked into the office supply they’re using for a front…”

“What office supply?” Billy asked.

“The one down the road a couple of blocks in the same building as the Bell Telephone Company,” Mark answered.

“How did you know it was a CIA front?” Billy shut down his binding equipment to listen to Mark’s reply.

“I could smell them,” Mark smiled.

“Is that what that stink is that blows this direction sometimes?”

“Come on,” I coaxed. “Really. How did you know?”

“An educated guess. The CIA uses office supply fronts as often as they use toy-manufacturing fronts. They are so routine and predictable. I’ve been watching that place, and never saw legitimate business being conducted. It’s an Office Supply with no office supplies. Instead, guys in suits and dark glasses driving Fed cars frequent the place. Anyway, I went inside and the place was pretty much empty except for a gorgeous girl sitting at a desk playing receptionist. I patted my front pocket, and said, ‘See this? I’m *not* glad to see you’.”

Billy chuckled, familiar with the infamous May West line, ‘is that your pistol in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?’

“What did she do?” I eagerly asked.

“She reached under the desk and pushed her panic button just like I hoped she would. When she started to slide the drawer open, I assumed she was going for a weapon so I slammed it and got in her face. I told her, ‘you know I have an *explosive* temper. When people cheat me, threaten me, or steal my mail, I become *explosive*. You don’t want me to become *explosive* now, do you?’ She was sitting there, dumfounded. So I left.”

“How do you know we’ll get our mail?” I didn’t understand why Mark was so certain he had accomplished his goal.

“I said the word ‘*explosive’* three times. Repetition is the most common form of mind manipulation used by the CIA. They know that it works, so they use it. Which means they also recognize it when someone like me deliberately repeats a word or phrase three times. She bought my bluff. I’m telling you, we’ll get our mail and that little Office Supply store will close.”

“You’ve never been wrong before under circumstances like these,” I smiled. “Thanks for taking care of it. I’m glad it’s over and you’re OK.”

“Of course I’m OK,” Mark replied. “I don’t take chances, just calculated risks. There’s no way to lose.”

“Well,” Billy said, “Just the same, I’m relieved to see you back in one piece. It’s not everyday someone storms the CIA and walks away unscathed.”

“They’re a bunch of wimps, plus I waited until they all left for their 3 martini lunch,” Mark told him. “Don’t buy into their tough-guy front.”

“Speaking of ‘wimps’,” Billy switched subjects. “What is this ‘wimp’ image Bush projects?”

I answered. “I believe it is a deliberately contrived public image stemming from his pedophilic wimp appearance. He talks to the public like he’s talking to kids. He even uses his Mr. Rogers[9] voice. It’s a total diversion from the mind controlling, warmongering criminal that he really is.”

“What makes someone like him become a pedophile?” Billy asked.

“Multi-generational abuse, most likely,” Mark answered while I gathered up our belongings to leave. “Besides, people like him who have all the money and power in the world know no boundaries. They have no limitations legally, financially, morally or otherwise.”

“The CIA just learned boundaries on confiscating our mail,” I said as we walked toward the door.

“Yeah,” Billy agreed. “A US male got through to them so the US Mail can get through to you.”

Chapter 26
GOD SAVE US FROM RELIGION

“What religion is God?” Kelly asked when I finally saw her again.

Our mail had resumed for the moment and the CIA front relocated the day after Mark stormed the Office Supply, yet it was mid-summer before the court agreed that Kelly should resume therapy with Dr. Mitchell. Noting Kelly’s deteriorated condition, Dr. Mitchell immediately arranged for her and me to begin family therapy with his cohort social worker Frank Neiswinder.

“Kelly,” Neiswinder began. “Why are you angry with your mother?”

“I’m not!” Kelly adamantly told him again. “Will you please just let us visit? I haven’t seen my mom in a long time, and we want to talk.”

Ignoring Neiswinder, I responded to Kelly’s significant question. “To quote Gandhi, ‘God has no religion.’ Religion is manmade.”

“Then why doesn’t God save us from religion?” she asked as a tear smeared her heavy black mascara down her cheek. When I wiped her tear, my hand accidentally smeared the blood red lipstick she had started wearing. Neiswinder handed her a tissue.

“Go ahead and cry, Kelly,” Neiswinder said. “Cry out all that anger you have for your mother.”

Kelly rolled her eyes. “I’m not angry at my mother! How many times do I have to tell you?” She wiped at her stained cheek with the tissue, tangling herself in the ridiculously age-inappropriate moon and stars earrings that dangled past her shoulders.

“I hear anger in your voice,” Neiswinder persisted.

“Look, I should be with my mother and court is forcing me to be with Melissa instead,” she told him.

“How does that make you feel?” he asked, as most therapists are trained to do regardless of circumstances.

“Angry!” she roared. “I’m angry at Melissa! I’m angry at the court! But most of all, I’m angry at you for interrupting me and my mom again! I need to talk with her. Please!”

“We are saved from religion when we go within for our answers,” I began, fully aware of the underlying reason for Kelly’s questions.

“Within where? I think I’m without a ‘within’ right now. So I’m running as fast as I can away from religion the direction Melissa showed me. Only that isn’t working either.” She twisted one of a handful of the occult-theme rings she was wearing. Occultism was taking its toll. The heavy black circles under Kelly’s eyes were accentuated by the thick eyeliner she wore, which matched her black attire. My precious daughter was under all that darkness somewhere, and I only had a few more minutes to reach her before our session would end.

“Of course not,” I scoffed. “Satanism is a religion, too. Why are you turning to a religion to get away from religion? That’s not very bright. Think about it.”

Kelly was silent for a minute, which inspired Neiswinder to speak up. “Kelly, do you feel angry with your mother for making you stay with Melissa?”

“If she says yes,” I told him, “will you alleviate Kelly’s ‘anger’ by changing the court order so I can take her home with me where she belongs?”

“My mom isn’t making me stay with Melissa,” Kelly chimed in. “My abusers are. They are manipulating the court and probably you, too. For the last time,

I am *not* angry with my mother!"

"Think about what you just said," Neiswinder appeared angry himself.

"OK," Kelly said. "If you'll give me a minute to think, that's exactly what I was doing when you interrupted again. But you're not going to tell me what to think. People have done that to me all my life."

"Rather than tell her what to think," I said. "Why not teach her *how* to think. For herself. That's what she is in therapy for."

I turned back to Kelly while Neiswinder fumed. "What is bright," I reminded her, "is that little light inside of you. Look into it. Look within. Find your self. Don't look outside yourself for answers. When religion started telling people what to think rather than allowing them to think for themselves it became a means of control rather than spiritual freedom. Strengthen yourself. Shine your light bright. Don't bury it under all this darkness," I gestured to her black attire and occult jewelry. "Project true-to-soul. Be yourself."

Kelly thought a minute. "To be myself, I have to know myself. To know myself, I have to think for myself. Its hard to think for myself when I don't know who I am anymore."

"You haven't changed," I held her close. "You are you, inside. Believe in you. I do. Don't let people like Melissa lead you outside yourself. Remember. Your answers are within. Lighten up!"

Kelly smiled, and then looked serious. "I'd lighten up more if people would listen to me and let me come home."

"We can't let life's circumstances influence who we are true-to-soul. We need to stay unconditionally true-to-soul." I held her close. "I love you unconditionally, because I know who you are. Unconditional love isn't influenced by circumstances."

Another tear slid down Kelly's cheek. "Melissa said you don't love me.

Charlene and Wayne said you don't love me."

"What do they know about love?" I asked her. "They don't even know *you*."

"Or you," Kelly said, hugging me tight. "It's not over 'til we win, right mom?"

"We'll win," I assured her. "Love always wins. Unconditionally. Love by its very nature is the most powerful force in the universe. Love is the light within you, so shine your brilliance. You know you're bright."

"Yeah, I am pretty bright," Kelly agreed. "I'm doing really good in public school. Half of what they teach is just Global Ed garbage, but I can still pass all the tests without believing what they say."

While Kelly was in Cumberland House, her education was minimal within the confines of the institution. The sparse education Kelly did receive there did little to stimulate her advanced intellect. When Kelly had started kindergarten years before, she already tested at a ninth grade reading level. Now Cumberland House was geared below a kindergarten level, and Kelly was concerned about her lack of education. I had comforted Kelly's frustrations by reassuring her that "all she was missing in public school was Global Ed anyway." Since the Alaskan school system was openly and actively opposing the government's attempt to force Global Ed in their system, Kelly was acutely aware of the ineptness of its structure. "Programming more information into my brain doesn't make it knowledge," she had said. Now that she was back in public school for the first time in years, it was reassuring to hear her talk about her education experience. Before we could discuss it further, though, Neiswinder announced 'time's up.'

"The time flew by," I complained. "We barely even had time to address your initial question about what religion God is."

"Sure we did," Kelly said gathering up the pile of occult jewelry she had removed. "The answer is within. God's love light is within… me. And

religion is without… love."

"Wait a minute," I said, alarmed. "I didn't say religion is without love since there are good people in all religions who love and…"

"Why are there so many religious wars, then?" she wisely asked. "And why do they abuse children in the church? And why are satanic religions even darker?" She shuddered.

"Oh my God," I realized the magnitude of our conversation. "Things aren't always so black and white, Kelly. Keep your love light shining, though, and the truth will become clear. Remember, the answers are within," I said as Melissa honked the horn of the car outside. "Stay true-to-soul, true-to-yourself, true-to-love," I called. "I love you!"

I walked towards the car where Mark was parked, deep in thought. When I climbed in, I noticed tears in his eyes. "I can't stand it," he said, his voice quavering. "It's so hard to see her and not even get to talk with her." The court order prohibiting contact between Mark and Kelly was as absurd as the court placing Kelly in an occult Foster Home despite laws being passed in her name to prohibit it. Where was justice? Where was compassion?

"I'm sorry," Mark cried as I hugged him close. "I can only imagine what it was like for you seeing her after all this time."

"I'll tell you all about it," I smiled. "This day was easy compared to what Melissa is about to face after Kelly and I talked today. Kelly is not happy with Melissa or her occultism." I proceeded to tell Mark all about our conversation as we drove towards home.

The next "Family Therapy" session, Kelly and I again indulged in conversation despite Neiswinder's determination to conduct conventional therapy. She handed me a copy of the poem she had written 'God Save Us From Religion.' It was actually a profound and loving piece that could have been entitled 'God Save Us From Cult/Occult Abuse.'

“Wow, Kelly,” I exclaimed after reading it. “This sounds like you have given significant thought to our conversation last week.” I looked at her, patting her thick blond hair and holding her close.

“I’m feeling more like myself,” she said, a hint of inner peace reflecting in her eyes. “Only other people aren’t seeing it that way.”

“Whoever can’t see you in all your brilliance must be blind,” I said. “Who…”

“OK,” Neiswinder interrupted, standing up after shuffling through his stack of papers. “Today we are going to accomplish what we didn’t get to last week. Let’s begin by identifying the problem. I understand that you hate your mother, Kelly. Why?”

“Oh no, not again!” Kelly slumped in her chair. “My mom and I have something really important to discuss. Please let us talk.”

“We should all discuss it then,” he said, leaning over into our space.

Kelly ignored him. “I got in trouble in school,” she said.

“What happened?” Kelly had been enrolled in summer school to determine what grade she might advance to next fall.

“We were supposed to be studying political science and my teacher brought up Bush,” Kelly swallowed hard, her pupils dilating. “She was talking about the War on Drugs and what a hero Bush is.”

“Oh no,” I groaned. “What did you do?”

“I just asked her if she bought into all that propaganda bullshit.”

“Did you use that word?” I asked, knowing that the use of profanity is forbidden in school.

“No!” she said. “I mean, yes. But she was mad about the ‘propaganda’ word.

Earlier when we were doing social studies, she said we have the best of everything in this country. She said we have the biggest variety of food in the world, and I told her she was feeding me propaganda. I told her I knew better because I had eaten international foods on the cruise ships and fruits in the Caribbean."

I realized Kelly had memories surfacing, and was eager to deal with that issue rather than what her teacher had to say. But what had happened in school was important to Kelly, so helping her with memory recovery would have to wait. Neiswinder was oblivious to the importance of what was being said.

Kelly continued, "She told me that anyone with such a vivid imagination couldn't possibly know propaganda from the facts. I told her, 'propaganda is, in fact, imagination' where somebody makes up lies to fool people like her."

Neiswinder was taking notes as fast as Kelly was talking. I knew she probably got in trouble with that statement. Kelly went on to tell her that Global Ed was propaganda, and the teacher phoned Melissa for a meeting.

"Kelly," Neiswinder interrupted. "Your mother says some pretty bizarre things, and you are copying her. Do you feel you need to copy her in order to make her like you?"

Kelly didn't answer him. "Melissa was already disgusted with me because I wrote this poem." She gestured to the poem she handed me. "She thinks I'm possessed by demons and wants me to see an exorcist."

I swallowed my rage knowing that treating ritual abuse with superstition was in direct opposition to healing. I knew Kelly was aware of this since her Psychiatrist in Alaska had had cause to counsel her on it in the course of therapy. "What did you tell her when she said that?"

Kelly smiled, "I asked her if she knew that 'exercise' built strength." To a literal mind, this was a natural response and a strong reason why religious abuse cannot be treated with religion. Since Kelly was capable of 'exercising her free thought' to some degree ever since Alaska, she apparently found

humor in the word play. “I was just playing with her,” Kelly continued. “I didn’t believe she was serious, but she was! Now she is taking the matter to court.”

“I’ll stop that,” I assured Kelly. “The Bill before the Legislature in your name was just passed into law and…”

“Ms. O’Brien!” Neiswinder roared. “You are in violation of court order. This is my office, and I will not tolerate any more of your lack of cooperation with me or with court orders! You sit over there.” He pointed to a chair across the small room. “Kelly, you sit here.” He went back to his desk and sat down. “Alright then. Kelly, you need to answer my question now.”

“What question?”

“Why do you hate your mother?”

“I don’t”

Neiswinder rephrased his question. “Then why are you angry?”

“Because you just interrupted us again and I get angry at anyone who separates us.”

“I’m going to report this to Dr. Mitchell. You two are totally uncooperative with therapy and I don’t want to waste any more of my time with you.”

“Can we still meet here and talk?” Kelly asked. “We don’t get to see each other anymore except for here.”

“That is up to Dr. Mitchell!” he said. We smiled at each other hoping that Dr. Mitchell wouldn’t interrupt our only chance to talk together. Neiswinder concluded the “therapy” session for the day.

On the way out of town, I stopped by Jean Crowe’s office to stop Melissa’s pursuit of an exorcist through the courts.

“There are exorcists available that the Department of Human Services uses,” Jean told me. I was astounded. This was archaic. I reminded her of the bill that just passed into law in Kelly’s name regarding legitimate therapy for ritually abused and mind controlled children.

“Besides,” I told her. “Why would we want to ‘cast out’ personality fragments that need to be reintegrated? ‘Casting out’ dissociative personas that were created through ritual abuse would only further reinforce the division. In this case, though, it’s even worse because Melissa wants to ‘cast out’ Kelly’s refusal to comply with superstitious occult rituals. That equates to programming her. No. Absolutely not. We have got to counter Melissa’s request.”

“Well, you write it out then,” my attorney told me, handing me a pen. “I don’t understand what you want said.”

I wrote out the verbiage for her to present to the court. Our petition to the court in conjunction with Dr. Mitchell’s would certainly prove sufficient to stop Melissa’s efforts to obtain an exorcist.

The next full moon, I received a phone call. Melissa claimed Kelly was “unmanageable” and had dumped her off on a street corner near the Nashville YWCA[1]. Our next “Family Therapy” session with Neiswinder was to be held at Vanderbilt University Children’s Psychiatric Hospital--the Defense Department Subcontractor we had been avoiding. The only plus was that Kelly had found the strength within to save herself from Melissa, superstitious exorcism, and occult religion.

Chapter 27
OUTPOST of FREEDOM

“Kelly is suffering from homicidal and suicidal ideations,” Frank Neiswinder told me when I arrived at Vanderbilt Psychiatric for my first visit with Kelly since the incident with Melissa.

“What do you expect from someone who is forced to participate in occult ritual?” I asked. “This was inevitable and is exactly why I adamantly opposed Kelly’s placement with Melissa to begin with. No one listened. Now, once again, people like yourself are being educated at Kelly’s expense.”

Kelly sat solemnly, slumped in her chair. “Why am I the one who is locked up?” Kelly complained to Neiswinder. “My abusers are free. Melissa howls at the same moon Wayne Cox howls at, and you think I’m nuts?” Neiswinder didn’t answer. Kelly continued. “Why is Melissa allowed to dump me like a sack of donated junk at the ‘Y’ while the court makes me and my mom have supervised visits?”

Kelly had a right to be ‘angry’ over the injustice of being placed with the likes of Melissa and kept from her loving home. Being locked up in Vanderbilt Psychiatric must be traumatic for her, too. Vanderbilt had an array of electronic doors and locks that rivaled the Pentagon’s to keep the inmates isolated in their sanitized hospital setting.

“Where would you like to be?” Neiswinder asked her, as though she hadn’t just told him again. Did he ever listen? If he had cared to hear her, he would have at least known Melissa’s occult rituals were counter-productive to her well-being as she verbalized so clearly weeks before.

“I’d like to be with my mom and dad, back in Alaska,” Kelly answered. “Or maybe with them on a cruise ship far away from here.” She turned to me,

“Mom, I was remembering something about Bush[1], NCL cruise ships[2], and CIA cocaine operations. I wrote it out.”

Neiswinder literally fell out of his chair. “Kelly!” he exclaimed, dusting himself off and sitting back down, “I didn’t know you could remember anything about the past! Where is this memory you wrote out?” He started shuffling through his stacks of papers again.

“I wrote it for Dr. Mitchell, and staff said they would give it to him,” she said, looking at him skeptically. “I really don’t trust anyone else with it except my mom and dad.”

She turned back to me. “It had lots of details about CIA cocaine operations in it, right down to the triggers they used. We were in Haiti, weren’t we, Mom?” She lowered her voice. “I was thinking about that word, how Catholics call hell ‘Hadies’ and how much I ‘hate’ the smell of that place. Did they name it Haiti for ‘hate’ or for ‘hell’? And who was Saint Thomas? That place is close to hell.”

“What place?” Neiswinder asked her.

“St. Thomas,” Kelly said nonchalantly. “The one in the Virgin Islands. Mom, does virgin mean having sex or not having sex?”

“It means untouched,” I answered uncomfortably while Neiswinder made notes.

“So Haiti is where they have sex, and the Virgin Islands is where they don’t?” Kelly’s literal mind seemed to be misinterpreting the names of the two Caribbean islands. Still, if she had been writing out memory, she would know sex occurred in both places based on her own experience. I knew her brilliant mind was traveling somewhere else, and I listened to her beyond the words I knew were only intended for Neiswinder. “Is that why Hadies got AIDS[3]?”

She apparently had remembered the sex, and was concerned with having

contracted AIDS. I glanced at Neiswinder who was asking a nurse for Kelly's writings. "Not everyone who has been to Haiti has AIDS anymore than everyone who has been to the Virgin Islands is a virgin," I assured her. She chuckled while I continued. "Especially when the CIA knows the people they are sending over there are immune to that strain of AIDS." Relief washed over Kelly's face as she realized she had stood amidst AIDS hell without catching it.

I thought how extreme her experience of life had already been and continued to be. No matter how explicitly she expressed herself in words, those who were supposed to be "caring" for her didn't seem to hear. Yet I could hear beyond her words. Our ability to thought-communicate was deep, allowing us to share an understanding above our monitored verbalizations. Helping my eleven-year-old child deal with the reality of her past pertaining to sensitive topics like AIDS was strenuous while under supervision we did not trust. The fact that she chose to speak cryptically to me now elevated my concerns for what was happening to her at Vanderbilt. Something was very wrong. Neiswinder's over-reaction to her mention of memory recovery was not consistent with someone who would be working alongside of Dr. Mitchell, unless Mitchell was something other than he portrayed himself to be.

Neiswinder concluded our "Family Counseling Session" early since he was obviously eager to obtain Kelly's written-out memories. Since the nurse had already turned them over to Dr. Mitchell, Neiswinder was empty handed in addition to again missing the magnitude of the conversation Kelly and I exchanged right in front of him.

The next week when I saw Kelly, we were taken through a series of electronically locked doors to a large dayroom where Neiswinder was to be joined by a nurse who could "maintain structure over our session." Kelly and I were seated apart. Our ability to communicate, like our love, knew no distance. Significant understanding passed between us. I realized that Kelly's circumstances were urgent, which compounded further when she told the nurse she had "bumped her head and couldn't remember anything anymore." The words did not seem to be her own, and I started to rise from my chair to tend to her.

Suddenly I felt a familiar sensation overcome my body, rendering me weak and unable to stand. Harmonics. I knew the feeling from the past, and was aware that this Top Secret classified weaponry had technologically advanced to miniaturization the size of a remote control. The device could fit in a purse or a briefcase, and my brainstem was reverberating with its effects.

Neiswinder was leading Kelly from the room when awareness allowed for me to fight through the fog in my brain and stand. I wobbled over to the "nurse," whose jaw had dropped in surprise. I backed her against the wall while I fumbled for the ID card hanging around her neck and said, "I won't forget your name is…" Focusing was a strain, yet I was determined to read the name on her tag. "Huffaker." I looked her in the eye. "If Kelly is hurt, I hold you responsible."

"Kelly doesn't want to see you anymore," she said as she began unlocking the electronic doors to escort me out. "Your visitation is concluded."

I knew our lives were in grave jeopardy, and considered the possibility that Kelly's memories regarding Bush and the fact that he was in Nashville three times recently were connected. Presidential elections were coming up next month and the local press was looking eagerly for a Republican scandal. Even though I knew elections were rigged, I was also aware that Nashville was a focus of media attention since Tennessee Senator Al Gore was on the Presidential ballet as Bill Clinton's running mate. Kelly's memories regarding Bush had certainly surfaced at an inopportune time.

Mark was livid when he learned what had happened to Kelly and me at Vanderbilt, and he immediately took action. Juvenile Court Records prove that a battle of allegiances by Vanderbilt between Kelly and government ties commenced. The doors of the court, Dr. Mitchell, and Dr. Nurcum were locked as tight as Vanderbilt's high security electronic doors. Neiswinder was immediately "retired" from his job as a therapist. And Mark and I struggled to survive the intensity of our precarious circumstances.

"I'm told that the information you remembered regarding NAFTA has the Bush Administration as concerned about it as they are about Kelly's memories," Mark informed me one morning as we sat outside drinking our

coffee. “We need immediate public exposure to survive this. Unfortunately, the media is still caving into censorship and Linda Blood’s book isn’t due to be released yet.”

Linda Blood’s work on her book *The New Satanists*[4] was taking longer than anticipated, and we had hoped that its release through Walmart stores as contracted would blaze the trail through media censorship by now. Her work had, however, put us in touch with several international organizations concerned with Lt. Col. Aquino’s satanic activity that was emanating from US military bases worldwide. Still, these connections were military and Intelligence[5] level rather than public, and could not help us reach the public exposure we so desperately needed. I wondered how we could possibly survive long enough to reach the public with truth under the circumstances.

“I’m in communication with Perot’s[6] group through their mind control survivor’s underground,” Mark continued.

“Karyn?” I asked, referring to the survivor with whom we were in contact.

“No survivor is trustworthy until deprogrammed, and I’m not too sure about Karyn after speaking with her,” Mark answered. “I am in touch with Ross Perot’s sister, though, and she suggests we hand deliver a packet of information to them right away. Our previous attempts to send Perot information through the mail system failed and the documents apparently were confiscated. We’ll need to travel to his headquarters in Texas to deliver them personally this time. Besides, she has agreed to talk with me when we get there.”

“I thought Texas was Bush’s headquarters,” I commented. “Is Perot from there, too?”

“Perot is in Dallas and Bush is out of Houston. Their close proximity provided Perot a close up view on Bush that inspired him to run against him. He knows a lot about mind control, the CIA’s corruption in the drug industry, and how elections are rigged. His extreme wealth bought him so much airtime on TV, though, that it is going to be difficult for them to slip this

election past the pubic eye. He's causing problems and subsequently waking people up. This is a great opportunity for us to connect with a major movement against Bush's New World Order."

"It sounds good," I said apprehensively. "I like what Perot is saying, and the fact that he is running a secret underground for some mind control survivors. But I don't like the thought of going into Texas so close to elections!"

"Get used to the idea," Mark advised. "We're scheduled to speak in Houston on the day before elections."

"What?" I exclaimed.

"US Customs Agents, Border Guards, and local police are frustrated with the CIA slapping National Security on every drug bust they make at the Mexican border. They want to know why these criminals are going free. They also want to know more about mind control, because they realize the drug couriers they are busting are robotic, have superhuman strength, and suffer from amnesia. The information you've turned into Customs has given them their first insight into what is going on, and they want us to address a forum of agents and cops the first week in November. They opted to hold this seminar at election time believing Bush and Clinton would be too busy to interfere. Either way, we're invited to speak."

"Wow." I swallowed hard. "Whatever it takes to survive and make a difference for Kelly. At least its public exposure in the most effective area we can spread information. They need to know how the groundwork for NAFTA is rooted in drugs and corruption to equalize our economies for the New World Order. If the right people know about it, maybe they can stop the erosion of our economy before we reach third world status like Mexico, plus stop the CIA's War on Drugs from being launched against citizens."

"Working with law enforcement will only help our credibility," Mark went on. "Credibility is all we've got, and we'll need every bit of it to affect Kelly's case. This conference where we'll be speaking is sponsored by a national organization of local, state, and federal law enforcement from all across the country as well as from the US/Mexican border. This can only help

our cause."

I sipped my coffee and thought for a minute. "I'm not a public speaker," I said, realizing my lack of professional speaking techniques. Presenting Kelly's need to the Tennessee Legislature did not qualify me as a public speaker.

"Neither am I!" Mark chimed in. "I worked under a Top Secret Security Clearance for years because I could keep secrets and my mouth shut! Now I'm supposed to become a government whistleblower and tell all? This is hard for me, too, but we have no choice. It's our only chance for survival according to our supporters with Intelligence I've been talking with. They also gave me a contact number for an underground newspaper in Florida called the *Outpost of Freedom*[7]. It is just now being formed to expose government corruption, and I'm going to write a story for them on mind control for their first issue. It is expected that the *Outpost of Freedom* will spawn similar underground sources of news for the growing Patriot movement in this country. With mainstream media censored from reporting truth and focused on social engineering propaganda, it is up to citizens who can still think free to arm each other with truth. Besides, maybe by writing this story it will make it easier to speak about it."

"Public speaking can't be too hard," I consoled him. "Since it's not about us, the focus will be on the information we present. Our challenge will be to present it in a way that makes them want to hear it and absorb it."

"According to statistics, 50 things out of 100 are normally remembered, but 1000 points of a presentation out of 1000 can be remembered if it's presented right."

"Even if we present it right, can people retain it long enough to take action?"

"Memory retention is at an all time low due to social engineering," Mark agreed. "But if people can *think* to ask the question, they must be waking up beyond social engineering expectations. This is a prime opportunity for us to begin sounding the alarm to wake up more people."

“We need more than a whistle to blow,” I said, referring to the literal interpretation of ‘whistleblower.’ “This wake up call needs to resound around the world, and we can’t count on the media to amplify it. We have a challenge in front of us, but I’m betting we’ll succeed. I believe in humankind. I believe in truth.”

“Truth always prevails.” Mark swallowed the last of his coffee before going inside to start writing his article for the *Outpost of Freedom*.

Chapter 28
WHERE HAVE ALL THE CHILDREN GONE?

“Where have all the children gone?” was the title of Mark’s explicit and revealing article for the *Outpost of Freedom*. It would be some time yet before it was printed while this prototype for Patriot newspapers was organized and funded. Mind control was rampant throughout the private sector of the US, and many children were affected. Kelly’s case was among the first to surface in the courts, yet it certainly wasn’t the only one. Mark and I personally knew of hundreds.

Underground networks were rising up all across the country to deal with the devastation wreaked on society by the vast proliferation of MK Ultra mind control. Public outcry by citizens concerned with a failing justice system and corrupt government was censored from mainstream corporate media. Meanwhile, abused children were being returned to their handlers by court order for so-called ‘Reasons of National Security’. This gross injustice caused the formation of numerous reputable organizations like Believe the Children, V.O.I.C.E.S., and Justus Unlimited.

Underground networks such as Faye Yeager’s[1] provided temporary safe havens for survivors fleeing abusers and/or the corrupted justice system. The government’s attempts to stop Faye Yeager through prosecution and public persecution only fueled the determination of survivors and their supporters to keep vital undergrounds such as Faye’s in tact.

More and more of these undergrounds were contacting Mark and me seeking tips on how to help the numerous dissociative survivors fleeing their abusers. Many were walking right back into their abuse base since they could not maintain conscious memory of who they were running from. Some were murdered. Our phone rang round the clock with desperate pleas for help.

One mother Mark and I met with, Bernadette MacArthur, had used the underground networks in conjunction with fleeing the country with her five precious children. Four of them reportedly had been horribly abused, and when the corrupt court system threatened to perpetuate it, Bernadette, pregnant, fled all the way to Turkey with them in 1988. Brilliantly maneuvering through Europe and Mexico, she slipped back into the US and Faye Yeager's underground in 1989. Determined to surface and 'normalize' her children's lives, Bernadette appeared on national TV and began speaking out. To further their safety, she then joined the Sheriff's Department and worked her way up the chain of command achieving the rank of Major. This extraordinary mother went to extremes to protect her children and ensure their freedom! Additionally, Bernadette taught Sheriff's Department personnel how to identify mind control survivors, satanic victims, and occult ritual sites. Her highly acclaimed accomplishments paved the way for others, while providing a backdoor into the undergrounds for those on the run. Unbeknownst to her, Bernadette saved the minds and lives of countless survivors while saving her own children.

Another validated mind control victim struggling to become a survivor frantically contacted us from Switzerland. She claimed to work for the UN, and was highly intelligent. She sought coping skills to help her *think* to survive. Victims of mind control cannot *think* to escape, nor *think* to survive, and require outside intervention. They must be free of their abusive families and controlling environments in order to become survivors, and this particular victim was no exception. We never heard from her again. Many died in their struggle to break free of the chains that imprisoned their minds.

I felt fortunate to have survived my White House/Pentagon level MK Ultra mind control existence to be lovingly lifted from it by Mark. Without him, I could not have reclaimed control over my own mind and life, and neither Kelly nor I would be alive. Where there is life, there is hope. Mark's and my hope for Kelly's rehabilitation fueled our determination to make a difference for her at all costs. Now that I could *think* to be the nurturing, loving mother I knew myself to innately be, forced separation from my daughter was intolerable.

The desperation I felt was reverberating throughout the country and world in

the hearts and souls of parents and their children with similar plights. It was as though we emerged from the fires of hell blazing a trail to freedom, and found ourselves in a world frozen in fear and apathy. Humankind had been left out in the cold, numb to the reality of government secrets that were slowly eroding the foundation of life. The shining light of truth began to melt away decades of social engineering, superstition, ignorance, and lies. But the process was slow, and survivors in desperate need of immediate help and understanding turned in panic to the undergrounds.

The trail weaving through Karyn's Underground led us to Perot's sister and our scheduled meeting with Presidential Candidate H. Ross Perot. As we drove up to his glass skyscraper empire in Dallas to deliver the information packet as requested, Mark and I noticed armed guards on the rooftops, in the bushes, behind the trees, and everywhere we turned. They appeared ominously robotic, carried rifles and machine guns, and patrolled their post like those who guard the White House in DC.

"You'd best wait in the car while I deliver this," Mark said, obviously concerned for our safety. "I don't know how long I'll be since I'm supposed to meet with Perot's sister, but I doubt it will be long. I hope we didn't waste our precious gas money driving here because this isn't looking good."

"Maybe he has all these guards because elections are next week and his family's life was actually threatened," I offered as Mark parked the car.

"These guys look programmed," Mark told me, confident in his assessment. "In which case I know how to handle them, so you just sit tight. They'll be interested in what I'm doing, and will only watch you in the car from a distance. You'll be perfectly safe as long as you stay right here."

I watched as guns pointed toward Mark when he emerged from the car and strode towards the elaborate entrance with the packet in hand. It was only a moment before I saw him walking through the green glass catwalk that connected the entrance building to Perot's headquarters. A guard walked across the roof directly above him, keeping his weapon trained on Mark through the glass ceiling until he disappeared from my view into the headquarters.

I felt eyes on me while I waited, and noted several guards across the perfectly manicured landscape watching my every move just as Mark predicted. This place looked more like Emerald City in the *Wizard of Oz* movie than it did campaign headquarters for Ross Perot. With armed guards robotically marching everywhere, I began to wonder just who Ross Perot really was and if his underground was another catch net for mind control survivors rather than an escape.

I wasn't alone with my thoughts long. Mark soon emerged from the building, smiled as he casually saluted the guards at the door, and got back in the car. "Done," he said, starting the car and backing it out of the parking space in seemingly one movement. "They have our information and we're out of here."

"What happened?" I was curious.

"I'll tell you," he said, saluting the gate guards as we left the premises, "as soon as we are out of range of the monitors." He pulled off his necktie, tossing it in the back seat. After a few more minutes, he began. "Those guys appear to be Special Forces[2], which made it easy for me to deal with them. I spoke their language and knew how to avoid setting off their alarms. Still, I was scanned and screened on the elevator while I rode it up to Perot's office. When the doors opened, there were a dozen machine guns pointing at me. I said, 'at ease' and walked across the room to Perot's secretary, who took the information. Apparently, she was expecting me, and thanked me by name for the packet. When she didn't mention a meeting, I didn't either. I just got back on the elevator and left."

"What do you think Perot will do with the information?"

"Well, he obviously already knows about mind control," Mark said. "I'm betting we don't ever hear from him or Karyn's Underground again."

We didn't. But then, we weren't waiting for a response. We were too busy struggling to survive to ensure Kelly's safety. My persistent attempts to see Kelly were continuously met by locked doors. I knew that Commissioner

Grunow, despite his threats to keep me from Kelly, was not the keeper of the keys. This was much bigger than he.

November 1st, Mark and I packed up our documents and paperwork and drove to Houston for our presentation at the National Cult Intervention Network seminar for law enforcement. Also presenting information that intermeshed with ours was the National Crime Commission Information Clearing House for Police, and Greg Reid's Youthfire.

A survivor of incest and occultism himself, Greg Reid had cause to be aware of mind control ops that transported our nation's missing blonde haired blue-eyed children over the Mexican border and on to various Arab destinations[3]. Every border guard, Customs official, and police officer in attendance was aware of this mind control ring. Photos of Columbian and Saudi private jets full of traumatized children were in abundance, yet "National Security" prevented them from bringing the perpetrators to justice.

Greg Reid's highly structured and documented efforts featured his search for abductee Johnny Gosch, as well as his success in freeing a group of small children from a holding pen near the border- only to be rebuked with "National Security." Everyone agreed that "National Security" was threatening the security of our nation and its children, and this seminar was intended to discover why. By sharing information, the problem was clarified and solutions formulated.

While speakers in accordance with standard law enforcement tactics presented "just the facts," it was the discussions between presentations that furthered understanding. The very concept of pedophilia was as difficult to grasp for hardened law enforcement officials as it is for the average person, despite the fact that they saw the widespread devastation. Having grown up in an environment saturated with pedophiles, and having been around high-level politicians and pedophiles such as George Bush, I shared my insight into their justifications.

Multi-generational sexual child abuse is such a common cause of the proliferation of pedophilia that Hitler/Himmler research focused on this

genetic trait for mind control purposes. While I personally could not relate to the idea of sex with a child, I had parents and brothers and sisters who did. I still believe that George Bush revealed today's causation of the rapid rise in pedophilia through justifications I heard him state. The rape of a child renders them compliant and receptive to being led without question. This, Bush claims, would cause them to intellectually evolve at a rate rapid enough to "bring them up to speed" to grasp the artificial intelligence emanating from DARPA. He believed that this generation conditioned with photographic memory through abuse was necessary for a future he foresaw controlled by technology.

Since sexual abuse enhanced photographic memory while decreasing critical analysis and free thought, there would ultimately be no free will soul expression controlling behavior. In which case, social engineering was underway to create apathy while stifling spiritual evolution. Nevertheless, to short sighted flat thinking individuals such as Bush, spiritual evolution was not a consideration anyway. Instead, controlling behavior in a population diminished by global genocide of 'undesirables' would result in Hitler's 'superior race' surviving to claim the earth. Perceptual justifications such as these that were discussed at the Bohemian Grove certainly did not provide me with the complete big picture. It did, however, provide a view beyond the stereotyped child molester in a trench coat that helped in understanding the vast crimes and cover-ups being discussed at this seminar in Houston.

"Why do you believe the New World Order elite are *un*concerned with humanity's spiritual evolution when Catholic Jesuits are clearly involved?" A weasely-looking man in a black trench coat posed the question to me between speakers. He claimed to be a spy associated with Mexico's former President dela Madrid. Mark and I were scheduled to speak next, as soon as this lunch break concluded. Mark watched this uninvited guest closely, as did every other cop and Fed in the room, from the podium while he arranged his documents before speaking.

"Just like good people don't *think* to look for the kind of criminal activity being discussed here today, the powers-that-be cannot *think* to consider the human spirit," I answered. "They are following a road map established by a computer, and spirituality is not part of its programming."

He smiled and took a drink of his coke, his black eyes snapping. “But we are talking about Jesuits, not New World Order elite. Jesuits are Catholic monks who live only in the spirit.”

“You said yourself that the Jesuits are involved with the New World Order elite in your initial question,” I reminded him. “And the New World Order is computer driven. Rather than listen to church rhetoric, research for yourself to learn that Jesuits, the Intelligence arm of the Vatican, are the same ones who supported Hitler. There is a faction of Catholics dedicated to furthering the church’s political agenda that believes they will be the one world church in the New World Order. Clearly that is not about spirituality. Things are seldom so black and white.”

He chuckled, his snapping black eyes throwing sparks of genuine laughter while he slapped his knee. “That’s exactly what dela Madrid told me!”

“Did he tell you why he masquerades as a lizard as well?” I said, doubting his sincerity.

“He’s no more a lizard than he was a President,” he said, smiling. “It’s all an illusion.” Quinde reached into the pocket of his trench coat to pull out his wallet. All eyes were instinctively on him, making sure he didn’t pull a weapon. Everyone was armed at this seminar. Even Mark, who knew I was capable of handling Quinde regardless of his agenda, stood poised for an instant. Thumbing through a stack of various business cards tall enough to match any occasion, he chose one and handed it to me.

“Herbert Quinde,” he said, like I was supposed to believe it. “Miguel dela Madrid sent me in to talk with you.”

The details he provided regarding dela Madrid indicated to me that either he knew him well or was actually sent in by him as he claimed. He voiced sexual details that only dela Madrid and I would know, and then said; “he knows you wouldn’t *think* to say anything bad or personal about him.” He attempted to lock in his message with keys to my old programming that had long since been deprogrammed and diffused.

Unaffected and eager to present the facts as previously planned, I joined Mark near the podium. Everyone took a seat, pulled out their notepads and pens, and listened attentively while Mark spoke. He armed them with specifics on how to identify and handle mind controlled drug curriers, how mind control creates seemingly superhuman strength that knows no bounds, and why 'national security' was hindering their efforts to prosecute.

When Mark finished speaking, I provided background on how I was conditioned for MK Ultra to work on a White House/Pentagon level during the Reagan-Bush Administration. By understanding my experience, they gained insight into the components of mind control, as well as who at the political top was sanctioning this criminal activity. They already were acutely aware of Bill Clinton's cocaine operations, and knew that this so-called 'election' was only an illusion of change. Their point of reference for understanding the details Mark and I presented allowed for advanced discussions that effectively armed them for more than a 'war on drugs.'

In addition to the information presented on mind control and CIA drug ops, I explained how I had been used for the groundwork of NAFTA. Quinde's mouth dropped when I revealed details regarding dela Madrid that he believed he had silenced, and I watched his paradigm shift when he realized I had truly been deprogrammed. Many New World Order secrets and personal reputations were staked on the belief that I could not be deprogrammed to remember that which I was supposed to forget, and the reverberations from my apparent recovery unnerved many MK Ultra perpetrators. In addition to realizing their secrets were no longer safe, many gained an expanded view of their Need-to-Know that caused them to consider the strength of the human spirit and re-evaluate their goals. Obviously artificial intelligence from DARPA and Sandia Laboratory, despite the vast intellect and technology involved, was lacking a human element. Those at the seminar who risked their lives every day on the front lines of the so-called 'war on drugs' were strengthened in their resolve after gaining a clearer view.

Most important to me personally, was knowing that Kelly was safer for our efforts. Law enforcement in attendance from Louisiana would be watching Wayne Cox, and support from various police organizations nationwide concerned for the welfare of children would only prove helpful. The flow of

America’s children across the border to New World Order destinations was understood, and slowed with exposure. Shining the light of truth on secret activities always forces change. And positive change through public awareness remains the ultimate justice.

After the seminar on the night of elections, Mark and I watched the foreseen results on our motel tv while Clinton was ushered in as President. Bush’s acknowledgement of his so-called defeat was brief, yet revealing to those with eyes to see and ears to hear truth. “I’m going hunting early this year,” he announced.

Chapter 29
SODOM AND GOMORRAH

An abrupt knock on the door of our hotel room woke us up early the next morning. “Open up!” A voice shouted. “Sheriff’s Department!”

Mark relaxed and shoved his pistol back under his pillow, grabbed a robe and opened the door.

“You’re going to get yourself killed doing that shit,” he told Deputy Dave. Dave Rossi, who had hosted the NCIN conference, smiled.

“I needed to catch you before you left town,” he said. “I’ve got to talk to you. What you and Cathy know needs to be heard in a community in Northern California where I’m working on a case. It involves mind control, and the whole town is devastated. My phones are monitored, so I don’t want to talk about this by phone.”

“We’ll meet you in the coffee shop in twenty minutes,” Mark told him, closing the door.

“Twenty minutes?” I flung the covers from Mark’s side of the bed inviting him back in. “I suppose that’s enough time.”

“No it’s not,” Mark argued playfully. “We need to be dressed, packed, and out of here by then. And I’ve got to take a shower and wake up.”

I jumped out of bed and ran for the shower ahead of him. “Join me if you want to,” I called.

Twenty minutes later we were downstairs, our hair still damp, tossing our bags in the car. Deputy Dave walked up, balancing three large coffees and a

sack of donuts.

“Let’s talk right here,” he suggested. “Everybody in the coffee shop knows me. This is important.” We took the coffee and leaned against the car, enjoying the morning sun.
Deputy Dave reached in his pocket and produced a photograph of children and their parents picketing outside of the Marin County Daycare Board. Their signs read, “Why does the FBI protect Aquino?”

“Where is Marin County?” I asked. My geography was still atrocious.

“Near the Presidio[1],” Deputy Dave began. Aquino was stationed at the Presidio army base, and by 1987 had been under criminal investigation for sexually abusing children in the daycare. The Presidio Daycare scandal was infamous, and even the appeals judge refused to esponge Aquino’s criminal child abuse record[2]. “Aquino’s on the Marin County Daycare Board.”

“How can Marin County justify having a suspected satanic child molester on their board?” I was astounded.

“Obviously the children in the area are wondering the same thing,” Deputy Dave answered. “The whole town is in a daze. Satanism, child molestation, missing children, mind control, injustice through the courts. I’m telling you, these people need help just to cope with the PTSD. You could give them coping skills, Mark. And the information you have could clarify *why* cover-up is so prevalent and *why* Aquino is allowed on their Daycare Board. Understanding might help them survive and solve their nightmare.”

“I’m told Aquino owns the building that houses the Marin County Daycare Board,” Mark injected.

“The Presidio is pretty close to the Grove[3],” I said, the picture becoming even clearer from my perspective.

“So are Petaluma and Santa Rosa where these children in the photo are from,” Deputy Dave said. “The case I’m working on involves mind control of

a child who claims Aquino abused her. She has stun gun prod marks and claims to have been sexually assaulted at Bohemian Grove. And that's just the beginning. Another mother, Denise Beaumont, has a lawsuit before the Santa Cruz Grand Jury regarding molestation of her daughter and government cover-up. Her case includes a massive letter writing campaign reaching out to many of the same people in DC that you did, from Louis Sullivan at the Department of Human Services to the White House."

I thought a moment. "The vicinity around the Grove would feel safer to the attending Dignitaries with the people traumatized and controlled."

" I talked with Denise this morning, and she said that she would gladly devote her time and resources to setting up your speaking engagement if you will agree to it. What do you think?"

Mark thought about it a moment. "We're not public speakers, nor are we authorities."

"No one knows it all, Mark," Deputy Dave told him. "But between you and Cathy, you know more than most."

"I'm not a therapist. Offering recovery from PTSD would be practicing without a license."

"The fact that you obviously helped Cathy reclaim her mind is widely known. Mental health professionals don't even know what ritual abuse is, let alone mind control and recovery from it. People respect your insight. I'm not asking you to be a therapist; I'm just asking you to share what you know. If you were on the front lines of a war and saw your buddy bleeding, you'd help stop the flow of blood without consideration to whether or not you had a medical license. This is no different. If you saw what I've seen in that community, you wouldn't even give it a second thought before helping. These people are devastated."

Mark and I exchanged looks, communicating a decision that didn't need words. "OK. When we talk on the phone, we'll talk around this subject and

mislead anyone who may be listening through phone taps. Cathy and I are already broke financially, so someone will need to cover our expenses."

"That will be arranged. There is a local TV news reporter who is active on this case. I'll put her in touch with you. Her name is Carol Frank."

We finished our coffee, and thanked Deputy Dave for hosting us in Houston. "Thank *you*, for speaking. I know my life has changed, and the way everyone else is talking, their lives changed, too. Kelly's picture is on the wall of my office where it will stay as long as it takes to secure her freedom."

Mark and I got in the car to begin our long drive back to Tennessee. "A whole community devastated?" Mark said to himself as though grasping the size of the problem.

"I thought the whole world was like the environment I came out of," I said, "until you came along and rescued Kelly and me from it."

"So why drag you back into it?"

"You're not dragging me, we're doing this together by choice. Big difference. These people should know they are being heard and understood.

That is their first step toward hope, and people need hope to live. How well I know!" I smiled.

"There are a lot of people pinning their hopes on this so-called change of Administration," Mark said.

"They need to base their hope on truth, not illusion."

"Hope, Arkansas produced an illusion," Mark smiled at the irony. "The media has made a big deal out of the fact that Bill Clinton is from Hope, Arkansas."

"This 'appearance of change' was most likely planned prior to when I first

heard about it in 1984[4]. It was hard enough for me to grasp the concept of Clinton being a governor since I perceived him as a drug lord. Now he's President? I know for a fact that Hillary wears the pants in their relationship, and their relationship is more like business partners than husband and wife. I don't believe she'll take a back seat to him even for the public eye. She'll redefine the role of 'First Lady'."

"She's not a lady anyway," Mark said. "She's more man than he is."

I laughed. "Homosexuality will undoubtedly rise in this Administration. I don't know how they can hide their sexual preferences from the public eye."

"The media can spin any illusion they want to," Mark reminded me. "Besides, they have a child. They must at least be bisexual."

"Just because my sexual experience was with Hillary doesn't mean that's all there is to her," I agreed.

"And homosexual males don't engage in the kind of oral sex Bill did with you, either," Mark furthered his point. "So why do you say homosexuality will rise during their Administration[5]?"

"Because they both openly support it," I said having witnessed/experienced both of them engaged in homosexual activity[6].

"You correctly predicted the rise of heroin while Bush was in office," he said.

"And people still don't think to ask why his Yale Skull and Bones fraternity name is 'Poppy.' Since Clinton is more heavily involved in cocaine ops than he is Bush's heroin ops[7], the price of coke and crack will probably drop in this country while availability soars. "

Mark agreed. "The Presidency switched parties all right, from a heroin party to a coke party with all the same players involved."

"Except for the kids Bush used and abused," I said. "Neither Hillary nor Bill

believe in pedophilia. From my point of view, that is a major difference between the Bushes and Clintons. Other than that, they're playing the same DARPA-Sandia Labs computer game."

I reflected on my experience at Swiss Villa that I had deprogrammed and written out in detail. In typical criminal fashion, Bush intended to covertly videotape Clinton having sex with a child as blackmail backup. Despite the friendship and New World Order goals they shared, they had their differences. The biggest difference I had cause to witness between the Bushes and Clintons was that neither Bill nor Hillary believed in sexually abusing children. Bush had delivered his most convincing 'justification' speech while offering to share Kelly with Bill, anchoring it to Clinton's Order of the Rose allegiances. The idea of compromising him through blackmail had offended Clinton, yet he was obviously disgusted with Bush for attempting to sell him on "evolutionary justifications" as to why he should be sexually active with Chelsea, if not Kelly. This conflict between the two ran much deeper than sexual preference. Where Bush adhered to pedophilia as the means to an "evolutionary" end, the Clinton's voiced belief in genetic engineering and cloning as the means to the same end.

"The conflict of sexual interest between the Bushes and Clintons doesn't preclude the fact that they share the same end to their means," I commented. "I wonder if Clinton's perception of genetic engineering and cloning over sexual abuse and mind control is simply the next step in DARPA's generated plan. Neither route to so-called 'evolution' deals with the strength of the human spirit."

"When people learn what is behind aliens, cloning, and mind control, they'll know what on earth is going on," Mark said. "With truth comes understanding, hope and solutions. One thing is for sure; this Administration will continue to divert people's attention as far away from that reality as humanly possible. It's still up to the people to do their due diligence and embrace the truth in order for necessary changes to occur."

"Our responsibilities just expanded," I added. "This next speaking engagement should result in a lot of good people waking up to reality, finding their inner strength, and reverberating the message. I just hope change can

come in time to help Kelly."

We rode in silence.

When we arrived back in Nashville, Kelly's circumstances hadn't changed. Vanderbilt was still battling its allegiances between the DIA and the welfare of the children in the court system. Neiswinder had officially turned in his resignation, Mitchell was nowhere to be found, Nurcum refused to speak to us, and my attorney didn't know anything about Kelly's well being.

Mark's and my letter writing campaign had yet to overtly impact Kelly's case, although it had put us in touch with hundreds of similar cases across the nation. This resulted in significant networking with mental health and law enforcement professionals, investigative media personnel, and numerous organizations that were springing up all over the country. While mainstream media remained silent on the issue of ritual abuse and mind control, the people were abuzz with information sharing.

Our upcoming speaking engagement in Santa Rosa, California put us in touch with numerous concerned professionals and parents. As our public profile increased, efforts to contain us rose proportionately. After the NCIN conference in Houston, Mark and I were networked with the so-called Missing Children's Foundation and it's founder Roy Stephens. Mark quickly discovered Stephen's association with attorney Tim Stone and quickly sidestepped all connections[8]. Tim Stone had been attorney for Jim Jones of the Jonestown massacres where CIA mind control and cover-up prevailed. Mark's ability to navigate us through CIA containment experts in these precarious times strengthened his public image to the point where he was considered a measuring stick indicator of who was honest and who was corrupt. Mark did not appreciate his fast growing reputation since he preferred a low profile. At the same time, I was excited at the prospects of the public choosing a man of integrity, justice, peace, and love to lead them from the dark.

On a personal level, my attorney continued to blindly accept "legal" directions in Kelly's case as they unfolded. She informed me, "Nashville's new mayor, Phil Bredeson, organized a new child welfare oversight group

called A.C.C.T. They are meeting tomorrow to discuss Kelly's case and we need to be there."

At least I would be able to find out something about Kelly. I had not been permitted to see her nor speak with her since the harmonic incident at Vanderbilt. This was the longest, by far, that I had ever been forced apart from her with no communication and my heart ached desperately to ensure her well-being.

The plan of care drawn up by A.C.C.T. was encouraging. On paper it at least appeared as though their focus was on Kelly and that their intentions to reunite Kelly and me were genuine. Placement for Kelly was being actively pursued in an effort to free her from Vanderbilt Psychiatric. After Kelly reported CIA drug ops to Dr. William Mitchell, she was reportedly subjected to high tech means of affecting her brain activity in an effort to "erase her memory entirely." According to A.C.C.T.'s reports, this resulted in Kelly's above average intelligence to plummet to what they termed "learning disabled[9]." I was devastated by the news. Still, I was forbidden to see or speak with my daughter.

"If you continue to hopelessly grieve, " Mark advised, "you won't be helping Kelly. You've got to turn negatives into positives in order to relentlessly persist and give voice to Kelly's needs. I suggest you find a way to turn your grief into motivation, and let your love for her carry you forward for her sake."

Mark's wisdom pulled me through my depression, and I relied on my strength of spirit to renew my energy and hopes. This battle wasn't over, and like I had told Kelly, "Its not over 'til we win."

My renewed strength never faltered when I met with my attorney the next week and she told me, "You are supposed to be paying child support. The cost of Kelly's court case and therapy is in the millions of dollars, and you are responsible for paying it or you face jail time."

"Pay it with what?" I asked. Mark and I barely had enough money for gas to

drive to her office to be told that. “And why should I have to pay for being separated from my daughter while she is abused by the justice and mental health systems? This is absurd.”

“Absurd or not, it is a court order.”

I went upstairs to see Scott Rosenburg. “I’m the one the court has ordered to prosecute you for the money, and I refuse to do it. It’s against the law. The judge is in violation of several laws by ordering me to it. Don’t worry about this,” he assured me. “I know you have your hands full with Kelly’s dire circumstances right now. It will be months before this issue is addressed in court, and I already have my paperwork in order to stop this nonsense. It is obvious to me and others concerned with this case that someone high up in politics wants to silence you and Kelly, and anyone who supports you.”

January 25, 1993 a fire broke out in the Stahlman Building one floor beneath Rosenburg’s office. Arson was suspected[10]. Although files were destroyed, Rosenburg was uninjured. Around the same time, he also narrowly escaped serious injury in a severe automobile accident involving his family. Circumstances were suspicious. Rosenburg’s determination to positively impact Kelly’s case only rose.

February 3, 1993, Mark’s article “Where Have All the Children Gone” was printed in *The Outpost of Freedom* and spread across the nation the same day we were to speak in Santa Rosa, California. When we disembarked from our airplane in San Francisco, an unlikely, disheveled character holding a sign with our names on it greeted us, “Welcome to Sodom and Gomorrah.”

Chapter 30
MARIN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

"Carol Frank sent me," the wide-eyed young man said as we tossed our luggage in the trunk of his car. "I'll be driving you to Petaluma, and am grateful for the opportunity to talk with you on the way."

He pulled into San Francisco's bumper-to-bumper traffic. "The Petaluma Parks and Recreation Building is reserved and set up for your speaking engagement tonight. Since residents from Santa Rosa are also coming in to hear you, we placed loud speakers outside for those who can't get in the building. You are needed here, and I'm proud to be the first to thank you for traveling all this way to help our community." He blinked his tears away. "My parents sexually abused me, my Catholic church ritually abused me, and I don't remember what happened to me in Viet Nam. Yet it's not for me that I'm so grateful you're here. It's for the children. There is still hope for them."

"We have a hotel room reserved for you that adjoins Dave Rossi's room," he continued. "He arrived a few hours ago. I can take you straight to your room, or we can stop by Carol's apartment first. She wants to talk with you before the event begins."

Carol Frank's apartment was in an old building in a wealthy residential area of Petaluma. The young, blonde haired blue-eyed beauty welcomed us warmly. Carol had just returned home from work and was still dressed in her TV news attire. Munching on a carrot stick, she offered us a cup of tea.

"I first learned about Aquino from a concerned mother in Santa Rosa who called the television station with one of the most horrific stories I've ever heard. You'll meet her. Her name is Denise Beaumont and she arranged most everything for this event. Anyway, I began investigating and found out how widespread pedophilia and satanism actually are! It's not limited to poor hill

folk or a lone stranger on a playground like I thought; the richest, most influential people are involved. We even have a judge here in Marin County that is rumored to be a satanist! The more I looked, the more I learned that what I really didn't want to believe was real." Carol's blue eyes widened as she leaned forward to whisper, "I found out its happening right here in my own back yard! My father, who is Air Force Intelligence, lives around the corner. When I told him what I discovered, he advised me to forget about it!"

Carol was obviously suffering from PTSD, as was the fellow she had sent to pick us up from the airport. Mark was providing both of them with coping skills as I excused myself to use the bathroom. As I walked through Carol's apartment, I couldn't help noticing that her "own backyard" was a public graveyard. I shuddered.

When we arrived at our hotel room later that afternoon, Mark told me he had noticed the graveyard, too. "No matter how you look at it, that is gruesome," he said. "It's not as bad as having learned about her father working for the Air Force Intel, though. We had best use extreme caution while we're here."

I slipped out of my travel clothes to shower while Mark unpacked our bag to retrieve the clothes we would wear for speaking that evening. There was a knock at the door, and I grabbed a towel and ran for the bathroom as Deputy Dave identified himself.

"Don't shoot!" he hollered. "It's me!"

"Who's 'me'?" Mark hollered back, as if he didn't know.

"You're Mark!" Deputy Dave laughed. "Unlock the door between our rooms from your side, and I'll come in through there"

"You're the cop, you pick the lock," Mark said, unlocking the door and swinging it open.

"They only taught us to bust doors down." Deputy Dave walked in, greeting Mark warmly. "Let's leave the door open between us. I've been tipped we're

going to have some trouble."

Mark said, "I hate trouble. But I love readjusting trouble makers."

We left for the Community Center as soon as we were dressed. People were already walking towards the Center in droves, every one of them appearing dazed and traumatized. "From the look in the eyes of the people, this looks like a war zone," Mark commented.

"Or Haiti," I said. To me, Marin County was reminiscent of Haiti[1] during Baby Doc's reign with its slow, unblinking residents.

"You see why I wanted you to come here," Deputy Dave solemnly agreed.

We found our way to the speaking podium, nodding a greeting towards the people already assembled. As we spread out our documents and information resources for anyone wanting copies, a young disheveled mother approached us. "I'm Denise Beaumont," she said warmly embracing us. "Thank you for coming. These people are my friends and neighbors, and we desperately need help. I know you hold a key piece of this puzzle that could empower us to actually make a difference for the sake of the children. We've just been running in circles up until now, not knowing which way to turn."

While Denise made last minute microphone adjustments and briefly spoke to the gathering crowd, Mark and I stepped outside to talk. We found ourselves in a crowd that was even larger than the one inside. "This community is reminiscent of the one I grew up in!" I exclaimed. "It seems everyone is affected[2]."

A tall, handsome young father holding his infant son strode up to us. "I can't stay," he announced, looking over his shoulder. "But I had come by here tonight to thank you for helping the rest of these people. They're good people who don't deserve what is happening. Neither does my son." Tears silently poured down his rugged cheeks. "Maybe you can help them avoid what is happening to me right now. The court just ordered me to turn custody of my son over to my ex wife. 'National security' was invoked in the judge's

chambers. I couldn't even testify that my ex is a practicing satanist, her boyfriend is CIA, or that I caught her fondling *my son*," he hugged the beautiful, sleeping baby closer. "I refuse to let her abuse him any more. No one should have to leave their home, their job, and everything they know to disappear into an underground just to keep their child from being abused. Maybe by raising awareness you can prevent others from having to do what I'm doing tonight." With his child clinging to him in a tight hug, Peter Tscherneff[3] turned and disappeared into the night.

Absolutely determined and motivated to make a necessary impact on Marin County, Mark and I went back into the building. Mark shared his knowledge and wisdom with compassion, and I watched as truth opened eyes to awaken people en masse. They learned the causation and the cure to trauma based mind control, and how to survive CIA cover-up.

When it was my turn to speak, the zombie-like appearance of the people was already lifting. I began sharing what I knew from behind the scenes of the New World Order regarding MK Ultra, including how Lt. Col. Michael Aquino's so-called "power of satan" was actually a scientific formula involving a stun gun. I explained how compartmentalized memory is the mind's sane defense to trauma too horrible to comprehend and how writing out memory changes the emotionally incomprehensible to logically comprehensible. The truth that set me free could free others from fear since people fear most what they don't know. Armed with truth, Marin County could effectively take a stand for their children's sake, my child's sake, and the sake of humanity as a whole.

By the time we left the Petaluma Parks and Recreation Center, the people of Marin County were abuzz with information sharing and plans. The same people who had appeared traumatically dazed were now awake, aware, and motivated. While Deputy Dave helped us pack up the car to drive back to our hotel rooms, Mark took me aside to tell me about a man who had approached him while I was speaking.

"He flashed his Identifications of CIA/DIA/NSA[4] and asked to speak with me outside. He told me, 'I'm here to deliver a message. I don't know you, but I am aware of people who do know you that are betting you will succeed in

getting the word out publicly on mind control.' When I told him that National Security has already been invoked on this case, he said, 'they always do that. Just don't give law enforcement any cause to come after you or contain you. Never use a courtroom as a forum. There are a lot of people behind the scenes who applaud you for what you're doing and are keeping a close eye on everything. Mind control is much bigger than most people could imagine.' We exchanged other pertinent facts, then he vanished into the night."

"That was kind of him to share support and encouragement like that," I said, feeling the gravity of our circumstances.

Physically exhausted and emotionally drained, Mark and I rode in silence while Deputy Dave talked excitedly as he drove us back to our hotel. "You accomplished more with this community than I dreamed you could, and my hopes and expectations were high," he said. "It looks to me that this community is being socially engineered and controlled to ignore the atrocities emanating from Bohemian Grove and through Aquino and the Presidio. Now that the people know they can't count on their self-appointed so-called 'elected' official for help and change, they can think to refuse to follow them."

"When people lead, leaders follow," I commented as I so often did.

When we got back to our hotel room, our door was open. Mark and Deputy Dave immediately drew their weapons, working in synchronization to locate the intruder. Right behind Mark was always the safest place for me, and I followed him until both hotel rooms were cleared. Mark motioned for me to stay put on the bed while he followed Deputy Dave who was effortlessly climbing out the window. Several minutes later, they returned, discussing the CIA intruder who they learned fled his room two doors down after ransacking ours. Assuming our room was bugged, Deputy Dave clicked on the TV while he and Mark talked. Ironically, a documentary depicting Barry Seal's CIA drug running was airing, and was right at the point where his fate was sealed for murder in Arkansas

A sudden knock on the door prompted Mark and Deputy Dave to draw their guns again and assume defensive positions. It was William Jasper of the John

Birch society.

“I just stopped by to give you a copy of my book *Global Tyranny Step by Step*[5] since it ties in with what you are saying.” William Jasper continued, “And to thank you for having the fortitude to speak out on mind control.”

“Come in,” Mark said, gesturing him in.

“Everybody else is,” Deputy Dave muttered under his breath as he shoved his weapon into his holster.

William Jasper walked in. “I can see how you’ve survived,” he commented while Mark put his gun up, too.

Before we could all sit down, there was another knock on the door. Deputy Dave rolled his eyes, sighed, and drew his weapon again while Mark did likewise and answered the door. A few locals asked if they could come in for a minute.

“We won’t stay. God knows you’ve done so much already.” A tall gentleman said. Behind him, we saw Carol Frank among the group filing into our room. “I guess you know Carol,” he kept talking nervously, “since she’s covering your story for local TV news.”

“I realize that you don’t mean ‘covering it’ as in ‘cover-up’ like most TV news does,” I smiled, attempting to lighten the mood with literal interpretation.

“Oh, Carol can’t talk about my case on TV,” he quickly answered. “If she could, I would get my daughter back. But Aquino’s involved and Carol isn’t allowed to talk about the Presidio or mind control. Or satanism. A Catholic priest abused my girl, you know. It all seems connected somehow.”

I knew from my own experience how comforting it is just to have someone understand and care, and I found my energy rise to meet his need while Mark

and Carol talked.

Another knock at the door interrupted us. “How did so many people find out where we were?” Deputy Dave complained as he drew his gun again.

“We followed you,” the tall man answered matter-of-factly. Somehow it amused me since I wasn’t under any illusions of safety just because Deputy Dave was with us.

“There’s no place to run and no place to hide,” I quipped. “Or at least so I’ve been told.”

Five distraught women entered the room, somewhat unnerved by the arsenal displayed. “Why the guns?” one asked.

“We had an intruder and…” Deputy Dave began.

“Call the police!” another woman squealed, causing Deputy Dave to roll his eyes again. After all, he was dressed in full uniform.

“You can stay at my place,” Carol kindly offered as though that would be safer. “I’ll be driving you to the airport anyway after tomorrow’s interview.”

“What interview?” Mark asked.

“A friend of mine is flying in from LA,” she explained. “He works with *Prime Time, 20-20,* and *Sixty Minutes*. When he learned that the local library would be stocking videotapes of your presentation tonight since it’s so important to the community, that cinched it. He’s on his way. He’ll be here at 10AM, which will give you nearly four hours with him before we have to drive to the airport.”

Mark and I exchanged looks, agreement passing between us. “Do you believe it will actually help spread the word on mind control?”

“Oh, yes,” Carol responded enthusiastically. “People who couldn’t see you

tonight or were stuck outside are counting on the library to provide the tapes like they promised. Plus the library is offering copies of your documents and resources as well. They know the CIA is infamous for confiscating materials from libraries and tracking who reads what, so they are duplicating everything. Our library here is on the side of the people."

"They are in my county, too," William Jasper chimed in. "We'll network with your library for copies. The people have grown weary of big government intervention, and the libraries are comprised of people just like us who refuse to tolerate it anymore."

Mark elaborated on his question, "I was actually referring to tomorrow's interview. Do you believe this reporter can actually get past Jack Valenti and national security media censorship to broadcast the interviews?"

"He fully intends to," Carol said. "It may take awhile, but in the meantime the information will be right there for other reporters to educate themselves with. That way, when the time is right, they will be poised and ready to get the word out. It frees them to reveal other pertinent stories as well."

"Like CIA cocaine ops?" someone asked. "That's what my daughter was programmed for."

Despite being tired from our long day, we talked on into the night offering hope and help to the desperate people who filled our room.

After only a couple hours of sleep, Mark and I arrived at our appointed rendezvous for our interview in a wealthy residential neighborhood. Intrusive black helicopters dotted the sky, circling the house for the next four hours while Mark and I answered questions for the well-informed reporter. "We can still use this footage," he assured us, "despite the helicopter noise. Everyone is pretty much onto that form of harassment anyway, so it will only lend more credibility to your story."

When we were through, the reporter asked me to step outside where it was a bit cooler away from the hot lights of the camera. Tears slid down his cheeks

as he said, “I promise you your story will be told, but we have to overcome censorship first. So many people are affected by mind control these days that it shouldn’t be long until we penetrate media blackout. Until censorship is overcome, though, you can rest assured I’ll be doing all I can to publicly provide a point of reference for understanding this information when it is released.”

He blew his nose and wiped his eyes. “I know a lot of other reporters who are dedicated to this cause. They’ve covered numerous stories on satanism, missing children, corrupt judges, and CIA cocaine operations only to have them censored before they could be aired. We have archives of pertinent information to which these tapes we made today will undoubtedly be added. At least until censorship is overcome these videos will be educating other reporters.” He gestured toward the annoying helicopters still circling. “And we’re all tired of this nonsense!”

“I’m sorry for what has been done to you,” he told me with compassion, “and I assure you all men aren’t like your abusers. Most of us are more like Mark, although I must admit he is one of the most phenomenal human beings I have ever met. I’m glad he came along in your life and rescued you and your daughter. Not only for you, but for the thousands of others like you.” He was sobbing now. “Like I said, I promise you, your story will be told. It must be told or…” A helicopter circling especially close dipped down, drowning out his words and his sobs.

Mark walked up and informed me that two women who had just arrived needed to speak with both of us. After a warm hug, I left the reporter’s side and followed Mark back into the house. Both women were mothers of children caught up in mind control cover-up, one of which paralleled Kelly’s and my case. She, too, had volumes of documents and evidences whereby it was inexcusable that justice had not prevailed. The other mother conveyed a story that touched me so deeply it undoubtedly will continue to motivate me with reverberating passion forever.

This mother was very weak from the final stages of cancer and chemotherapy, and tears slid down her pale gray cheeks as she told me her story. When she reported sexual abuse of her three daughters, the local court

system took custody of them. The children appeared dissociative identity disordered from their ordeal, yet were reportedly denied therapy and placed in Foster care “since the mother was dying anyway.” When she finally was granted brief visitation with her precious daughters, they looked dazed and robotic with no memory of her or their sexual abuse. Mind control was apparent to this mother, and she struggled to give voice to their plight to no avail. She explained how love and concern for her children had kept her alive far longer than her doctors thought possible. She embraced me and said, “Now I can die in peace knowing that you are out there talking, raising awareness with the same passion for justice and love for children that I have. Thank you. Please keep talking. Please remember my daughters.”

Carol Frank arrived to drive us to the airport with no time to spare. She sped through San Francisco rush hour traffic, only to have her car quit on the Golden Gate Bridge. We later learned that her gas tank had been sabotaged with sugar, and there was no fixing her vehicle. As cars whizzed past us, she miraculously coasted onto an exit ramp that sloped downhill. Fortunately for us, a taxicab seemingly appeared from nowhere and picked us up. We barely caught our flight, and the airplane’s doors closed behind us. As Mark and I settled into our seats, each of us was acutely aware that we had just survived the unsurvivable once again. It seemed only moments ago when we were greeted with “Welcome to Sodom and Gomorrah.” We left Marin County feeling ab*soul*utely committed with a purpose bigger than life to bringing the reality of mind control to light… for the children’s sake.

Chapter 31
BEHIND YOUR EYES

My arms ached to hold my daughter, and my heart beat in rhythm to my sobs. Upon returning from Marin, I learned that Kelly had been transferred to the farthest point in the state of Tennessee without my knowing. “At least she is free of Vanderbilt Psychiatric Hospital and Dr. Mitchell,” Mark comforted me. “Charter Lakeside in Memphis is affiliated with the same chain of Charter Psychiatric Hospitals that Charter North in Alaska is. This one is even accredited with treating dissociative identity disordered children.”

Still, I reflected on how the mother in Santa Rosa dying of cancer found her daughters programmed and amnesic once she was finally granted visitation. I wondered if Kelly could think to remember me after her atrocious ordeal at Vanderbilt that rendered her “learning disabled.” It furiously frustrated me that I was forbidden visitation and was left to rely solely on the telepathic connection we shared to assess her condition. I sensed that our connection was intact and that she shared my frustration. Verbal confirmation of our telepathic sense would be as comforting to me as I was sure it would be to Kelly, though.

“We’ll go into town tomorrow to do all we possibly can toward reestablishing visitation,” Mark assured me. “Perhaps Edith Hammons can at least find out her condition through the Organized Victims of Violent Crimes.”

The next day, after exhausting every possible means of gaining visitation, we stopped our Post Office Box to collect our mail. Then we dashed over to the Copy Shop to see Billy.

“A fax just came in for you, Mark,” Billy announced when we walked in the door. “It looks really important.”

“Is it about Kelly?” I eagerly asked.

“I’m not sure,” Billy answered kindly. “It doesn’t appear to be about her, though, since it is from Canadian Special Intelligence Services.”

Mark read the fax while Billy continued. “It’s a shame you and Mark can’t do with Kelly what Peter Tscherneff did with his son.” Peter Tscherneff’s[1] story had recently reached national news since he was being criminally pursued for fleeing with his child. Peter was severely PTSDed when we spoke with him in Marin, which could cloud his judgment and significantly increase his chances of being caught. Still, Billy believed that publicity and subsequent public outcry could only result in protection for Peter’s son even if he were caught.

“I’m not so sure he’ll succeed,” I cautioned. “Besides, with Kelly’s programmed respiratory failure that wouldn’t be possible for us.”

“That’s not even the half of it,” Mark added, looking up from the fax he was reading. “Cathy and Kelly live under constant threat of being killed if they are together. I have been assured by trusted agents from different Intelligence Agencies that the threat is real since someone in DC fears their combined testimonies will bust the case wide open. It is also said that their abusers are hoping that Cathy will lose her mind being separated from Kelly.”

“They don’t know me,” I said, “or they would realize my love for Kelly only strengthens my resolve to logically prevail rather than emotionally collapse.”

“They’ve underestimated all of us,” Mark told Billy. “Their arrogance will ultimately be their downfall. The best thing we can do for Kelly is to incite public outcry by bringing her plight to light the way we are doing it now. ”

Shifting subjects to the fax he held, he asked Billy if he could use the Copy Shop fax machine to send a response immediately. “Of course,” Billy told him.

Mark scrawled a short response requesting phone contact later that evening.

While he wrote, I read the fax, which was stamped “URGENT” in bold letters across the top. It said, “Greetings Mark. A recent development has prompted me to fax this to you. I have some information that will be of concern to you personally.” It contained pertinent contact information and a signature, along with a P.S. that read, “Please destroy this fax. VERY IMPORTANT.”

“Thanks,” Mark told Billy as he sent the fax “We’ll need to get home to catch this phone call when it comes in.”

Later that evening when the phone rang, Mark answered it. While I was anxious to know what it was all about, I had long since learned that eavesdropping was counterproductive to understanding what actually was transpiring. The imagination can fill in the blanks based on insecurities of the moment making what is heard misinterpreted. After a silent pause, I heard Mark cheerfully say, “Sure. Not a problem.”

Despite wanting to hear good news, I drew no conclusions and waited for Mark to share his information with me. “It seems we spooked Mikey Aquino out of his boots when we spoke in ‘his own backyard’ in Marin County,” he told me. “Canadian Special Intelligence Services caught wind of a hit[2] that has been put out on us as a result. Our friend with CSIS is quite concerned, and told me that Mikey is no longer welcome in Canada until the case against him is resolved. I assured him I’d take care of the problem on this end immediately.”

I was confident that Mark could avert the situation. He was light years ahead of Aquino intelligence-wise, and I looked forward to seeing him inevitably outthink him. We sat down to open our mail.

“Beth Vargo of Believe the Children sent us an encouraging letter,” I announced. Beth Vargo’s letters were always a source of strength and hope to me, and provided insight into in the magnitude of what was being done nationwide on behalf of abused children.

“Excellent,” Mark responded. “Here’s another letter from Gordon Thomas.

He really appreciates what we're doing to expose mind control, and would like us to send more documents. I only wish he wasn't defending the Vatican."

Gordon Thomas' book *Journey Into Madness*[3] was bringing the reality of mind control to the forefront. It was rumored that he befriended singer Sinaid O'Conner during the course of her deprogramming and recovery from the extensive Catholic abuse that inspired her infamous Saturday Night Live[4] expose' of same. "Isn't it ironic," I noted, "that Gordon Thomas lives in an old monastery rectory in Ireland?"

"It seems logical to me," Mark answered. "What better place to gain a clear view and still be a Vatican apologist?"

"Well, the term 'rectory'," I pointed to the heading on Gordon Thomas' stationary, "is a term that the students at Catholic Central[5] joked about. It was accepted knowledge that Priests sexually sodomized kids in the 'rectory', which to our literal minds was derived from 'rectum' and 'wrecked 'em.' Likewise, we interpreted the terms 'altered personalities,' 'altered states,' and 'alter boys' as derived from sexual abuse on church altars. What an ironic twist that Gordon Thomas would expose such abuses from a 'rectory'!"

"How widespread do you believe Catholics sexual abuse by Priests actually is?" Mark questioned.

"Enough that girls in Catholic uniforms are synonymous with pornography and sexual promiscuity," I stated. "If sexual abuse of children by Priests isn't common knowledge, it should be."

"It will be," Mark firmly stated. "Gordon Thomas and Sinaid O'Connor are among a growing number of people speaking out. Even Aquino is proving to be a significant downfall to the Catholic church rather than a recruiter for the Jesuits, CIA, and DIA[6] as intended."

I turned back to our stack of mail. "We have a letter here from a girl in California requesting specific information," I told Mark. "Her name is Sue

Ford and she is asking for copies of my deprogramming notes." I frowned, "Reading them can't be healthy for a victim, which she claims to be, since she would still be highly suggestible. I wonder how she even learned about my notes?"

"It would have to be through mental health therapists since they're the only ones circulating that information," Mark responded. "Let me see that." I handed him her letter. He was only part way through reading Sue's letter when he pointed to the words 'Project Monarch.' "Yes, it has to be through mental health since so few people are familiar with that term. She obviously already knows of your past since she is using your language. 'Project Monarch' is proving to be an ideal way to track where highly suggestible victims are getting their information."

"Judging by her handwriting[7]," I observed, "she genuinely appears to be suffering from a dissociative disorder."

"But her verbiage is not conducive to mind control," Mark argued.

"I'll give her a call and see what this is about," I said, reaching for the phone.

A young man with perfect diction answered the telephone number provided on Sue's letter. "Rod Robinson," he cheerfully said.

"My name is Cathy O'Brien and I'm attempting to reach Sue Ford."

"Cathy!" Rod exclaimed as though he knew me. "Sue is right here. We've been looking forward to connecting with you. I am an author writing a fictional book on mind control that incorporates much of your information that Sue was able to obtain through her therapist."

"I was responding to her request for my deprogramming notes," I began. "If she is a victim of mind control, though, it would not be in her best interest to have my notes. She needs to learn of her past from the inside out, not from outside input."

“Oh, I agree,” Rod assured me. “She is a victim of incest, not mind control. When her therapist told her about you and your case, I became very interested since I learned about mind control in Hawaii. My father was stationed in Alaska as a pastor in the Air Force. Yes, he sexually abused me. But it was the mind control atrocities I witnessed and their extensive effects on the military that compelled me to write my book. Mind control must be exposed, and this fictional account I am writing isn’t about anyone specifically, it simply introduces the concept to people in a palatable way they can accept.”

“How do you happen to be in California with Sue Ford?” I asked.

“I met her on the beach in Kauai while she was vacationing and we became friends,” he explained. “We could relate to each other because of the incest we experienced. She has been diagnosed with MPD[8]. I’ve been so busy writing I haven’t had time to find out if I’m MPDed like I seem to be. Anyway, Sue supports my work as an author. When she returned to California to resume her therapy, I told her I’d come to visit. Well, here I am. What perfect timing, too, since we found you, a real survivor of mind control, with information I can use to anchor my book in reality. Thank you for surviving and having the heart to speak out!”

“It is love for my daughter that motivates me,” I said. “Her situation is deplorable.”

“It is for the children that I am writing this book,” Rod vowed. “That’s why I want enough accurate facts to incorporate into this story to actually help stop child abuse. Can you send the information Sue requested?”

“Yes,” I answered. “I will send it to your attention, though, as long as you promise me you won’t share such details with Sue right now. Even though she wasn’t likely exposed to mind control, she is still highly suggestible from abuse horrific enough to result in her current diagnosed condition. She has already picked up on the term ‘Project Monarch’ and used it in her letter, which validates her suggestibility. So please, Rod, make sure these documents I send you don’t hinder her personal progress.”

“Wow,” Rod’s voice quavered. “You have so much compassion after all you’ve been through that you still care about Sue when she didn’t experience a fraction of what you did.”

“She obviously experienced something bad if she is suffering from a dissociative disorder,” I responded. “Just because her experience and mine are not the same doesn’t make her trauma any less. Over the line is over-the-line regardless of the extent, and it sounds like you both may have crossed it.”

“I’ll find out someday,” Rod said. “If this book sells the way I believe it will, then I’ll take the money from it and see a therapist myself. I’m doing OK for now, though.”

“It sounds like it,” I said. “I really appreciate what you are doing to positively impact society with what you know. I’ll send the information right away so you can take it with you when you return to Hawaii.”

“I’ll be leaving next week,” Rod said, “but I hope we talk again sometime. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for all you are doing for the children’s sake. Sue thanks you, too.”

When we hung up, I went to fill Mark in on the conversation. He was deep into composing a note of response to Aquino’s attempt on our lives, though, and I certainly did not want to disturb him. A few minutes later he showed me the letter he had written.

“I know someone who will make sure Aquino reads this,” Mark said, smiling.

The letter began: “This is the voice in your head and the guy behind your eyes.” When I finished reading it, I became more excited than ever.

“There is no way he can ignore this!” I laughed.

“It will haunt him,” Mark assured me. “He should know better than to go into a battle of wits unarmed and without sufficient back-up. My friends are above

his friends, and he will stand down."

"It is too cool that you told him he is 'nothing spe**cia**l" and just another 'psych clone' spinning deceit from 'behind the wizard's curtain' that is being exposed."

Mark sealed the letter in an envelope. "He's 'mind' now that I'm behind his eyes."

Chapter 32
HEALth

Mark made arrangements with one of his ‘guardian angel’ contacts to have his message personally delivered to Aquino, while I sat in a doctor’s office. Experience taught me to listen to my body rather than rely on a doctor to diagnose or tend to my health. This routine visit was simply for renewing the prescription I had to treat the gnawing pain in my belly. I felt fortunate to have survived the total digestive failure my abusers believed would kill me, and was pleased to know how the power of the mind can be used for healing. After all, since perpe-*traitors* could program spies to die before they could *think* to reveal secrets, the reverse could be used for maintaining or regaining health.

“Ms. O’Brien,” the doctor said solemnly. “I cannot in all good conscience write you a prescription for a simple drug like Anaspaz when you are, in fact, dying.”

“No, I’m not,” I began.

“Yes you are!” he argued. “Your lower intestine is dead and you soon will be, too.”

“I’ve heard this for years and know it is not true,” I told him. “All I want is a refill on my prescription to help calm the pain in my belly. Are you denying me relief?”

“Are you denying that you’re dying?” he retorted.

I couldn’t help but smile. “There are those who would like to believe I’m dying, and apparently you’re counted among them. But the fact is, regardless of anyone’s belief, I am alive and am simply asking for relief. Relief from

your belief. Or relief while I die. Either way, all I want is a prescription."

"Fine!" He scrawled out a prescription, ripped it from the pad, and tossed it to me. "Don't bother coming back here to see me."

"How could I come back if I'm supposed to die? Wow, that's a spooky thought." The doctor's eyes widened in horror. I jumped down from the examining table and strode out the door.

Mark was already in the parking lot when I emerged from the doctor's office. As I climbed into the car, we both asked, "How'd it go?" Then said, "You first." I waved the prescription.

"He doesn't want to see me anymore," I said.

"Aquino can't help but see me." Mark said, "I'm behind his eyes now."

"The doctor said I'm dying." I knew Mark knew better. Mark had, after all, literally saved my life several times using the power of the mind with love.

"Aquino only wishes he were dead, but I'll haunt him there, too." Mark drove the Pacer towards the Copy Shop. "I'm going to drop you off at Billy's while I meet with another spook who will reinforce the message that Mikey[1] is playing with fire this time. That fat little narcissistic satanist doesn't want to go out in a blaze of glory, so he'll recant his threats and diffuse the hit he put out on us. Deputy Dave PTSDed[2] over this, so I want to make sure Mikey knows 'he has no where to run and no where to hide' because 'we're watching him from behind his eyes'."

"Deputy Dave PTSDed?" I asked, concerned. Mark and I had seen so many good, strong people become casualties on the front lines of this mind war.

"I noticed he was showing signs of PTSD when we were in Santa Rosa," Mark said with compassion. "It's not the death threats and averted hits that sent him over the edge, it's the children. He's seen too many children horribly hurt, and can't deal with it anymore. He's so depressed he's

despondent and irrational, and his focus is totally gone for the moment. His job is far too dangerous to allow for the kind of mistakes PTSD causes. So, he's taking a little time off and using some of the coping skills we talked about to pull himself back together. He's going to do some writing which not only will help him recover, it will also help the cause."

We drove the rest of the way in silence.

Billy was quite busy when we arrived at the Copy Shop, so I walked to the nearby pharmacy to get my prescription filled. Then I retrieved our mail from the Post Office and settled into the employee's backroom while Billy tended his customers. I pulled out my notepad and began writing. With so much Catholic abuse being discussed, memory of my encounter with Nicaragua's Daniel Ortega[3] surfaced.

Alex Houston was traveling for the CIA aboard NCL's cruise ship in the summer of 1985, and I had cause to be with him. Houston's bad ventriloquism act provided him cover for the CIA drug ops he was actually working, while the Handwriting Analysis[4] lectures that I gave provided my excuse for being there. In reality, I would be boarding a small plane bound for Nicaragua while NCL docked in their Yukatan, Mexico port-of-call. I had been programmed with a message from the White House to deliver to Nicaragua's Commandant Daniel Ortega.

As I wrote out my memory in photographic detail, I smelled the smells and sensed the senses of the event. It all felt so real and close, almost as though I were there again. Ortega was unlike any other contact I made during my tenure as an MK Ultra mind controlled slave. I sensed his strength of spirit and soul conviction, and he exuded an energy of love. How could this be? The modest room where I met with him was lined with weapons, and ashtrays overflowed with cigarette butts and a few marijuana roaches. I had been conditioned to abhor marijuana above all else, since the government's concern with the herb's mind-altering and expanding properties could disrupt delivery of messages like this one to Ortega. Of course, at the time I could

only perceive marijuana as the “evil weed” I was told it was. Likewise, I should have perceived Ortega as the violent warmonger I’d been conditioned to believe he was; yet his powerful presence conflicted with my pre-programmed perceptions. The connection I sensed was bigger-than-life, above life’s conditions and events of the moment. I couldn’t think to question or wonder under mind control, but the questions that rose while deprogramming continue to date[5].

As I wrote out the message I delivered to Ortega, I recalled it complete[6] with the voice inflections of my programmers, which were used verbatim in my delivery. The message was a combination of Vatican based threats and bribes, all of which were to convince Ortega to accept New World Orders in the name of Catholicism. Ortega’s view of Catholicism apparently did not include a political agenda, however. In the course of his response, which automatically photographically recorded in my brain, he suggested that the picture of the New World Order that Reagan painted lacked depth. And likewise, the Catholic Jesuit role in that New World Order was just as shallow. His message[7] to Reagan clearly denounced the New World Order.

Billy burst through the door of the back room, warmly greeting me. “Oops,” he interrupted himself. “I didn’t realize you were deprogramming.”

Billy had been present on numerous occasions while I was deep inside my head deprogramming, and was always respectful of the process.

“It’s OK,” I assured him, setting down my pen. “I just completed what I needed to write anyway. How are you doing?”

“Great, now that I see you and Mark are safe,” Billy said. “After the fax ya’ll got, I was a bit concerned.”

“Mark took care of it,” I smiled. “And he’s further reinforcing our safety right now.”

Mark burst through the door as though on cue. “That didn’t take me as long as I had anticipated,” he announced. “Mikey and his legions of academic morons won’t be bothering us anymore.”

“Great!” I said, throwing my arms around Mark in a big hug.

While Billy and Mark talked, I gathered up my paperwork to leave. “Where are you going so fast?” Billy laughed.

“Home,” I smiled, giving him a quick hug. “We’re going to celebrate.”

“What are you celebrating?” Billy asked good-naturedly, opening the door for me.

“Life!” I exclaimed.

Mark smiled at Billy, “Like we do every day.”

On the way home, I excitedly told Mark about my deprogramming notes on Daniel Ortega. “He’s true-to-soul!” I gushed. “He could make a powerful difference for humanity with his stand against the New World Order!”

“Whoa,” Mark cautioned. “He’s a communist military dictator whose people are at war.”

“This is bigger than politics,” I insisted. “Admittedly, I don’t understand his politics[8], but I know he is a man of conviction and peace. He stands strong against the New World Order, and someday that will matter far more than political differences.”

“I’d like to see what you’ve written out when we get home,” Mark said as he drove us out of city traffic and onto the winding country road. “You’re drawing some serious conclusions from limited experience.”

“I realize that,” I assured him. “But my senses were even stronger then than they are now, and that is worthy of consideration. Ortega is a powerful spirit

who defies the global elite. He is a fighter for freedom."

"Freedom by whose definition?" Mark asked. "One man's freedom fighter is another man's terrorist."

"Innate freedom, within soul's realm of love," I answered. "Not freedom by political definition, but rather freedom that comes with free thought. He opposes mind control."

"So does Bill Clinton," Mark reminded me. "Look into Ortega's politics. Expand what you think you know. I am not arguing your point that we need to put aside differences and unite to overcome the New World Order. Rather I am saying that expanding perceptions is necessary for all people everywhere so another form of dictatorship doesn't fill the void left when these criminals are finally removed from leadership!"

Long drives proved to be an ideal time for in depth conversation or for play, as well as for reflecting and thinking. Mark's and my relationship was so comfortable and secure that our discussions were as varied as our points of view. Our life's circumstances had raised our perspectives and priorities above and beyond what others seemed to argue about. When people learn to think beyond TV to what really is going on in the world, they will change their priorities and perspectives, too! Everyone is on his own learning path, and there is no need to change someone who is daring to think beyond social engineering. Mark's point about Ortega was valid whereby I would research more. Yet my hopes for dismantling New World Order controls in time to unplug DARPA and Sandia Labs technology rested in humankind's setting aside their differences for the sake of their likenesses in peaceful, spiritual evolution.

"How can humanity unite in truth when 'National Security' secrecy keeps us divided?" I wondered.

"The 1947 National Security Act must be abolished," Mark answered. "That should be goal one after people regain control of their governments. Then they can unplug and defuse DARPA."

“It’s almost a catch 22,” I concluded. “People need truth for strength of spirit to unplug computerized Artificial Intelligence that is suppressing truth!”

“People have no time to lose,” Mark agreed.

“According to the doctor, I don’t have any time left either,” I said. “Why do doctors insist on giving me negative news? Is it due to their extensive education through drug- company paid medical schools?”

Mark answered. “More and more doctors are expanding their narrow education focus to learn about cures emanating from the private sector. They study and work hard for degrees as MDs, PhDs, etc. and in the process are taught to listen only to others with similar education credentials. Yet it is becoming increasingly obvious that their education deliberately includes DARPA generated plans for controlling and thinning the population, while pertinent healing facts are omitted. They are livid. Those who became doctors to help people rather than make money are rising, while doctors like the one you saw today are losing patients.”

“I lost my patience with him today!” I assured Mark. “My health is improving at an astounding rate considering that you and I are applying what we know towards my healing. All I wanted from that doctor was an edge on this tummy pain while I am in the process of healing. Mentally focusing away from pain during intense times like these is difficult because I don’t have time to be dissociative!”

“Saying you don’t have ‘time’ to be dissociative is an oxymoron,” Mark reminded me. Dissociation is opposite of awareness, and is therefore timeless.

“You’re right,” I laughed. “In reality, I don’t have ‘time’ to hurt. Choosing to use the Special Forces ‘no time to bleed’ program in direct association with my health must be better than any prescription!”

Mark agreed. “Since the subconscious mind can be programmed to stop Special Forces servicemen from bleeding when shot or injured so they can

continue their mission, we know the mind is capable of responding. If the mind can respond to outside manipulation, it certainly can respond to our own spirit-driven health choices and directives."

"Obviously," I said. "Neither of us has had a cold in years because we really don't have time for one. That healing mechanism works! People do not have to be traumatized and programmed to accept this healing realization."

"Getting them to realize it is the challenge," Mark told me. "The pharmaceutical companies that fund med schools don't want this fact realized, and therefore the information is suppressed. Many pharmaceutical companies and doctors make money by treating symptoms rather than causations. When causations are understood, cures are oftentimes a given. Cures don't make money. Why was Aspartame released into the population despite evidence of the damage it causes while Donald Rumsfeld was CEO of Searle? Why do you think George Bush was on the board of directors for Eli Lilly[9] drug manufacturing? To counteract the mass genocide he perpetuates? Why do you think politicians are so healthy and live so long? What do they know that they aren't telling us? I'm not saying this is all a conspiracy to thin the population, but pertinent health information should be public knowledge rather than deliberately suppressed. If this information were taught in schools, unethical drug companies would loose their control on the world."

"If people do consciously realize their innate ability to heal," I elaborated, "they could allow it to sink in on a subconscious level through meditation so it becomes autogenic. Meditation is at least as deep as hypnosis, isn't it?"

"Yes," Mark agreed. "Meditation, like real prayer, for all practical intent and purpose is self hypnosis. And it is much safer! Finding an ethical, trustworthy hypnotist to deepen a trance is risky. If people knew the dangers of allowing a stage hypnotist to play with their subconscious, that nonsense would be outlawed."

"Alex Houston is a good example," I said. "People would think twice before seeing a hypnotist to stop smoking let alone pay them to play with their subconscious drivers!"

“Any habit control through hypnosis is like trusting drug companies to cure you,” Mark asserted. “Habits have causation. If a person stops smoking through hypnosis, the cause is not being addressed and will manifest itself through another habit or new emotional problem cropping up.”

“Is that why people gain weight when they quit smoking?”

“It can be, if the reason they smoked is due to an oral fixation,” Mark explained. “When trauma like incest occurs before age five, it usually results in a dissociative disorder and manifests itself through heightened sexuality, addictions, habits, etc. If the habit is stopped through hypnosis, the underlying causation will seek another route and memories may begin to surface. Hypnosis is serious business and should never be used as entertainment. Meditation like prayer is much safer and ultimately more effective.”

“Why do so many Christians oppose meditation?” I asked.

“Because they are taught to oppose it,” Mark answered. “Think about it. If a cult church leading people outside themselves in order to control their perceptions were to allow their congregation to go within themselves for answers, they would lose control and money!”

“Meditation is only heightened prayer,” I began. “Through meditation, people would realize that, like peace, freedom and unconditional love, healing is already within. Church teaches that God knows no time, so it seems logical that everyone would embrace that timeless space through meditation and accept the healing that already exists there.”

“Truth naturally exists in that same space,” Mark furthered. “Once you learned to control your own mind and direct your own thoughts, you were free to consciously direct your own subconscious!”

“I know the ins and outs of my own brain extremely well now, thanks to your helping me exercise my brain. By reaching and stretching into other regions of my brain, I learned to think and choose for myself. I chose healing. With

your love strengthening my choice to heal, we healed my eye after the optometrist said I was going blind[10]. Which eye was that?" I joked. Confusing location as another healing tactic component. Sometimes it is better to simply 'forget about it.' Even well intentioned questions like 'how are you feeling now?' can result in counterproductive focus. "We healed the damage Cheney[11] did to my jaw." Dick Cheney violated me under mind control, but I refuse to let the past intrude on my present. The same subconscious 'mental oilcan' was used on my jaw that was used on my wrists and ankle joints to overcome the arthritis setting in. It is phenomenal the way my body has healed from torture. "What they used for bad, we used for good. When the reality of mind control is successfully brought to light and fully understood, people can use the information to free humanity from all kinds of ailments."

"The positives from learning about mind control far outweigh the negatives," Mark agreed. "Good people have a right to the information on mind brain function. Once they realize the truth, they can assume the healing."

"Healing is a given," I said. "It is within. It is within the realm of unconditional love as is peace, freedom and wisdom. The common factor of all religions, politics, and humankind is within. Assuming this truth can heal the world!"

Chapter 33
*T*REASONS OF "NATIONAL" SECURITY

"The elevator is still not functioning properly after the fire," Mark and I were warned as we stepped into the Stahlman Building's elevator to ride up to Scott Rosenburg's office. The doors closed before we could get back off. We listened to horror stories from other people on the elevator with us as it creaked and groaned its way up to the 11th floor. We pried the doors open with our fingers when it stopped, and we stepped out into Scott's busy office.

"I'm glad to see you," Scott greeted Mark and me warmly. "We're nearly ready for the March 17 court hearing. There is no legal way you can be charged with child support or with paying Kelly's accumulated mental health costs."

"That's a relief," I said. "There is no way I can pay, and I certainly cannot afford time in jail."

"There is one question I do need an answer to," Scott said thoughtfully. "What reason can I cite for your not working a standard nine to five job?"

"That is impossible," Mark injected. "Any routine she keeps like that could prove deadly. We've been advised by my contacts with Intelligence to avoid any and all routines. A job is out of the question."

"I understand that," Scott empathized. "Especially since my family and I were following our usual Sunday routine when we were in that car crash that was no accident."

When Scott and his family had nearly been killed last winter, Mark and I were astounded by their narrow escape. Mark shook his head. "A job is absolutely out of the question."

“Besides,” I said. “I’m still deprogramming. It would be difficult to shift my focus outside myself when I keep my head up my past so much these days.”

Rosenburg smiled. “I realize that, too,” he assured us. “But I cannot submit either excuse to the court since their explanation would be censored. Everyone in court knows your circumstances anyway. What I need is a medical excuse.”

“Psychiatric confirmation of Cathy’s condition could legally work against us,” Mark explained. “Diagnosis terms for recovery from mind control and DID would ultimately prohibit her from testifying in court in the event this case ever goes to trial. I’m sure that is exactly what is wanted right now to keep her quiet, but it’s not going to happen.”

Referring to my medical circumstances I said, “It would be wrong to submit the negative doctor’s diagnosis on my digestive system, eye, hearing, and jaw when Mark and I have used the power of the mind for healing. And my vaginal mutilation carving wouldn’t exactly be a reason to not work.”

Scott winced. “I am confident we have a strong enough case without the medical. I’ll see you in court on the 17th.”

When the 17th arrived, I did not know what to expect and wished that Mark hadn’t been banned from the courtroom. Even though the courtroom was packed, the only one present that had the fortitude to support me was Scott. And he was scheduled to testify against me.

Scott began, “Your Honor, if I prosecute Ms. O’Brien for debts owed on Kelly’s institutionalization or for child support, I would be in violation of my own honor, oath of office, and numerous laws. You, too, are in violation of…” Scott opened the large law book he carried with him, citing various laws he had marked for this occasion.

Judge Shookhoff listened, fidgeting in his chair. Then he interrupted Scott to say, “Laws do not apply in this case for reasons of national security.”

Stunned silence filled the courtroom. Then pandemonium broke out and court was dismissed. I ran out the door of the courtroom to where Mark was impatiently pacing, and burst into sobs. Alarmed, Mark began rapidly escorting me to the car, asking what happened.

“It’s over,” I sobbed, believing things couldn’t be worse. Mark started the car and began backing out of the parking lot. “Shookhoff just invoked national security on the case!”

“What?!” Mark stopped the Pacer.

“When Rosenburg cited which laws were being violated, Shookhoff said, ‘laws do not apply in this case for reasons of national security!” I sobbed.

“I’m not believing this,” Mark said, his eyes filling with tears.

“Me either!” I blew my nose.

“I mean, this is the best news I’ve ever heard!”

“What?” I asked. Mark turned me to face him.

“National security can only be invoked in judge’s chambers,” he explained. “It is a matter of public record if it’s said in open court. He said this in open court?”

“Yes,” I said, still not grasping the magnitude of what just happened.

“Shookhoff may well have just saved our lives,” Mark excitedly assured me. “He totally validated yours and Kelly’s case by invoking national security in open court.”

“He wouldn’t do that,” I argued. “Shookhoff is obviously against us.”

“No, he is not,” Mark said. “Up until now he has been forced to comply with the Feds, and he just broke free of their controls with this statement. In

essence, he breached national security to invoke national security in open court!" I hadn't seen Mark so happy and excited. "You're right," he continued. "It is over. You just won."

"It doesn't feel like it," I said.

"Just wait and see," Mark said, hugging me close. "Now that you are free of court imposed hindrances you'll be able to affect Kelly's case more than ever."

"How?" I asked. "Her Constitutional rights and basic human rights are still being violated. She cannot send or receive mail, take or make phone calls, and we can't even see each other! How is this a win?"

"You'll see," Mark said. "Right now your emotions are blinding your logical ability to see clearly. Understandably so. You've been through a lot today. Let's go home and let this settle in. I'll cook you a nice dinner, massage your feet and hands, and we'll relax a bit."

I reached in my purse and clicked off the tape recorder that I'd had running, removed the tape and handed it to Mark.

"And celebrate," Mark added when he saw the tape. "I'm going to do everything I can to get today's court records, although they most likely were instantly sealed. It doesn't matter, though," he smiled. "You've got the tape!"

Mark stopped by the Post Office on the way home, pausing long enough to poke his head in the door of the Copy Shop. "Billy!" he exclaimed. "The judge just invoked national security on the case in open court."

"No way!" Billy said, smiling big. "Isn't it a violation of national security to publicly invoke it?"

"He did it anyway," Mark announced. "And we've got it all on tape. Shookhoff just saved our lives."

“Do you think he did that on purpose?” Billy asked.

“No,” I began.

Mark interrupted. “Yes, I believe so based on a few things I know. We’re going home to celebrate!”

It took some time for the reality of what had transpired to set in. It seemed to me that since *revoking* the National Security Act was our focus, the judge could only hurt us by *invoking* it. Slowly I began to realize how this move had validated our case. Additionally, Rosenburg explained that the orders for child support were in limbo as a result whereby there was no need for me to worry about paying. Best of all, I soon received a phone call from Abbott Jordan at Charter Lakeside in Memphis.

“Ms O’Brien,” Abbot Jordan began, “I am Kelly’s therapist at Charter Lakeside, and what she tells me does not coincide with what the state tells me. My concern is for Kelly above all else, and I realize that I may be in violation of court order by telephoning you. National security clouds Kelly’s court case anyway, so I chose to follow my heart and talk with you.”

“How is Kelly?” I eagerly asked.

“She misses you,” Abbott Jordan told me.

Tears of relief silently streamed down my face. She remembered me. This was a good sign. “How is her health?”

“She had an appendectomy recently,” he informed me. Why hadn’t I been notified through the court, my attorney, or the state? “But she recovered fine, and her asthma is being maintained with inhalers.”

“Does she talk about her past?”

“No,” he told me. “She doesn’t seem to remember anything. It would benefit her tremendously if you and I could talk. I need some history on her in order

to treat her therapeutically. I can see she has been severely traumatized, yet don't now how or why."

"Isn't that in her records?" I was sure it was.

"Her records are sealed," Abbott Jordan told me. "All I know is that what she says about you consciously and subconsciously is in direct conflict with what the state reports. Even her sand trays and other therapies indicate there is more going on with this case than meets the eye. Now I've learned national security is covering up something, and I cannot find out what." His voice quavered. "I do know love when I see it, though, and Kelly loves you and misses you."

"Can I see her?" I asked, my heart leaping in my throat at the possibility.

"I'm sending you a letter from Kelly," he said. "She apparently wrote it some time ago and just now entrusted me to get it to you. I gave it to Katie Finney to give to you."

"Oh, no," I groaned. Katie Finney was a state worker with the Department of Human Services, and I doubted I would ever see the letter.

"She assured me she would deliver it to you," he told me. "She is the one who told me about national security being invoked on your case. I understand from Kelly that Katie is not a friend to either of you, but I believe I can trust her with delivering Kelly's message to you. She was quite moved by it, especially in view of the national security incident in court."

"When can I talk with Kelly?" I pleaded.

"I will tell her we talked, and that you would like to speak with her," he said kindly. "I know she wants to talk with you. In the meantime, get that letter from Katie. I'll be phoning again soon."

When I finally received Kelly's letter in early April 1993, it was tattered and dated September 1992. She had obviously carried it around with her for

months before entrusting Abbott Jordan to get it to me. It read:

“Dear Mom,

I miss you very, very much. I’m trying to get it arranged for you, me, and dad for a visit. V.C.A.P.H. (Vanderbilt Psychiatric Hospital) put a whole bunch of shit in my head; making me believe that you don’t love me, that you abandoned me. I’ve cried for the past 3 weeks almost every day and night. I wish you would write back if this letter ever gets to you. I gotta go. I love you; and remember these two lines always…’Its not over till we win’ and ‘Everything I do, I do it for you.’

It was signed with three big hearts and ‘Love, Kelly’

Chapter 34
SEVENTEEN LITTLE CHILDREN

“What does ‘National Security’ have to do with the documented rape and molestation of a child’s mind and body?” was the question raised to State and Federal Government by people worldwide. After the 1947 National Security Act was induced on Kelly’s case, the letter writing campaign that Mark and I had previously started took wings and thousands of letters poured into the State of Tennessee and Washington, DC. Additionally, people from around the world were writing letters of encouragement to Kelly and sending her gifts. Since she could not receive her mail, the letters and packages began accumulating.

Most importantly, Abbott Jordan telephoned again. “Kelly would like to talk with you.”

“Great!” I exclaimed, eager to talk with her. “Please put her on the phone!”

“I would rather you come in for a visit,” he said. “So would Kelly. I am taking advantage of the fact that ‘laws do not apply in your case due to national security’ to circumvent previous court orders and allow for visitation.”

“I can see her?” I asked in disbelief, disappointed that I wouldn’t be talking with her immediately by phone, yet thrilled by the possibility of actually seeing her.

“You may want to keep this quiet,” he cautioned. “We don’t want anyone petitioning the court to stop this visitation. I need to schedule you to come in and give Kelly’s history to Charter’s Administrator anyway, and you can see her then. Can you come in the first of next week?”

“Monday?” I hoped. If we didn’t have enough gas money to get to Memphis, I knew we would come up with it someway. We had three days.

“We’ll see you then,” Abbott Jordan said cheerfully.

“Hug Kelly for me,” I implored, “and tell her I love her.”

“Will do,” he said and hung up the phone.

Early Monday morning, Mark and I packed a few peanut butter sandwiches to eat along the way to Memphis since we didn’t have a dime to spare. The cost of gas alone was half a month’s budget to us. We loaded our briefcases full of documents into the Pacer. “Have you got the tape recorder?” Mark asked. I held it up. “Extra batteries?” I dug through my purse and held those up, too. “Cookies?” Of course. I had baked Kelly’s favorites, wishing that we could afford to bring her clothes, books and gifts.

“Kelly won’t care what you bring or don’t bring,” Mark reminded me. “She just wants to see you.”

“And you!” I assured him.

“I don’t know what to expect there,” Mark said sadly as he started up the Pacer. “It has been so long since I’ve been allowed to even wave to her across a parking lot, let alone talk with her, that I can only hope Abbott Jordan will allow me to see her, too. Either way, you’ll at least get to visit and find out how she’s doing.”

The long ride to Memphis gave us both time to think. We drove in comfortable silence, occasionally holding hands. By the time we arrived, I was equally nervous and excited to see Kelly. First, Mark and I met with Charter’s Administrator for what seemed an eternity. Then we met Abbott Jordan, who appeared as soulfully kind as he had sounded on the telephone.

“Mom!” Kelly cried, running to greet me with a big hug. “Dad!” She hugged Mark, sobbing now. “I missed you both so much,” she gulped between sobs.

We cried, too, reassuring her of our love.

“All I kept thinking was ‘it’s not over till we win’,” she said. “I knew they were lying to me at Vanderbilt.”

“I did everything I could to see you,” I assured her. “They would not let me in the door, telling me that you refused to see me. I didn’t believe them either. I know you better than that.” We all cried and hugged, and even Abbott Jordan wiped his eyes.

“Kelly told me you all were close,” he said. “I could see she was telling the truth. Why is your family torn apart?” Mark and Abbott Jordan talked together while Kelly and I caught up on each other’s lives.

“I kept sensing you were thinking of me,” Kelly acknowledged as we discussed our telepathic connection. “And I knew you missed me like I was missing you. I told Abbott Jordan nothing could keep us apart because our love is bigger than life.”

Aside from our separation, Kelly remembered nothing else about her Vanderbilt experience. I did not push for answers, or inquire about her past. Instead, we talked about her recent appendectomy, her relationship with Abbott Jordan, and her new friends while we ate the cookies I’d brought. Charter staff explained I could not bring food[1] into the facility, but made an exception for now. I couldn’t leave any, though, and Kelly was eating as many as she could hold, savoring every bite. When it was time to leave, we knew that we would be seeing each other again soon. Still, it was painful saying goodbye.

On the ride home, Mark explained that his time with Kelly would be limited to warm greetings because any visitation between them could disrupt our time together. Abbott Jordan knew he was walking a fine line to allow visitation. “Besides,” Mark consoled me, “you and Kelly should have every possible minute together.” His eyes could not hide his own disappointment, and I lovingly caressed him. Such unselfish love.

“When Abbott Jordan asked why I couldn’t help Kelly the way I helped you, I explained how Kelly’s victimization differed from yours,” Mark explained. “He really appreciated the information. I told him that, in essence I took the mental handcuffs off you and handed you the key, whereas I don’t even have the key to Kelly’s technological programming. Hers is more like a magnetic lock that requires a computerized electronic key. Technological mind control is light years ahead of trauma based mind control, and he understands that now.”

“Had he heard of harmonic programming?” I wondered.

“He knew a bit about HAARP[2],” Mark answered. “He began researching it after hearing rumors that HAARP may have played a role in the LA Riots[3].”

“If anything good could come of such violence as the LA Riots, it would be that people at least began researching HAARP,” I commented. “And Rodney King’s infamous plea ‘can’t we all just get along?’ still resounds long after the riots died down.”

“Between Operation Just Cause’s blatant use of harmonics on Noriega, and the LA Riot rumors regarding HAARP, harmonics is becoming a household word now,” Mark agreed. “It gives people like Abbott Jordan a point of reference for understanding Kelly’s high tech mind control.”

“How did you explain to him why our family has been so unjustly and immorally torn apart?” I inquired.

“I told him who and what we are up against, which he said fit with what Kelly claimed,” Mark explained as he drove. “Apparently Vanderbilt could not make the reality of Kelly’s past go away despite their reported attempts to ‘harmonically erase her memory’. I also explained to him about her respiratory programming, and the magnitude of the threats to your lives if you are together. He understands that these obstacles can be alleviated and dealt with in time, and is therefore determined to persist in reuniting our family. He realizes legalities won’t be easy to work through under the circumstances, but nevertheless will be making all the right recommendations

to free her from the system."

"That is a relief," I sighed. "This is the first time we have had someone working with her who is genuinely on our side."

"What did you and Kelly talk about?" Mark eagerly asked.

"Mostly we caught up with what has been going on since we saw each other last fall," I began. "Apparently there was a bit more discussion by the Department of Human Services regarding an exorcism, and Kelly insisted that she was not possessed by their belief system."

"She said it that way?" Mark wanted to know.

"Yes," I smiled. "I don't know how much clearer she can express herself than that. Anyway, that whole occult mess seems to be over with and she is really glad to be free of it."

"After all she deals with in life," Mark commented, "She certainly didn't need that nonsense, too."

"What concerns me now," I told him, "is that she has started her periods and is worried about getting pregnant. Apparently she has been 'getting along with her peers' a bit too well. We had a great talk about that, though. She explained that she has some difficulties living true-to-soul at all times since she is still switching personas, especially after Vanderbilt. Love is a strong anchor to living true-to-soul, which she realizes is where her innate identity is found. By being here to reassure her that she *is* loved and *is* love, it helps strengthen her resolve to live true-to-soul."

I continued. "Through us, she has seen what a loving relationship can truly be, and said she doesn't want to settle for anything less than what we share. She knows I am happy and well cared for, and admires the fact that you don't treat me like a sex object. By being you, Kelly has learned more about love than a lifetime of therapy could have taught her! She is already so wise at 13 that she chooses to soulfully express her sexuality through love *only*. That is

quite a healthy choice considering sexual abuse heightened her drive the same way it has every other sexually abused child institutionalized at Charter. I told her how proud I am of her and *for* her. But until she actually lives true-to-soul always like she strives to do, I'd still like to have her put on birth control pills."

"That's a good idea," Mark agreed, "considering the hormones raging between all those sexually abused kids."

Mark and I talked the rest of the way home; deciding what each of us could do to best benefit and strengthen Kelly under the circumstances. The next time we went to Nashville, I approached the subject of birth control with DHS worker Katie Finney. "Teach her some morals instead!" she screeched at me.

How could a social worker dealing with abused children every day be so ignorant? "I would like to have that opportunity," I retorted. "If Kelly were free of your custody and I were raising her, this wouldn't be an issue!"

I was outraged. Most of all, I was disgusted that Kelly was so misunderstood while she struggled to heal herself and live true-to-soul. Obviously Katie Finney did not even know Kelly, or she wouldn't have made such a ridiculous statement. As usual, it would be up to us to make the best of a deplorable situation.

Deplorable situations were becoming commonplace in America these days[4], jolting many people from their comfort zones. The rich were getting richer, the poor were getting poorer, and formerly middle class citizens were plummeting toward third world poverty level. Justice was bought and sold while government corruption reigned supreme. Crime escalated out of control while the CIA's booming cocaine, crack, and heroin industries [5] turned our street corners into a blood bath.

Citizens began meeting in basements, churches, schools, community centers, anywhere they could gather to discuss how to right the wrongs in society. Global Education[6] was eroding human morals at such a rapid rate that home

schooling was fast becoming the common alternative. People unplugged their TVs and video games in an effort to maintain free thought. They turned to underground newspapers, radio, and word of mouth for truth even before the internet linked their voices. As fast as people united to take their country back, their organizations were either infiltrated to divide them or were slandered by the press. Militias were termed White Supremacists, patriots were termed extremists, school kids were turned into gangs, and aware citizens were titled UN-American conspiratists. Mind control weaved throughout society's woes, and was the common thread that should have tied everything together making sense of the chaos.

But mind control was being covered up for "reasons of 'national' security".

Meanwhile, war was waged against US citizens. Psychological warfare tactics were aimed at the populace to keep them shooting at each other, while horrifying examples were being made of high profile patriot leaders. Nine months previous, US Federal Agents had stormed the Idaho country home of Randy Weaver, murdering his son and his wife while they scrambled for their lives. Weaver's supposed crime? Attempting to unify citizens according to the US Constitution and take back the American government from a self-appointed New World Order elite. Rather than terrify the public into submission, this inhumane murder of Vicki and Sam Weaver only served to awaken more people to the reality that something very wrong was happening to u.s. all.

Now trouble was brewing again, and it was only a matter of time until violence exploded sufficient to traumatize much of the populace. People are easiest led while PTSDed from trauma, and a horrific standoff in Waco, Texas had been playing out for days on every television station. A banner with reverberating meaning reading 'Can't We All Just Get Along[7]' waved from the Waco compound while the media slaughtered their image.

8AM on April 19, 1993 our telephone rang, waking us from a deep sleep. Mark listened to the desperate plea for help on the other end. The standoff at the Branch Dividian compound in Waco, Texas had reached a pinnacle, and 83 people were trapped inside willing to die rather than surrender to government controls. Bill Clinton's newly appointed Attorney General Janet

Reno claimed the people were victims of cult brainwashing. The Branch Dividians[8] vowed they would not comply with government mind control tactics. Since Mark was now nationally recognized as a leader in deprogramming, he was called on to help. The stage was already set for destruction, however, and Mark wisely sidestepped an attempt to burn him with the rest in order to help Waco's survivors sift through the ruins of their lives. By the time Federal Agents (General Wesley Clark[9], 2004 Presidential contender, led) were through with their unprecedented raid, seventy-four people were murdered and burned alive. Among the dead were Seventeen Little Children[10]. Nine people miraculously survived, including one brave soul, David Thibodeau[11], who dared to speak out afterwards.

We were a nation under siege, and Mark and I did not want to become casualties on the front lines of this mind war. For Kelly's sake, we needed to keep the proverbial spotlight of truth shining bright. For the sake of survival in these tumultuous times, we needed to keep a low profile.

I knew the idea of taking Kelly and running like Peter Tscherneff did with his son was only an emotional temptation and not a logical answer. The wisdom of this difficult decision became even clearer when Peter was caught after only four months[12], incarcerated, and his precious son turned over to the very ones he'd fled. Ensuing media coverage of his arrest was deplorable[13], as it attacked nearly every moral issue parents nationwide were standing against on behalf of the children. This brave, young man and his son paid the ultimate price of being used as public examples.

"If only Peter had stayed to listen to us speak in Petaluma that night," I said as I read another slanderous newspaper article denouncing him, "he would have heard us warn about the very catch net operation that ensnared him." The names in the article I was reading were all too familiar.

"Even if Peter had stayed and listened to that information," Mark asserted, "chances are he would have been caught anyway. Peter was so PTSDed that he was destined to make a fatal error in judgment. His high public profile made him a media target that ensured he would be caught and publicly crucified."

Despite extreme efforts to divide and conquer the people, many resilient Americans were more determined than ever to stop the erosion of freedom. People who could still think to ask questions were demanding answers.

TV talk shows like Oprah Winfrey's began to flourish. Oprah was no longer just a local Nashville girl with a talk show, she was becoming a household name. True to her word, awareness of incest and child abuse was rising in proportion to her popularity.

While pioneers like Oprah tread lightly through censorship, key stories that could make a world of difference were ignored or slandered by mainstream media. Mark and I learned that Michael Jackson's sister, LaToya, was in deprogramming and recovery from the MK Ultra abuses permeating the Jackson family. LaToya's valiant efforts to speak out after writing her book, *Growing Up in the Jackson Family*[14], were denounced by the media to the point where she fled a televised interview in tears. Mind control survivors were being intimidated into silence just like the reporters who were silenced in the wake of Danny Caselaro's demise. The Jackson story was stifled along with other key events that went against DARPA generated social engineering controls.

Outside the controlled media spotlight that portrayed u.s. as apathetical and compliant, the patriot movement was in full swing and growing strong. The Waco tragedy did more to unite people than divide them, as evidenced by the song I was listening to on the radio. Singer songwriter Carl Klang[15] gave voice to America and touched my soul as he sang,

"Seventeen Little Children, don't it make you wonder why?
Seventeen Little Children, how could they deserve to die?
Maybe we should stop and ask ourselves, have we become so blind?
Will Seventeen Little Children finally open up your mind?
Open up your mind."

Chapter 35
THE*RAPISTS'* MISTAKES

"Remember that fellow that came from Alaska to see us a couple of months ago?" Mark asked.

Of course I remembered. I had been heavy into deprogramming at the time, though, and had stayed focused on writing while Mark visited with him and his sister. "Yes," I answered. "He was as big as a grizzly bear and smart as a fox."

"That's the one," Mark acknowledged. "His sister just contacted us to see if we want to do a cable TV interview with a friend of hers in Huntsville, Alabama. Apparently the information you turned in regarding the Johnny Lee Picnic scam and murder in Guntersville checked out. Between the details that were validated in Alabama, and those that her brother verified in Alaska, there is sufficient evidence for the broadcast. Do you want to do it?"

"Sure," I replied. "But I am a bit concerned about going back into 'NASA city USA[1]', especially to do an expose' on local TV."

"No need to worry," Mark assured me. "The political connections and support that you just gained are as strong as it gets. Besides, most folks in Alabama are not like the criminals you knew, and are reputed for their rebel attitudes and independence from the Feds instead. Alabama's state motto is 'We Dare Defend Our Rights'. You're likely to find more like-minded people there than anywhere else in the country."

"Let's do it," I said.

While we readied ourselves for our trip to Alabama, Sue Ford contacted us from California. "I am working with a group of therapists who would like to

meet you," she said.

"Are you working with them, or are they working with you?" Mark wisely asked, aware of Sue's diagnosed 'MPD' condition.

"I am working on my PhD. in behavioral psychology," she answered, avoiding the question. Mark waited. Sue cleared her throat. "They have questions, you have answers, and I have two airline tickets if you will come to California. Just say when, and I'll cover all your expenses."

"Wait a minute," Mark said. "Who are these therapists and how did they learn about us?"

"Most of them worked the aftermath of the McMartin case, are familiar with mind control, and know you were in Northern California this past spring," she answered. "Plus Rod told them about you when he was here."

"That's a lot of money being spent for a vague purpose," Mark said, suspecting more cause behind her explanation. "Is there another reason?"

"I would like you to help me," she admitted. "The more I researched and studied psychology, the less I healed."

"You have to heal from the inside out," Mark advised. "Not through outside input. Based on what I've seen, your memory may already be contaminated with other people's experience. I'm not sure what I could do for you, especially since I am not a qualified therapist. Practicing without a license is a serious charge that I am not willing to face for anyone."

"My offer still stands," Sue told him. "There is a whole group of professionals out here that want to hear what you have to say, credentials or not. Think about it and let me hear from you."

On the drive to Huntsville, we briefly discussed the possibility of traveling to California again. Yet it was on the way back after successfully completing the cable TV broadcast that we made our decision. Many doors had opened

for us in the state of Alabama, and we were contemplating the possibility of eventually moving there.

“If we make any money through donations while we’re in California,” Mark said, “it might be enough to relocate. The support and protection Alabama offers seems too good to walk away from.”

“Maybe we could even have Kelly transferred there,” I hoped. “Abbott Jordan would cooperate with a plan like that.”

“It’s risky,” Mark said. “NASA still poses a threat even though the Governor is clean. For us, NASA’s backyard is a safe place to be. For Kelly, we’ll have to see what mental health has to offer. We’ll take it slow, and in the meantime I’ll accept that offer to fly out to California.”

When we arrived back at Mark’s mother’s house, she announced as usual, ”That man called again.”

“What man, mother,” Mark asked kindly, smoothing the hair from her eyes.

“That man with the newspaper.”

“What man with the newspaper?” Mark was curious now.

“Oh, you know,” Melba said.

Trying to be patient, Mark asked, “With the Tennessean? The Nashville Banner?”

“You know damn good and well what I’m talking about!” she retorted.

Mark threw up his hands. “If you think of it, mother, let me know.”

“How dare you talk to me like that!” She turned around and stomped back to her room, slamming the door.

“Welcome home,” I smiled, reaching for the teakettle. “How about a cup of tea?”

“Sure,” Mark answered as he thumbed through the stack of mail poking out of the trash can, retrieving envelopes addressed to us. “Hey, this one looks interesting,” he said, noticing the El Paso Times return address.

Mark walked down the hall to his mother’s bedroom and knocked gently on the door.

“Go away!” Melba called.

“Was ‘that man’ with the El Paso Times?” he asked her anyway.

“I told you he was! Go away!”

“Thanks, mother.” Mark walked back into the kitchen to show me the article that ran July 19, 1993 pertaining to a major cocaine bust at the El Paso border. A brief note accompanying it explained that the information we discussed at the Houston NCIN conference resulted in this bust. The reporter was fired for running the story, but it was too late. The news was already out, ‘thanks to us’. The front-page photo revealed hundreds of kilos of coke stamped “Clinton.”

“They don’t label cocaine,” I laughed.

Mark agreed, “Regardless, somebody in the chain is implicating Clinton’s involvement in the drug industry. The more anyone tries to prove this story is a hoax, the more they will find out it is the real thing. And no matter how you look at it, that’s a lot of coke!”

“Stories like this one could derail NAFTA,” I hoped. “If people realized our self-appointed government leaders are behind the ‘free trade’ of coke and heroin over the border, the ‘war on drugs’ could actually be won. NAFTA would no longer be a steppingstone to the New World Order, and we could share common ground with Mexicans in peace!”

“Unite with ‘illegal *aliens’*?” Mark said, sarcastically using a socially engineered diversionary term intended to keep people divided. “You’re such a ‘liberal’.”

“I do not fit in the confines of a socially engineered label,” I playfully protested. “You’re playing semantics with me. I’m saying that people need to put labels, semantics, and socially engineered divisions aside to unite against the bankers and technology spinning our world.”

We took Sue Ford up on her offer, and were soon absorbing the attitudes and atmosphere of her wealthy Hollywood Hills suburb. The Clinton Administration’s plan to divert, bore, confuse, and divide the people through revising the voluminous verbiage of NAFTA had little effect on Southern California’s citizens. The locals weren’t the least bit concerned over “Mexican’s taking their jobs” or “illegal aliens” sneaking drugs into the country. It was accepted knowledge that the CIA ran the drug business, and to compete with them was suicidal. Perspectives were a bit more realistic so close to the shared border where Mexicans and Americans alike freely lived above propaganda’s social engineering.

“People get more sun in their eyes here in California,” Sue explained as she drove us from the airport to her apartment. “It clears their vision. That’s why I wanted to bring you here, so you can tell us what we can do about what we are seeing.”

“What would you like to see accomplished?” Mark asked.

“My therapist needs some direction,” Sue answered. “She says she has gone as far with me as she can, and I know I’m still switching personas. She has agreed to meet with you tomorrow after you speak with the group of therapists I’ve assembled.”

Inwardly, I groaned. Meeting with therapists all day while jetlagged did not sound pleasant to me. Mark must feel the trip, too, and would most likely prefer to not hit the ground running.

“I’m right in the midst of a divorce,” Sue continued. “I have to be in court the next day and would appreciate it if you would be an expert witness for me.”

“I’m no expert,” Mark began, “and I haven’t witnessed anything yet.”

“Oh yes you are!” Sue exclaimed. “I need you to explain about MK Ultra mind control’s Project Monarch.”

“I’m not even going to ask why,” Mark told her. “The answer is no. Absolutely no. You apparently brought me here under false pretense, and I refuse to compromise my integrity for your agenda.”

“I’ll pay you,” Sue began.

“That’s a bribe. Look, let’s get one thing straight,” Mark was smiling his dangerous smile already and we weren’t even to Sue’s apartment yet. “You can give me a donation proportionate to every second I spend giving you coping skills for your *dis*order, but I will *not* take your orders. I agreed to meet with your group of therapists, which I will do. And after meeting you, yes, I would like to talk with your therapist.”

We pulled into Sue’s gated community, and carried our bags up to her apartment. The apartment was oddly devoid of décor, personal effects, and the kind of triggers most DID multiples surround themselves with. “You can sleep on the futon,” she told us. “We’ll get an early start in the morning.”

Neither Mark nor I sensed any privacy and were uncomfortable discussing our immediate circumstances. There was no need to anyway.

The next morning after a nice breakfast of fresh California fruits and coffee, we drove to our Woodland Hills Office Building meeting. The group was small and comfortable, and we discussed everything from the McMartin case to Waco to the devastation in Marin County. We talked about the Clinton Administration, CIA cocaine and heroin ops, Poppy Bush’s widely known pedophilia, and mind control.

“We know mind control is the primary weapon system for ushering in the New World Order,” one therapist admitted. “What can we do about it?

How can we treat the survivors filling our offices? What do we do with their testimonies?”

“It’s not *what* is remembered that is important,” Mark began. “It’s *how* it is remembered that counts. Content is irrelevant until after the survivors heal. Then it’s up to them to choose what they want to do with their knowledge. Your job is simple. You don’t have to be an investigator, a lawyer, a judge, or jury. All you need to do is provide the tools for healing, and help them deal with reality along the way.”

“But reality is so horrible!” another therapist said. Her wide eyes indicated she was most likely suffering from PTSD, as was most everyone else in the room.

“It can be if it is dealt with emotionally,” Mark explained. “If it is dealt with logically, the emotionally incomprehensible becomes comprehensible and healing occurs. Reality becomes easy to deal with. Encourage your clients to write out their memory. The very act of moving a pen requires the logic portion of the brain, shifting compartmentalized memory over to logic as its being written out. This way, a victim need not suffer abreaction by reliving their experience and re-traumatizing themselves. Nor do they traumatize you by telling you about it! It appears to me that each of you could benefit by using this method to deal with reality yourselves and overcome PTSD.”

“We know we’re PTSDed!” another therapist chimed in. “We’ve diagnosed each other and held our own group therapy!”

“Group therapy is another point,” Mark said. “DID/MPDs are highly suggestible from trauma, and their memories are easily contaminated. They need to shut off the TV, put down the books, and go within to find their answers in order to write it out. Listening to other survivors only confuses and tangles their memories with everyone else’s.”

A therapist who agreed relayed a quick example. “I began one group therapy introducing myself as the therapist, and a client said, ‘My friend thought the brochure said you were ‘the rapist’ and wouldn’t come.’ This literal interpretation took on a life of it’s own, instantly eroding trust for me. Everyone present began talking about ‘the rapists’ and the whole session was disastrous.”

Mark chuckled in understanding. “Why hold group therapy anyway when each DID/MPD is a group within themselves?”

Everyone laughed. “Group therapy may be effective for some things,” Mark continued, “but it is counter productive for dissociatives.”

“I attend group therapy three times a week,” Sue said. “It’s comforting to me knowing others go through more hell than I do.”

“How can you compare yourself to others when you haven’t remembered what you’ve been through?” one therapist asked her. “Most people are traumatized by hearing what happened to others.”

“Enough so to PTSD,” another therapist added. “I’m going to start treating myself for PTSD using the methods Mark discussed. And group therapy for dissociatives is history in my office. No wonder it never produced positive results. I thought I was doing it wrong!”

“Has Mark determined if you’re a Project Monarch mind control victim?” someone asked Sue.

“That is a leading question,” Mark cautioned. “Anyone who is highly suggestible gravitates to such leading questions, which could result in false memory.”

“I need to talk with you about that,” one of the more prominent therapists said. “The False Memory Foundation is a significant problem. They can destroy minds and lives faster than we can heal them. Look what happened with the McMartin case.”

Everyone nodded in agreement. “Check the backgrounds of those who originated the foundation and you will find more CIA pedophiles than you would in a Catholic church,” a voice emphatically stated.

“It depends which Catholic church you’re referring to,” someone said, causing laughter to lighten the subject.

“We all could lose our license because of this cover-up organization,” a therapist said. “We really do need your advice.”

“Consider what I’ve already said,” Mark answered. “It’s not your job to be investigator, provide expert court testimony, or be judge and jury. Above all, do *not* act like an attorney and ask any leading questions *ever*. For example, rather than ask ‘was that daddy in the clown suit[2] who raped you?’ Ask, ‘who was in the clown suit?’ Rather than ask, ‘did he touch your private parts?’ Ask ‘what happened next?’ Never provide outside information or introduce terms like ‘Project Monarch.’ Don’t ask for ‘names and ages’ of alters, it furthers the dissociative divisions. Above all, never ask ‘how does that make you feel?’ They were dissociated from emotionally ‘feeling’ then, and associating with it now is misleading and counter productive to reintegration of their memories. Ask ‘what do you think?’ This stops abreaction dramatics. Since your clients will be writing out memory anyway, your questions need not be spontaneous and will be limited.”

“What if they ask us the questions?” one woman wanted to know. “I’ll use Sue as an example, if that’s OK with you.” Sue nodded. “She asked us what *we* knew about Project Monarch.”

“Turn the question back around. Ask her what she knows and *how* she learned it,” Mark replied. Mark turned to Sue. “How did you learn about it?”

“My therapist has documents…” she began.

“Wait.” Mark put up his hand to stop her, and turned back to the group. “Her therapist is obviously making a mistake right there sharing other people’s information and documents with her. If it is not information from the inside,

‘forget about it’,” he advised, exemplifying with literal terms. “Then, after you deal with your client, research it for yourself. If you know the therapist, phone him for copies of the documents and tip him to his error. All you therapists need to unite and re-educate each other. The False Memory Foundation is capitalizing on therapeutic error to discount all survivors’ testimony and cover up CIA pedophilic crime.”

“If we had known this during the McMartin case,” one therapist said, “the children would have been regarded as credible. They weren’t being asked the wrong questions; they were being asked the questions wrong. And the kids suffered the consequences for therapeutic ignorance. What you have taught us today must be incorporated into educating mental health professionals. I don’t know why they didn’t teach us in school…”

“Ewen Cameron,” someone injected. “Dr. Ewen Cameron, founder of the APA, worked for the CIA in MK Ultra and had cause to suppress this information! Leave it to someone from the Intelligence community to reveal the truth he suppressed. Considering that we’ve all been trained to only accept information from others with similar education credentials to ours, we’re fortunate to learn the truth. Thank you for sharing with us, Mark. We’ll all use our credentials to spread the word amongst our colleagues.”

Everyone nodded in agreement. After Mark met privately with several of the therapists, we drove over to the office of Sue’s therapist. Her primary concern was with the False Memory Foundation, who was threatening her license due to Sue’s case. “Whether they are covering up for the CIA or if I’ve done something wrong, either way I’ve done all I can for Sue. Maybe she needs to start over using your methods for healing.”

On the drive back to her apartment that evening, Sue stopped at a Convenience Market and bought several notebooks in which to write memories according to Mark’s methods.

Chapter 36
THANKS FOR THE FALSE MEMORIES

“I need a fresh start,” Sue was telling Mark. “With the money I was awarded in my divorce, I can afford to relocate. I want to be where you are, write out my memories, and heal. Rod is traveling back to the states to finish his book, and he can meet me in Tennessee just as easy as he can come here. I’ll help pay living expenses up to $500 a month, which is a fraction of my cost to live in this apartment. You could move out of your mother’s house and we’ll share an apartment.”

“Cathy and I are going to take a walk,” Mark told her. “I’ll give you an answer when we get back.”

We walked for hours. The pros and cons of Sue’s proposal were complex. “We could move to Alabama,” I began.

“For God’s sake we’d have to live with her,” Mark countered. Neither of us liked that idea. We kept walking and thinking.

“She could heal, and stop being a professional ‘victim’ or ‘survivor’,” I said. “Through your wisdom, she could learn like I did that blaming others and dwelling on the past is a cop out to living. Maybe she would even become an asset to society.”

“Sue is who she is, multiple or not,” Mark said. “Reintegrated, she will still be Sue only more focused.”

“Since her memory is contaminated, do you believe she can still reintegrate?” I asked.

“That’s the pertinent question,” Mark answered. “I was talking with Dr.

Colin Ross of the ISS&D[1], and he was saying that the best way to counter the False Memory Foundation is to infiltrate them and heal them from the inside out, so-to-speak. In the process of our conversation, I told him about Sue and raised the question, 'which is worse, being a victim of abuse, a victim of bad therapy, or both?'" He seems to believe that is irrelevant with application of proper healing techniques."

"You could prove that theory by encouraging her to heal by writing out her memory."

"She claims she has been writing out her memories for years," Mark informed me. "The journals she presented to me to review were comprised of lines from movies, books, and a half dozen old conspiracy stories that have circulated around therapists' offices. She would need to learn how to accurately write out memory from within without outside input. You two wouldn't be able to discuss your victimizations."

"She shouldn't vocalize while she's writing anyway," I reminded him. "I won't have a problem not talking with her." I smiled.

"I hear you," Mark said. "That's what concerns me. What price would we pay to live with her and help her heal? And heal from what? Linguistically her subconscious language indicates she is role-playing a mind control victim to draw attention to a dissociative disorder. She either is deliberately perpetrating fraud or is indeed a victim of false memories from her therapists."

"If we go to DC to testify before Congress like we are supposed to in August," I pointed out, "maybe we'll be so focused on that it won't matter."

"This is what we had hoped for, in a way," Mark thought aloud. "Why does this open door look like a brick wall?" Tears slid down his face. "I'd rather share a home with just you. I've looked forward to that ever since we moved into my mother's."

As I wiped the tears from his cheeks, they began sliding down mine. "Me,

too," I admitted. "Maybe this is a stepping stone."

"Or a stumbling block," Mark replied. We sat down on the curb under a streetlight and thought it over, dreading the decision that seemed to already be made.

Sue leased an SUV sports utility vehicle to pull a small trailer over 2000 miles to Tennessee, and handed Mark the keys. The drive across country seemed to take an eternity, despite Sue quietly writing most of the way. While I gave Mark a break and drove awhile, he looked over Sue's recent journaling.

"This reads like a fantasy story," Mark told her.

"You're looking at content," Sue accused.

"No," Mark countered, "I'm referring to how you've written this. What you write out is for your benefit only. It is not written to be read by others.

Actual deprogramming looks more like…" Mark looked around for one of my ever-present notebooks. Turning to me he asked, "May I show Sue what deprogramming looks like?"

"Of course," I answered. "My notebook is in the backseat."

Mark retrieved it and randomly opened it. "See how disjointed this is?" Mark asked her, pointing to the side notes, varied handwriting from different personas, incomplete thoughts, and notes of intrusive memory flashes. "It is not written for anyone to read, but rather to pull down compartmentalized barriers in the brain. By writing out memory this way, you'll regain access to all of your mind at once."

"I never fill in the blanks with what 'might' have happened in order for it to read smoothly," I elaborated. "Eventually, the picture comes together much the way a jigsaw puzzle does. By asking myself questions like 'how did I get there' and 'where did I go afterwards', I gain more pieces and eventually the

memory is complete. It is important to write out one memory compartment, or one personas' memory, and then expand the insight."

By the time we arrived back in Nashville, Sue was actually writing out memory. She continued writing while Mark and I packed up our few belongings for our move to Alabama. We kenneled our red Chow guard dog, Tong, our two remaining pet raccoons Tycoon[2] and Marty, and our huge white wolf dog who recently had adopted us, and put them in the Pacer. Then we caravanned vehicles for the short journey to the tiny, two bedroom house we had located on the outskirts of Huntsville. The quasi-rural neighborhood would be ideal for memory recovery, while the lack of big city distractions would allow for inward focus.

Mark and I used the house's tiny office for compiling the documents and paperwork we would need to testify before Congress in August. When the Permanent Select Committee of Intelligence Oversight officially postponed our testimony until the next spring, Mark and I shifted our focus to generating income instead. Sue's contribution to household expenses rarely covered the rent and utilities, which left no extra cash for fuel to travel to see Kelly in Memphis. Nor did we have cash for groceries. Sue's personal wealth was extravagant, yet the gourmet foods she stored in our refrigerator were off limits to us. When her constant additions to her wardrobe overfilled her closets, there was plenty of room in ours.

Mark and I were resourceful, and together we began repairing and reconditioning old motorcycles for resale. There was nothing Mark couldn't fix, and it exercised my brain just to work beside him. We enjoyed working together as much as playing together, and this means of generating enough income to sustain us was a pleasure. I knew there was no limit to the amount of money Mark could make under normal circumstances, but our situation was not yet conducive to routine living.

One time when we went to visit Kelly, another child had asked her why we didn't bring her presents. Kelly quickly replied, "My parents are too busy making a difference to make a buck." Indeed, that's exactly what we were doing.

Occasionally Sue and I would take a break from work to play tennis together. Competitive sports were not my interest, but I enjoyed the physical challenge of tennis. After playing for hours one hot afternoon, we sat down in the shade to drink our water. I relayed a story to Sue about a tennis tournament I'd been in. "While Alex Houston played golf in the annual Charlie Pride Pro-Am Golf Tournament in Albuquerque, New Mexico, I joined the ladies for a tennis tournament. My partner[3] and I made it all the way to the championship finals. We ended up in second place after a two-hour play off because we were laughing so hard at our opponents. They were angry and disgusted with us for laughing, and the madder they got the more we laughed."

"That's not funny," Sue said.

"It was funny because the water coolers were filled with beer, and neither of us drank beer," I told her. "But the Albuquerque afternoon sun was so hot, and we were so thirsty we drank some. It went straight to our heads and cost us the tournament. Having such a good time meant far more than any trophy ever could have."

"Didn't they have coke?" she asked.

"Only the cocaine variety," I answered. From my experience, CIA cocaine ops were what Charlie Pride[4]'s tournaments were really all about. Part of the cash generated was laundered through his bank in Dallas, Texas. Pride was tied into the same Savings and Loan scandals that Neil Bush[5] had been caught in. Even Bush Jr.'s baseball "bud" Nolan Ryan[6] owned a bank associated with CIA black ops. Additionally, the drug running I was involved with was channeled through Albuquerque's LA Dodger baseball training camp and profits laundered through local Catholic charities. Charlie Pride's annual Pro-Am Golf Tournaments covered it all. With respect to Sue's mode of heightened suggestibility, I kept these details to myself.

"I won a tennis tournament once," Sue told me. "Reagan met me afterwards and accessed my sex programming."

"Did you write this out?" I asked, concerned with Sue voicing possible

memory.

“Of course,” she assured me. “Reagan bought me drinks and dinner, and then we took a long romantic walk on the beach.”

“Why did you get to eat and drink while under mind control?” I asked. I knew that three days of sleep, food, and water deprivation were an integral part of MK Ultra trauma based mind control, especially before being prostituted to the likes of Reagan.

“Why did you get to drink at the tennis tournament?” She countered.

“Because we had been there for a week, and this was the last day,” I answered. “I wasn’t programmed for the tennis tournament, Houston just wanted me out of the way for a while.”

“Well,” Sue said defensively, “I can’t help it if Reagan didn’t like you and that he was in love with me.”

When we returned home, I told Mark about the conversation. “I didn’t mean to be therapeutically incorrect opening up conversation,” I told him. “And I didn’t know how to respond to what she was saying.”

“Reagan doesn’t love you,” Mark teased. “How does that make you feel?”

“Between the tortures and traumas,” I laughed, “I don’t think Reagan liked me any better than Cheney or Bush did. Why does Sue say things like that?”

“Ego,” Mark answered.

“What is that?” I wondered. My own ego had been shattered before it developed, leaving me to find my true identity at soul level after I’d deprogrammed.

“Perception of self,” Mark simply defined.

“Perception of self based on social engineering and what others say?” I asked. It seemed that ego was outside of self while true-to-soul identity was within.

“Sue’s massive ego makes it difficult for her to heal completely,” Mark told me. “It is a challenge for her to deprogram when she is constantly comparing herself to others. I’ll have a talk with her about this again tonight.”

Later that evening when Mark brought up the conversation, Sue demanded, “Tell me the components of mind control, then.”

“You need to remember for yourself,” Mark encouraged her, just in case there was some remote possibility that she had been exposed to mind control.

“I have a degree in psychology,” Sue reminded him. “I have a right to this information. Besides, Rod needs it for his book so he can include accurate information on mind control.”

“I’ve already talked about this with Rod by phone,” Mark told her. “And he agreed not to discuss it with you until after you reintegrate.”

Sue stomped to her room and slammed her door. Over the next few weeks, she continued to reintegrate and heal from incest despite herself. Rod came to visit as planned, and expressed more excitement over Sue’s healing process than she did.

“This is absolutely remarkable!” he exclaimed. “I can see she has fused and may even be reintegrated by the time my book comes out!” Rod was in the final edit stages of his novel on mind control, and asked Mark for his input. They spent hours going over the manuscript, which provided Mark a prime opportunity to give Rod coping skills for the childhood abuse he had endured. Rod’s trust for Mark was as pure as his commitment to helping others.

One evening we were all gathered around the dining room table celebrating Rod’s completion of his book.

“How ‘bout a beer?” Mark offered, peering into the refrigerator.

Rod declined. “No thank you. I’m high on life.”

Mark laughed. “I used to get high on life but I built up a tolerance.”

We all laughed, enjoying Rod’s last night in Alabama. Sue was solemn, however. “You all act as though you believe you can change the world,” she accused.

“Actually I’d rather just make a difference,” I replied lightly. “Isn’t that what life is for? To make a positive difference?”

“I’d want to make some kind of contribution to humanity,” Rod said, “even if I had never heard of mind control.”

“It’s not so easy turning the negative of mind control into a positive,” Mark agreed. “Raising awareness does make a difference, though.”

“Since my experience was only incest,” Sue complained, “I guess I have nothing to contribute.”

“Sue,” Rod reminded her. “You healed. You have fused and are on your way to total recovery. You live with two of the finest people on the planet, and have contributed to my book through your experience.”

“I want my name on the cover then,” Sue demanded.

“OK,” Rod told her. “I’ll tell you what. If you’ll do the leg work on getting this book printed and pay half the printing cost, you can add your name to the cover.”

Sue brightened, excited at the prospects. “Really?” she asked. “My name can be on the cover of *Starshine*?”

“Right after mine,” Rod smiled. “You’ve got the manuscript right here. When

you solidify a deal to have it printed, I'll wire you half the money."

The day after Rod returned to Hawaii, Sue was sitting at the kitchen table asking what alias she should use on the book. "Why not use your real name?" I asked, not comprehending why someone who had suffered from a dissociative identity disorder would want to create a new identity.

"For legal reasons," she responded. "'Brice Taylor' sounds like a real name." It never occurred to Mark, me, or Rod that Sue would eventually remove Rod's name from his book entirely, ironically change the title to "*Thanks for the Memories,"* and keep all the sales profits. Sue's conniving means were more focused than ever now that she was reintegrated.

"You were right!" I told Mark. "Before you started working with her, you said that 'Sue is who she is, and reintegrated she would still be Sue only be more focused!'"

"I really wish I wasn't right as often as I am," Mark said.

"But this is important information for mental health professionals just the same," I said, still excited. "For one, a person can heal from false memories; and for two, all multiples are not nice when they do heal. Why do you think she is stealing Rod's book?"

"I want to know why she is creating a new identity for herself," Mark answered.

One afternoon after playing a round of tennis, Sue and I were talking under the shade tree. "I knew Michael Jackson," she told me.

Considering that she was from Southern California, that seemed viable enough until she added, "I had sex with him all the time."

"Sue," I reminded her, "Michael Jackson was busted for pedophilia last December."

“If he was a pedophile, he would be in prison,” she stated.

“It’s sad that his reputed MK Ultra mind control victimization has been overlooked by the press,” I responded. “I really thought mind control would penetrate media censorship this time, and still cover-up surpassed justice. Mark says the ‘gloved one’ is a huge cash cow that they haven’t finished milking into poverty. He really needs to be stopped now for his sake and the children’s sake. Understanding his circumstances would make a world of difference.”

Among those Mark and I networked with, Elizabeth Taylor was highly respected for her quiet activism against mind control. It was no surprise when she whisked Michael off to a highly specialized hospital in the UK to have him deprogrammed. The media spotlight was still on him for his blatant pedophilic actions, however, and the CIA could not allow for the press to discover the causation. LaToya had already been silenced, and there would be no limits to how far the government would go to cover this up. When Mark received a tip from an Intelligence contact to watch a televised broadcast at 3AM, we tuned in. Elizabeth Taylor’s press agent was raising public awareness to his and Ms. Taylor’s plight. Their lives were on the line since the CIA had stormed her residence and physically extracted Michael Jackson before he could be deprogrammed. Once again mind control was covered up at all costs.

“Mind control is the perfect defense for any crime,” Sue speculated, smiling.

I shuddered at the look in her eye. “When someone gains awareness while healing from any level of dissociation, they become responsible for their actions.”

I packed up our tennis equipment and drove back to the house to tell Mark what had transpired. He was as appalled as I was. “She plans to release Rod’s fiction book as her reality so she can use mind control as a defense against any crime.”

“Mind control is not a defense,” Mark said. “It’s a factor.”

“Against what?” I wondered. Stealing Rod’s book? We didn’t wait to find out, and asked her to leave immediately.

Chapter 37
TRUTH MAKES U.S. FREE

One evening we received a phone call from our friend in Alaska. “There is an herbal tea on the market that may actually heal your digestion,” he announced excitedly. “It revives intestinal action, bringing it back to life.” My tummy still gave me difficulties at times, and I was eager to try this tea. “It is pricey, so I’ll have my sister bring some to you since she lives nearby anyway,” he assured us. Sure enough, she brought me a ‘lifetime’ supply of the tea, which worked wonders for my health. These two wise and thoughtful friends touched our lives in many ways.

They introduced us to their circle of friends, which seemed to infinitely expand like ripples in a pond, encompassing good ol’ boys and political activists all the way through State and National politics. It was healing for me to encounter so many aware people on so many social levels who were actively making a positive difference with their knowledge. Everyone I met without exception held these two in highest esteem and respect. Among those we met was an attorney by the name of Larry Becraft. Becraft was primarily focused on tax issues[1], yet provided invaluable insight and advice on our situation.

Larry Becraft is an ambitious, tall, handsome man with a powerful presence and booming voice. Never have I heard anyone speak so forcefully to say the gentlest, wisest things. Becraft strode all the way across his Huntsville office in two giant steps, exercising his agility to maneuver through strategically scattered stacks of papers and legal documents to clear off a few chairs.

“Have a seat,” he boomed, flashing his boyish smile. I watched him like a bug under glass, curious how any attorney could possibly be clean. Larry Becraft was highly respected and widely known, and he and Mark got along as though they’d been friends for years.

“How ‘bout a cup of coffee?” he offered, searching underneath a pile of papers. I suspected he was searching for the coffee maker and declined. “Ah hah!” he boomed, pleased with his discovery of an ashtray. He promptly lit a deliciously fragrant cigar, offering one to Mark. “This clutter is organized,” he explained. “I don’t have a secretary or a separate room for filing all these papers while I work on them, nor do I have the time to properly present myself as a conventional attorney.” Becraft’s unpretentiousness was appealing. His long legs stretched comfortably out in front of him while his toes wiggled free in a pair of sandals.

“I appreciate you taking the time to meet with us today,” Mark assured him.

“I’m glad for the break, actually,” Becraft said. “Ever since I set precedent in that groundbreaking tax case against the Feds, I’ve had more cases than I can juggle.”

“It looks like you’re in the same position we are,” Mark told him, looking around at the obvious lack of funding. “People wake up when they’re hit in the pocketbook, so by the time they turn to you or me for help, they’re broke.”

Becraft flashed that smile again. What judge could possibly resist that winning smile? “We aren’t awarded cash when we win a case, either,” he elaborated. “We just keep the Feds from helping themselves to more of our money. It’s hard to make ends meet under circumstances like these, but as you know, success isn’t always measured in dollars. Someday, someone with money will come along and empower us to accomplish even more for the people of this country.”

“We just received noticed that our testimony before Congress has been postponed again,” Mark told him. “With Bud Cramer[2] on the Oversight panel, we’ve probably been postponed indefinitely.”

“You need to be prepared for that contingency,” Becraft advised. “Compile all that information you were prepared to present to Congress and put it in book form.”

“We’re not authors,” Mark protested.

“This isn’t about writing a book,” he wisely explained, “it’s about having pertinent information ready to release en masse.”

“With certain members of Congress censored from hearing it for ‘reasons of national security,’ how can we release it to the public?”

“This country needs positive change through public awareness,” Becraft answered. “Congress obviously isn’t going to make the necessary changes, but the people will. Everyday they are waking up and gaining a point of reference for understanding what you and Cathy have to say. This case should be tried before the court of public opinion anyway so its not just all swept under the rug.”

Becraft paused a minute, thinking. Then he lifted a corner of the Turkish rug covering the wooden floor of his office and extracted a handful of papers. He smiled and laid them on a stack near his desk. “I knew I’d find those,” he muttered before continuing. “Footnote and reference as many facts as you can.”

“Look, Larry,” Mark told him. “That won’t be so easy. For one, most of the information Cathy has reported is still classified.”

“She hasn’t taken an oath of secrecy,” he countered. “A ‘Rite-to-Remain-Silent’ program does not constitute an oath. Laws of sedition do not bind her. If you can’t prove the facts as right, let researchers try to prove them wrong. I already know they can’t find fault with her facts.”

“Dates and times are most likely off a bit, though,” Mark argued. “Since she had no concept of time and consequently no sense of distance under mind control, certain dates and places still need validating through legitimate investigation. We intended to point that out when we presented the facts to Congress.”

“So tell the people that,” he said. “The facts can all be validated through

expanded thinking and concern for truth. The point is people need to know about mind control. They need to know what is happening to this country's education, mental health, and justice systems. They need to know what the New World Order agenda is about before NAFTA makes economic slaves of all of us. Armed with truth, there is no way to lose."

Mark nodded in agreement. "Truth is mightier than the sword."

"And granddad's squirrel gun," he added. "The militias need to know what they are up against in order to be as effective as this country needs them to be."

"Granddad's squirrel gun is no match for DARPA," Mark agreed. "Squirrel guns in the hands of potentially 200 million people have the Feds sweating, though."

Becraft smiled. "They won't be able to disarm this country. There are too many people already awake, aware, and armed."

"If the latest TV polls tell the people they are disarmed, they might blindly follow it," Mark speculated. "People are what they're told, and they love to be told what the majority is doing so they can do it too. It's a socially engineered herd mentality."

"Follow the leader," Becraft nodded, setting down his cigar. "Only the leader is an illusion. A lie. I'm telling you, we need to get the truth out there."

"When the people lead, leaders follow," I quipped.

"The people better get to leading," Mark added, standing up to leave.

"Get that book out," Becraft said.

On the way home, we discussed Becraft's advice. Commenting on his character was first, though.

“I’ve never seen an attorney with true-to-soul projection,” I told Mark as he started the drive back home. “He is purely unpretentious.”

“I’ve never seen one so intelligent,” Mark said. “And wise. Rather than perceive Larry Becraft as an attorney, I see him as a strong man with integrity and a fine sense of justice.”

“And a brilliant mind,” I added.

“His intelligence is off the scale,” Mark agreed. “That must be how he can stay so clean swimming in a pool of scumbag attorneys. He’s definitely unique, and I sure am glad to have legal advice I can trust.”

“So how do we write this book?” I asked.

“Like he said, we’ll write it from the documents and deprogramming notes,” Mark reiterated. “We’ll pick and choose pertinent validated facts according to what will best give people a clear understanding of mind control. Knowledge is our only defense against it, so we will make sure the knowledge we share is comprehensive.”

We drove in silence, thinking through the task at hand.

Finally, I said, “We need to know the pulse of the nation, what it is that is waking folks up and why.”

“Radio is an excellent medium for determining that,” Mark reminded me. “It is a resurrected technological artifact whose time has gone and come again. Now radio has fast become the voice of the people.[3]”

“Maybe by speaking out on some of these radio shows, taking questions, and getting feedback we’ll have a better feel for the pulse of the nation,” I ventured. “Through networking like we have, we already know key issues with which people are concerned.”

“Like Global Education?” Mark elaborated.

“Exactly,” I responded. “We know many people are home schooling their children since the education system is failing so miserably in the areas of applicable intelligence and morality.”

“We know hundreds of kids are missing or are being returned to abusers by a failed justice system,” Mark continued. “We know militias are gathering strength, that people refuse to pay taxes to a government that doesn’t represent them, and that the CIA has taken their drug war to our streets. Plus video games are creating violence the same way they erode critical analysis for combat in the military. These are all points of reference many people are gaining.”

“People seem to be aware of the Masonic connection,” I commented.

“We should be careful with that,” Mark warned. “Most Masons don’t even know what is going on until they get higher up in the organization.”

“Like 33rd degree?” I asked, not really understanding the levels of Free Masonry I was exposed to throughout my MK Ultra victimization. “Byrd was 33rd degree. So was Reagan.”

“Even that isn’t so black and white,” Mark elaborated. “Byrd climbed his way up, and Reagan was given an honorary degree through the global elite. Either way, the 33rd degree is granted as an honor rather than earned.”

“What about Traficant?” I asked. “I know he is a Mason, only he’s connected into the Order of the Rose branch. And he’s not even a Jesuit that I know of. What about VanderJagt and Ford? They were part of my grandpa’s Masonic Blue Lodge in Michigan that launched me into MK Ultra. I’m not really sure where the Order of the Rose and Free Masonry converge. Especially since the Catholics pretend to oppose Masons.”

“Catholics oppose Masons the same way they oppose satanism,” Mark observed. “The faction of Catholics you were exposed to need the negatives to create a need for their solutions and visa versa.”

Talking about it seemed to be clarifying the confusion. “The Mormons I knew were exactly the same way! The only secret society I know of that spanned Mormons, Catholics, CIA, Jesuits, and Masons was the Order of the Rose.”

“That would be your answer then.”

“But people only have a point of reference for Masons,” I complained. “Or for the Illuminati, which I never even heard discussed around DC. How will people know what I’m talking about when I say ‘Order of the Rose’?”

“People absolutely *must* expand their knowledge,” Mark pointed out. “They need to think out-of-the-box.”

“The TV box?”

“No,” Mark chuckled. “Well, yes, that too. I was referring to the box social engineering has locked them into. In order for them to effectively combat the invisible menace that has permeated society, they need to learn to recognize it. Labels don’t get it. Even as we are speaking, you qualify ‘Catholics’ and ‘the Catholics you were exposed to.’ We’ve talked about various levels of Masonry. People want to point at one certain group because they’ve become lazy in their thinking. To realize it is more than just one group, and that the individuals comprising the groups have various levels of knowledge and involvement, and that those individuals are all on their own learning path and may expand out of their current Need-to-Know, takes a bit more thought than some people can think to give.”

“People need discernment,” I agreed. “They need spiritual evolution before they incite revolution. How are we going to explain this in the book?”

“We won’t,” Mark answered. “We’ll give them the absolute facts and let them figure it out. With the meteorical rise of NSA’s internet they can now instantly look such information up for themselves.”

I gulped. Could people wake up in time? Could they gather their strength of

spirit? “Wisdom outthinks a criminal mind every time,” I ventured.

“Truth makes u.s free,” Mark said, turning onto the county road leading to our house. “Let’s arm them with truth and we’ll have done all we can.”

Chapter 38
PULSE OF THE NATION

Key people were being murdered by the Clinton Administration at such an alarming rate that the term “suicided” evolved into “Arkacided.” Arkansas, Clinton’s home state, was littered in bodies and awash in the blood of both Bill’s and Hillary’s associates. When the Clintons took office in the White House, the war zone that always accompanied them extended to DC. An infamous document known as the ‘Clinton Hit List’ began to circulate among the people of the United States. Law enforcement was forced into protecting a corrupt system rather than the people, and the corporate controlled media was cowering to censorship. Citizens quickly learned to inform and protect themselves while militias organized and grew in an effort to meet the escalating needs of the people.

Bill Clinton’s Mena Airport drug operation spawned more deaths than just the infamous murder of drug dealer Barry Seal[1]. Two teenage boys, Kevin Ives and Don Henry, were murdered after apparently stumbling onto the Mena drug operation[2]. Their remains were found on the railroad tracks in accordance with Wayne Cox’s m.o.[3] At least six people investigating or attempting to expose this horrendous crime were murdered, still in accordance with Cox’s m.o.[4] I had already reported to law enforcement that I had witnessed Cox murdering people on the same pivotal stretch of railroad tracks in the course of Bill Clinton’s Mena CIA drug ops. At great risk to his life, Arkansas Deputy Sheriff John Brown confirmed those murders and more around Mena. Few survived the Mena massacres until pertinent documentation circulated among the people[5] thanks to the efforts of concerned civil servants like John Brown. Since then, John Brown has become an elected Sheriff.

Clinton corruption emanating from Arkansas stunk so bad that an Independent Council was formed to investigate the criminal activity.

While most US citizens sought to arm themselves with truth, some felt hopeless and became desperate. August 13, 1994, a small Cessna airplane deliberately slammed into the White House. Subsequently, the American people lost more rights. Patriot rallies were growing in numbers and frequency, including key gatherings such as the Branch Davidian memorial in Waco that was intended to be an annual event. “We Want This Country Back[6]” and “Just Say No to the N.W.O.” were cries that resounded across the country, yet the voice of the people was replaced in the media by DARPA generated social engineering propaganda.

Blood flowed from the pulse of the nation, and only truth could heal the wound. Mark and I obtained a computer that was little more than an electronic typewriter, and began writing our first draft of *TRANCE Formation of America* according to Becraft’s suggestion. Rarely did we take a break from this task, as we felt a strong need and urgency to contribute what we knew to humanity. To do anything less would make us a part of the problem rather than part of the solution. Our choice was clear.

Meanwhile, I received a letter from my court appointed attorney Jean Crowe September 16, 1994. Abbott Jordan’s recommendations to have Kelly transferred to the best therapy[7] in the country resulted in dispute from her abusers. ACCT, the oversight group who had transferred Kelly to Charter Lakeside and Abbott Jordan’s care, intervened on yet another placement for Kelly. This time she was transferred to a Christian based institution in Knoxville, Tennessee called Jabneel. Jabneel was closer in proximity to our new residence in Alabama, yet I was distraught over Kelly’s being transferred from Abbott Jordan’s care. Admittedly he had accomplished all he could with Kelly without necessary supportive technological remedies, yet his compassion and understanding proved invaluable. Nevertheless, Kelly was transferred and Mark and I immediately went to see her and to meet with her new caregivers.

The warmth, compassion, and kindness with which we were met at Jabneel were encouraging. Children were the focus of Jabneel’s staff rather than federal funding, which meant they could not easily be threatened, bribed, or coerced into cover-up. Kelly was devastated that she had not been returned to her loving family and was still in a holding pattern. She was ready for

positive progress, and Jabneel looked like more of the same to her. We walked outside to talk.

“We can talk free!” I exclaimed, while Mark tended to staff inside. “I don’t know who these people are, but they obviously care about you and our family unity.”

Suddenly, Kelly looked up and brightened. “A horse!” she exclaimed, slowly moving toward the fence that separated her from the stallion. The stallion pricked up his ears and his eyes softened as he walked toward her. *The Horse Whisperer*[8] had yet to be published, and Monty Roberts[9] was relatively unknown. Yet Kelly’s ability to communicate with animals, especially horses, was a natural. All it takes is true-to-soul humility[10], and Kelly’s was evident.

She looked at me, her eyes dancing. No words were exchanged since she and I did not require them for communication any more than she and the stallion did. She slipped under the fence to tenderly caress her new friend. The stallion appeared to be as pleased as she was. “Maybe this won’t be such a bad place after all,” Kelly announced when she crawled back under the fence.

By the time Mark and I left Jabneel, we felt confident that Kelly would be cared for. This was small consolation for not raising her ourselves in our loving care, yet it helped all of us to deal with the adverse circumstances.

We resumed writing as quickly as we arrived back in Alabama. Progress seemed slow since we were eager to release the truths we were privy to. The need for information continued to escalate while America was being scrutinized globally for it’s corporate driven political criminal corruption that was oozing around the globe.

The warring and economic hazards that had been generated for decades since John F. Kennedy was assassinated paralleled the adverse environmental impact. Bush Sr.’s noncompliance[11] with the 1992 Earth Summit in Brazil left the rest of the world astounded by US apathy, while HAARP and global warming remained unchecked. Tides were turning, glaciers were melting,

rain forests were burning, ocean reefs were dying, storms were raging, and that was only the beginning. The Clinton

Administration was not helping to save the planet either. Senator Byrd's "Clean Air and Water Act" continued to line his pockets with payoffs while corporations polluted both air and water, and environmentalists were portrayed as moronic terrorists by the media.

Spooks from around the world began contacting us. Mark's reputation as a measuring stick for who is honest, who is corrupt, and who is an infil*traitor* now extended out of the country. His integrity and tenacity were infinite, earning him the respect of all who knew him. "You've become an urban legend," a spook told him. "At a time when the rest of the world needs to see an American hero emerge from its ashes, you rise like a phoenix."

Mark was never one to adhere to such images. He was too busy. When he began to feel the weight of the world on his shoulders, he turned to a respected friend and mentor. "We've got to go to DC," he told me.

I gulped, but did not question his decision. He certainly knew the pros and cons of our traveling into Washington, DC. Not only had I survived my preconceived terror on our first trip into Huntsville, Alabama, we now lived there in relative safety. Besides, I consoled myself that we would get to see Kelly in Knoxville on the way back from DC.

It was early December when we drove up to Colonel Fletcher Prouty's mansion in the DC suburb of Alexandria, Virginia and knocked on the door. No answer. "He's expecting us," Mark told me. "You stay here and I'll go around front and ring the bell." I waited, assuming Mark had roused him. A few minutes later, I heard him approach the door where I stood. He swung it open, warmly inviting me in to join him and Mark.

I gasped and nearly fell back down the steps. Fletcher Prouty looked amused, the corners of his mouth turning up and disappearing in his wise, wrinkled face. His eyes twinkled bright, flashing white light like a laser penetrating my being. His energy was more powerful than any I have ever encountered, and it was an energy of pure love. Again, he invited me in. I found my footing

this time, and gratefully went inside.

Fletcher Prouty's sitting room was an elaborate library of highly polished rose wood, with books stacked haphazardly everywhere. Obviously his personal library was well used and not intended for ornamental display. "I want to see *TRANCE* in my library soon," he told us, motioning us into easy chairs. Mark sat across from him where they could look each other in the eye as they talked, so close that I could not hear a word from where I sat. Did Col. Prouty know my hearing was defective? It was a profound privilege, regardless, just to sit in the same room while these two wise spooks conversed. Apparently they knew each other well. As their conversation became animated, I still couldn't hear a thing and smiled to myself. Undoubtedly Fletcher Prouty did know this, and had held private conversations in front of others before. He was a spook's spook, and I felt as though I had just entered a Robert Ludlum[12] novel.

He stood up, moving with the kind of fluid blur of agility that only martial artists knew, and picked up a book from his desk. He pulled a pen from his pocket and wrote in the book, handing it to me with a smile. "Thank God you survived," he said, and sat back down to talk further with Mark.

I looked at the cover of his book. I read: *The Secret Team, the CIA and its Allies in Control of the United States and the World* by L.Fletcher Prouty[13], Col.U.S.A.F. (Ret.)[14] Every spook I had ever met was "retired," I mused. The back cover read:

"…he (Prouty) spent his last nine years of service in the Pentagon as the official Focal Point Officer--first for the Air Force, and then for the entire Department of Defense with the CIA. All CIA military activities were thus channeled through him. Not being a CIA man, he was exempt from taking the oath of secrecy. Being the Focal Point Officer put him in a very privileged position: in effect, Prouty has far more knowledge of CIA activities than almost all members of that organization."

Wow. I had had no clue, and certainly never encountered the likes of Fletcher Prouty while in the Pentagon with Dick Cheney[15]. I only knew a bit of his

history; that Fletcher Prouty had worked very closely with JFK[16] and was deployed to the South Pole at the time of the assassination to ensure he was out of the way. At the same time, Prouty notes that George Bush, Sr. was in Dallas. I wanted to know more. Prouty asserted that Kennedy's assassination in essence signaled a hostile take-over of the United States, shifting power from the Presidency to the CIA. Reality sunk in while I sat in his library. Fletcher Prouty could make a world of difference with what he knew and learned while earning the confidence of the Secret Government from his Pentagon position.

In the 1992 Preface to the Second Edition of *The Secret Team,* Prouty wrote:

"Like it or not, we now live in a new age of 'One World'… This is the fundamental game of the Secret Team. They have the power because they control secrecy and secret intelligence…"

This man "thanks God that *I* survived" when his knowledge and insight could ultimately change the world for the better? If only people knew that this man who held the key to America's future was pure love energy in motion. Wisdom. Peace. The truths he knew indeed would set us free. And Fletcher Prouty was revealing all to anyone with eyes to see and ears to hear.[17]

Mark and I left Fletcher Prouty's residence, and decided to lighten up by taking a few photos around DC before returning to Alabama. Since we were already in the vicinity, we drove by the CIA first and acted like ignorant tourists clicking pictures. When CIA security reprimanded us and demanded the film as we knew they would, Mark laughingly reminded them, "The CIA doesn't own the highway, do they?" and left. We took photos of the Department of Justice where "The Price of Freedom is Eternal Vigilance" is carved in stone. Walking across the mall to the Smithsonian, we saw a few vendors selling forbidden souvenirs. We bought several bumper stickers including "DARE to keep the CIA off drugs" in response to their popular "DARE to keep kids off drugs" program. I chose one that read "DARE to think for yourself" and we even bought the ever-popular "We're Not in Kansas Anymore[18]" bumper sticker for posterity. Mark laughingly held up a tee shirt for me imprinted with the FBI's Federal Witness Protection Program

emblem and the words “You Don’t Know Me.” The Feds certainly didn’t know me, or they would have realized I would speak out and tell their criminal secrets.

“I’ll take you to a nice restaurant for dinner,” Mark said. Of all the times I had been in Washington, DC during the Reagan Bush Administration, I had never once been allowed to eat due to mind control. Mark knew this, and opted for a fine seafood restaurant reputed to be the best in DC. We counted out the last of our spending money, and went inside Phillips’ Restaurant.

“The name is right,” I said, referring to Mark’s gourmet chef abilities. The dinner was good but I’d been spoiled by the best for years, and I realized for the first time that going out to dinner would always be secondary to what I could eat at home.

On the long drive home, silence was as comfortable as our conversations. A few memories had surfaced as though they were yesterday after being to so many familiar places, and I wrote. My programming was no longer accessible, and I did not trigger the way I used to. The bits and pieces I remembered now only filled in the blanks, rarely even changing my perceptions. We talked very little about Mark’s conversation with Fletcher Prouty, focusing only on the strong points. Col. Prouty looked forward to the release of *TRANCE* since he, like Becraft, could not foresee certain members of Congressional Intelligence Oversight allowing us to testify in April as planned. Prouty shared former President Truman’s disdain over the 1947 National Security Act, and diligently sought to have it repealed. Our case was one more reason why he opposed the National Security Act. Ironically considering the position he held in the Pentagon for years, Prouty was a proponent of truth and denounced secrets above all else.

“On *The Secret Team*’s Acknowledgement page,” I ventured, “I noticed reference to a TV producer by the name of Al Levin.”

“He and his bother Marc Levin are a powerful team working behind the scenes,” Mark answered before I completed my question. “Blowback Productions[19] will undoubtedly continue to emerge as a true voice of the people.”

Knowing that Fletcher Prouty was providing ammunition to those arming the front lines with truth in this mind war was comforting. Win was inevitable.

It was the next day before we reached Knoxville and stopped to see Kelly. As always, it was bittersweet seeing her, enjoying every moment we had together before being separated again. Her caregivers at Jabneel were fully aware that National Security had been invoked on Kelly's case. They shared our frustration that Kelly was denied the available, though suppressed, qualified technological rehab she so desperately needed. Instead they provided her with the best coping skills they could. Much of what they offered, they learned from Mark while Kelly and I talked.

We walked outside, enjoying the fresh air as we aimed towards the fence where the stallion Kelly befriended was eagerly waiting for her. I reached in my purse and pulled out a carrot I'd brought, which Kelly offered him once she slid under the fence. The best therapy and counseling Kelly received was in her silent relationship with the stallion. It occurred to me that under any circumstances, her natural connection to horses provided the deepest healing she could experience[20] outside of her loving family.

Our visit ended much too soon, although all the time in the world would not be enough, it seemed. Mark and I still had a long drive ahead of us. We hugged Kelly and began the journey home.

The phone was ringing off the wall when we got back in. We had only been gone a few days, yet we received numerous calls. "Where ya'll been?" Billy asked. Even though we didn't see him very often since we moved from Nashville, our friend at the Copy Shop was as close to us as ever. "I've got a box full of mail to ship you," he told us. "I've been collecting up all the mail from your Post Office Box, and it's accumulating fast. You have correspondence from all over the world in here. What are you two up to?"

Mark briefly filled him in, explaining our progress in writing *TRANCE* and international interest it already stirred. After chatting a few minutes, he hung up only to have the phone ring again. This time it was our former neighbor who lived near Mark's mother. "Melba's doing really well," he assured us. "I look in on her all the time. There's been a few detectives come by looking for

you, though it's nothing like it used to be when ya'll lived here," he drawled. "I really miss you, but I must admit I don't miss the noisy helicopters. They left when you did."

"Maybe Fort Campbell rerouted their flight pattern," Mark suggested.

"Yeah, right," he laughed. "Just one more of those coincidences, huh?"

"Could be," Mark chuckled. "I think they rerouted them over our house here in Alabama." They talked a bit more before Mark hung up.

"Black helicopters are a popular topic of conversation these days," he told me as I finished unpacking our bags. "I've grown so used to them now that…" The telephone interrupted him.

I picked it up this time.

"Is the book ready?" Becraft boomed into the phone, causing me to fumble it.

I put it back up to my ear, "We're working on it."

"I heard you met with Fletcher." What? I'd heard him, but surely he didn't mean Fletcher Prouty. We hadn't told anyone. Noting my hesitancy, Becraft continued. "The man's a saint." Yes, he must mean Fletcher Prouty. I knew our phone was monitored, and didn't know how to respond.

"Just a minute, please." I said, handing the phone to Mark as though it were a hot potato. Mark apparently was as comfortable with the conversation as Becraft was, and I relaxed. I wasn't sure how Becraft had learned of our meeting, but the thought of him having one of those inaudible quiet conversations in Fletcher Prouty's library struck me funny. I was still smiling when Mark hung up and explained to me that Becraft heard Fletcher Prouty talking about MK Ultra on the radio earlier that day. "He's getting the word out," Mark was saying as the phone rang again.

This time it was a serious call from a group of psychiatrists and psychologists

in Texas who were hosting a mind control seminar in March. They wanted us to speak. Mental health professionals from all over the country would be in attendance to further their educational credits. Mark's reputation had spread, and he was reputed to be the authority on mind control. Apparently several papers had been submitted to the APA by psychiatrists referring to Mark's knowledge, and I was regarded as the model for recovery. It seemed that the group we spoke with in Southern California were true to their word in circulating the information under their credentials. Therapists had reached an impasse in treating survivors of mind control, mostly due to the False Memory Foundation. It was widely known that Mark had proved with Sue that recovery from False Memory was possible. His knowledge was in demand by the mental health community, and they were willing to host us for the Dallas event.

"Most disturbing," he was told, "the number of survivors has swelled to epidemic proportion. We need your help."

Mark agreed to talk with them further. In the meantime, we stayed focused on writing *TRANCE*. The need for truth was epidemic nationwide.

Chapter 39
CAN YOU *THINK* TO CARE?

“How am I supposed to speak to an auditorium of shrinks?” I asked.

“You’re giving voice to survivors like Kelly who can’t *think* to speak for themselves,” Mark wisely replied. “What would they want therapists to know so they can heal like you have?”

“Will they care to listen?” I wondered. “Somehow, having hundreds of shrinks condescendingly pull their glasses down to scrutinize me is unnerving.”

“You know as well as I do that the CIA contains many of their crimes by locking people up in mental institutions,” he reminded me. “They tried using Cynthia Turner-Graham to lock you up until we sidestepped it. Having hundreds of shrinks earning educational credits listening to you speak is instant credibility. The CIA can’t even try to use that method of containment on you anymore. Hundreds of shrinks validating your recovery is pretty powerful. Congress can’t ignore it, plus that will be nice to have when *TRANCE* is published.”

“We need something to wear,” I laughed, noting Mark’s usual attire of a robe. Clothes were not our priority, each of us preferring comfort.

“You’re a fine one to talk,” Mark joked back. I was very comfortable in my own skin.

“Well, shrinks are not going to listen to us looking like this,” I mused. “I’ve got a few things to wear, but I had better lose some weight so I can fit into them.”

“You’re not fat,” Mark noted.

“I know,” I answered, referring to old Charm School programming methods of ‘think it and become it’. “’I am thinner’. Besides, if I stand at attention I automatically lose five pounds.” I threw my shoulders back.

“Oh, that looks great,” Mark said sarcastically. “March in there with a militant stance to speak out on recovery from mind control.”

I giggled. “It’s pretty hard to care about appearance when looks are only skin deep.”

“People are conditioned to listen to speakers who are dressed a certain way,” Mark told me. “We need to appear confident and look more like them and less like us. Appropriate attire would be conservative clothes.”

“They’re shrinks,” I protested, “Can’t they see in our eyes that we are confident and sincere?”

“They’re not going to look at your eyes if you go in there that way!” Mark and I joked and played, adjusting to the idea of speaking publicly to professionals when neither of us lived egotistical pretense. It wasn’t about us, anyway. It was about the information, which we needed to impart in the most comprehensive manner possible. Just the same, I taped a note on the fridge that said, “Eat ‘light’ at night,” and one on the bathroom mirror that said, “Why weight?” Using old Charm School methods to subconsciously adjust my perceptions to produce results of *my choice* seemed a form of justice in itself.

By the time we arrived in Richardson, Texas for our speaking engagement we were ready. Sue Ford had been invited to set up a booth under the pretense of selling Rod’s book, when in fact all the shrinks already knew she was the prototype of recovery from false memory that was perpetuating a charade. Mark and I were so busy that we barely had time to acknowledge her presence. “No one is buying anything,” she whined. “All they want to do is talk.”

“You’re right,” Mark cleverly alerted her, “No one is buying it.” Sue still didn’t get it.

Speaking was easy once we started. This elaborate symposium was different than from conversing with therapists or offering answers to a devastated community like Marin. Sure enough, as soon as I began to speak, an auditorium of shrinks pulled their glasses down in unison to examine me the way they were taught. Only I wasn’t intimidated. According to APA statistics, 90% of those accredited in mental health had gotten into the business to learn what was wrong with them. This certainly disrobed them in my eyes! After Mark and I made our initial presentation, we held questions and answers, which actually proved to be fun and informative.

We answered the usual questions like “why are you still alive?”

“Wisdom outthinks a criminal mind every time,” I responded. “Aside from that, people need to consider the strength of the human spirit and examine their own spiritual beliefs for answers.”

Mark was more practical than philosophical, offering an answer more suitable to their mind set. He explained the power of the mind and subsequent healing methods used to literally save my life in clinically intellectual terms.

One psychiatrist, obviously uncomfortable standing before his peers took the microphone, blew in it a few times deafening the crowd, then yelled into it “Can you hear me?” Satisfied that all was well, he asked, “Aren’t you afraid of the CIA?”

“Why?”

“They threaten our license and our lives, and we’re just helping people. You two are telling their secrets,” he elaborated while others shook their heads.

“They have as much power as you give them,” Mark answered. “Kind of like ‘satan’ does.” We had already discussed Lt. Col. Aquino[1] and his ‘power of satan’ MK Ultra mind control techniques. Everyone present was familiar with

Aquino due to the vast number of survivors they were treating who had been adversely affected by him and/or his satanic offshoots. For this reason Aquino's former girlfriend, Linda Blood, who wrote the book *The New Satanists* had been invited to speak at this symposium as well. Mark's answer incited a few chuckles.

"They are crucifying Bennet Braun," someone shouted.

"The CIA is notorious for making examples out of their opposition on the forefront," Mark reminded them. "Whether he is right or wrong, Bennet Braun is their example to mental health professionals the same way Danny Casolaro was to reporters and the media; the same way Peter Tchernev was to concerned parents; and the same way the Branch Davidians were to patriots. If we cave in to their threats, they win."

"Now you've become a threat to them," someone said, taking the microphone. "Aren't you afraid to be on the forefront?"

"Mark and I were never perceived as a threat to them until it was too late," I said. "My abusers believed I would die, and that even if I did survive they believed that I couldn't recover. Many government secrets and personal reputations were staked on the belief that I could not be deprogrammed to remember that which I was supposed to forget. By the time they realized their error in judgment, we had already reported their secrets to every branch of law enforcement in the country. Again, wisdom outthinks a criminal mind every time. These criminals are intelligent, but they are flat thinkers. They lack depth, they lack soul, and therefore they lack wisdom."

"Those who do have wisdom," Mark injected, "learned through Cathy's recovery that their conclusions on robotic mind control were erroneous, and it shifted their paradigms making them among the strongest supporters we have. They have turned against their flat-thinking peers and are now threatening *them*. While we may never know the true identities of our new friends in Langley, we know they are aware that we know where covert support is emanating from."

"How do you know you're not under mind control now?" A female

psychiatrist asked into the microphone, then pulled down her glasses awaiting my response.

“I know who I am,” I answered while my mind sorted through a million more explanations. “I know where I’ve been and I have constant conscious awareness with the ability to think ahead.”

Someone else stood, “Its clear to see that you and Mark are very different personalities. How did you reestablish your identity after being without one for so many years?”

“Once I regained free thought, I gained free will and soul expression,” I began. “I never thought about myself according to other’s perceptions or how society wanted me to project, which is my perception of what ego is. Since my ego was shattered prior to age five, collecting up those pieces didn’t make much sense. So I’m just me, true-to-soul. It feels so good to be free to be *me*, that I celebrate that freedom everyday.” I smiled. “I suppose that makes freedom a condition of the soul rather than contingent on outside influences.”

The next psychiatrist to take the microphone defensively folded his arms across his chest, making it awkward to ask his question. Somehow, he still raised the microphone to ask, “You said you recovered by making the emotionally incomprehensible logically comprehensible through writing out memory. I get the point, but are you capable of emotion now? It seems ludicrous that you would smile when you obviously should be in tears.”

“When I smile, it is a positive emotional expression,” I began with a smile, then got serious. “The most horrible torture I ever endured was seeing my daughter abused. When she was taken into Tennessee custody, it was as though that abuse continued. Only now I could *think* to make a difference for her. Of course I cried. I cried rivers of tears and only found myself drowning in them. I wasn’t helping my daughter. Negativity is immobilizing, so I shifted that emotion to logic in order to positively affect her situation. It is ludicrous to apply ‘normal’ emotion to an abnormal situation. Instead, I chose to make a difference for her and other mind control survivors like her by logically imploring you and your peers to care to help. I couldn’t make that point if I were sobbing.”

“Ask your clients what they *think*, rather than ‘how does that make you feel’,” Mark suggested. “You will get logical answers rather than illogical tears and tantrums. It’s no wonder so many of you report violent reactions from survivors of ritual abuse when you’re indirectly challenging your patients to become illogical.”

One negative responder spoke up, “When are you going to tell me something I don’t already know?”

Mark flashed his infamous smile[2] and said, “I know you and I know you have never recovered a single survivor, so when are you going to apply what you know?”

“How do you deal with forgiveness issues without emotion?” an elderly therapist asked me.

“I *understand* my abusers,” I explained. “Understanding is more powerful than forgiveness. Forgiveness equates to condoning child abuse whereas understanding arrests it. Equally as important, neither guilt nor rage becomes an issue with understanding.”

Mark injected,” The therapists’ idea of confronting abusers and forgiving them can be dangerous physically and psychologically to survivors of mind control, whereas understanding can help them heal and thus protect them.”

A young woman stood. “I understand the problems group therapy would create for MPD survivors due to their heightened suggestibility. Are there other ways to avoid false memory?”

“Hypnotic regressions are counterproductive,” Mark began.

The young woman interrupted, “Didn’t you use hypnosis on Cathy?”

“Absolutely not,” Mark assured her. “That would be like drowning a fish! She was already tranced and needed to be *de*hypnotised. As I was saying, hypnotic regressions are counterproductive. ‘Rebirthing’ and re-parenting

that is so popular among you right now only further entrenches divisions the same way ‘naming’ personas does. These guided image tactics have proven to lead to false memory. Above all, never ask leading questions.”

“Cathy,” an adversarial shrink said, “Since Mark has an intelligence background and knows so much about mind control, did you see him around DC?”

“It’s a good thing I’m recovered,” I responded, “because that is a leading question.”

Everyone laughed, a few people clapped.

“I wish I had met Mark back then,” I continued, “because my daughter and I would have been rescued even sooner.”

Everyone was laughing and clapping, and a few even stood while the shrink shrank in his seat.

Someone wearing a ‘Project Monarch’ tee shirt took the microphone. “When a survivor tells us they were victims of Project Monarch, how do we find out if it is a false memory or real?”

“The same way you would deal with any MK Ultra mind control survivor,” Mark answered. “Have them write out their memory, and begin by deprogramming the program first. Tell them to ask themselves what they know about ‘Project Monarch’ and how they learned it. This same method will help them identify screen memory and even hypnotically induced scrambles. By following the guidelines for deprogramming that we talked about today, anyone can heal from any level of trauma, false memory, or programming.”

“When a client has mental blocks, what can be done to trigger their memory when we don’t know what the triggers are?” he elaborated further.

“Wearing a tee shirt like that might help,” Mark quipped, while laughter rose

again. “Seriously,” Mark continued, “they are likely to be wearing triggers themselves. Pay attention to their obsessions and fixations. The easiest way to determine potential triggers is to have your clients make collages. Suggest that they clip pictures and headlines, words, phrases, anything that captivates their focus, and collect them in a box for a week or more. What they clip is important, but how they assemble their collages is even more revealing. Cathy brought copies of her collages with her if you care to see them.” The collages circulated the rest of the afternoon.

I was asked, “To what single thing do you most attribute your ability to heal?”

“Love,” I quickly answered.

“’You said that without free thought, there is no free will. And without free will there is no soul expression.’ If love is soul expression, how could you love before you healed?”

“Mark gave love first,” I explained. “Not necessarily to me since he didn’t know who I was any more than I did. I’m saying that he *is* love, he exudes love, the magnitude of his caring to rescue my daughter and me is proof of that love. His love energy strengthened my spirit to want to heal. His love gave me hope and the capacity to trust. Love is the most powerful force in the universe, and I attribute my healing to love.”

“We can’t love our patients the way Mark loved you,” someone said, causing laughter.

“Your tone suggests you are referring to sex,” Mark replied. “Whether you do or you don’t have sex with your patients, you are likely to be accused. Multiples are notorious for initiating sex, switching personas, then suing for rape. When you deliberately cause abreaction by asking ‘how does that make you feel?’ or by asking leading questions, or even by twisting words like ‘sex’ and ‘love’, you could be endangering your reputation, your license, and your liberty as well as hindering your patient’s recovery.”

The therapist grew serious and presented the statement again in a reasonable tone. “We can’t *love* our patients the way Mark loves you.”

“You can gather your own strength of spirit to *care* to help them heal,” I replied. “Through caring comes understanding, and being understood is a major step toward recovery for any survivor. Knowing that they aren’t clinically crazy, that what happened is the mind’s *sane* defense to trauma too horrible to comprehend, gives them hope. Your genuine caring and understanding gives them the strength to trust and heal using the methods we’ve discussed today such as writing out memory. Love comes in many forms, and caring is one of them. Again, that is exactly the kind of love Mark first displayed to me.”

The Mind Control symposium proved to be highly successful, and it was deeply rewarding to know that other survivors would heal because of it.

Chapter 40
EVOLUTION OVER REVOLUTION

“Is the book ready yet?” Larry Becraft boomed through the phone again.

“I wish,” I answered. “It’s taking longer than I ever anticipated.”

“I wish it was ready, too, because I need copies to take with me to Waco,” he said. “I’m scheduled to speak, and this year’s patriot rally memorializing the Branch Davidians promises to be even bigger than it was last April 19. David Thibodeau[1], one of the only survivors to not be locked up after the massacre, is scheduled to speak, too. I intended to give him a copy of *TRANCE*.”

“Please extend our warmth just the same,” I told Becraft.

“Carl Klang[2] is going to be there to sing *Seventeen Little Children*,” he said solemnly, drawing a deep breath.

“I hope he sings it so loud that it can be heard all the way to DC so Janet Reno and Clinton hear it, too,” I said. “And while he’s at it, I hope Carl sings *Wheresoever Eagles Gather*[3] and *We Want This Country Back* loud enough to heard down the road by the Bushes.”

“We do need to hold a rally like this in DC to demonstrate the peaceful intent of the people,” Becraft agreed. “The people need to be heard.”

“They’ll be heard loud and clear during Rolling Thunder[4],” I laughed. Every Memorial Day tens of thousands of bikers roar through DC in tribute to Viet Nam Vets, POWs and MIAs[5]. “Both events deal with mind control, if you think about it.”

“People need to think about it,” Becraft agreed. “Which is why I really wish ya’ll had *TRANCE* ready. This event in Waco next week is going to be huge.” He paused, then asked, “Is Mark around?”

I interrupted Mark’s writing to give him the phone. I knew he’d want to talk to Becraft.

It seemed everyone we knew was converging on Waco to discuss ideas for preventing such a massacre from ever happening again. That very day—two years to the day on April 19, 1995-- the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City was blown up, killing168 people and maiming more. The media blamed the patriots for what was deemed a “malicious” attack. The citizens of the United States were devastated. No one wanted to believe that their government had declared war on its people. Yet wars are won in the minds of the people, and psychological warfare had been launched in 1947 with the birth of the CIA and the National Security Act.

Traumatized, people became compliant. Terrorized, they became afraid to gather in large groups. Fortunately the internet was coming into wide use giving the people a means of communication within the ‘safety’ of their own homes. People turned off their TVs. They denounced CNN, making the same point by either referring to it as the “Clinton News Network” or the “Criminal News Network.” Instead they turned to radio and shortwave, patriot newspapers and word of mouth. The people desperately needed and were seeking a voice.

Soon after the Oklahoma City Bombing, Mark and I began receiving phone calls requesting us to speak. People needed answers as much as they needed a voice, and they received neither through the media. *TRANCE* was nearly ready for publication and, believing it would be in print that spring, we accepted a small tour out west to promote it.

Mark, whose vast history leading the highest levels of aviation and tourism marketing in the country, was concerned about promoting a book like *TRANCE*. Since we were US Government whistleblowers, our ‘freedom of speech’ was contingent upon following strict laws and regulations. Self-publishing was a must.

We had already witnessed the government influencing big publishers to pull key books off the market such as Linda Blood's *The New Satanists*[6]. This book, once featured in Walmart stores across the country was quickly pulled from the shelves. Other pertinent books fell prey to CIA censorship, and we were determined to avoid that pitfall *at all costs*. Self-publishing meant we assumed all costs and promotion, and we desperately needed both money and exposure to accomplish our goal of bringing the reality of mind control to light. "I feel like I'm positively marketing all hell breaking loose with a negative budget," Mark said.

I agreed. "Waking people up to the reality of mind control when we only have a 'whistle to blow' is a challenge."

"Perhaps this small tour out west will help get us started," Mark hoped.

"Maybe we'll earn enough money then to run a few ads," I suggested, thinking of the numerous alternative news sources that were now flourishing. Clay Douglas' *The Free American*[7] newspaper to the internationally popular *Nexus Magazine*[8] would provide a wide range of readership.

"By law, we can't advertise," Mark explained. "As whistleblowers we have to rely on others to spread the word. If we keep the title of the book simple and confined to one word like *TRANCE*, it would be easier for others to pick up on it."

"I realize you're the marketing expert," I told him. "Still, *TRANCE Formation of America* clarifies the fact that the American people can not *think* to stop the atrocities of the criminals in control of our government. Look what happened to the people of Nazi, Germany since mind control was not figured into global public perception. With computerization and DARPA's technological advancements, Americans are even more mind controlled than the Nazis were. If other countries understand that fact, perhaps they will have compassion. It is my hope and intent to enlist positive help from the world and avoid World War III."

"The facts in *TRANCE* will do that once they read it," Mark argued.

“People tend to judge a book by its cover,” I said. “And even those who don’t read it will get the point if we title it *TRANCE Formation of America*.”

“If people hear the title rather than read it, they are likely to misspell it and fail to read it or get the point,” Mark cautioned.

I respected Mark’s marketing expertise, and understood the difficulties compounded by not having an advertising budget.

“Can we title it ‘*TRANCE’* with ‘*Formation of America’* as the subtitle?” I asked.

Mark smiled and hugged me. “How can I deny you anything, especially that? You have had everything in your life controlled and decided for you up until now. Obviously this is important to you. It won’t be easy, but I’ll make it work. Besides, academics gravitate to long book titles, and we certainly are meeting a lot of them!”

The editing of *TRANCE* was expertly completed; the task of indexing, footnoting, and referencing done; and the $50 cover artwork was being assembled for maximum impact. The old familiar question of ‘groceries or stamps?’ was replaced with ‘what haven’t we sold that we can sell in order to print?’ Time dragged on as we sought resolution, while at the ‘same time’ it seemed to fly towards our scheduled speaking engagements out west.

The time had arrived for us to tour out west, and we had no books. Nevertheless, we embarked on the speaking circuit as arranged. The woman who had structured the talks, Eva Vail, was a Mormon refugee in search of answers. After being led astray by a controlling belief system, she was having difficulty finding her path within. Her assistant, Marta Brown, was her stability, inspiration, strength, and reliable friend without whom the whole event would have crumbled much the way Eva’s mind had for her beliefs. For me, Marta was an instant forever-friend and soul sister.

Marta was raised in a Catholic orphanage where abuse and trauma prevailed unchecked by a local public whose vision was clouded by Catholic

religiosity. Her Mexican American heritage of Lakota and Pascua Yaqui Tribes bordered between history's justification for slaughtering natives and ignorance of a Catholic faction hell-bent on domination. Marta survived the orphanage, turning within for solace and peace to where she found spiritual wisdom of the ancients[9]. True-to-soul she became strong enough to function brilliantly through the dissociative structure of her traumatized mind. No therapy nor love was given to her, save for the relationship she naturally developed with animals. Her kinship with all life included horses, eagles, dogs, birds, and every other living creature that thrived in nature as she did, embracing the gifts that Mother Nature freely gave.

Marta shared Mark's and my dedication to truth, and turned our otherwise disastrous first speaking tour into a profound success. The two weeks we traveled across country together seemed to have no beginning or end, but rather was a bigger-than-life experience that would reverberate for years to come.

We spoke to parents devastated by atrocious circumstances similar to those in Marin County, California; an assembly of Mormon refugees in Salt Lake City; victims and families of victims of varying levels of mind control; and a wide range of patriots, citizens, and militias. Afraid to gather in large groups, people quietly assembled in basements, schools, churches, and barns. We traveled by van through some of the most beautiful country in America to reach them, from the plains of Montana through the mountains of Idaho, down the coast of Washington state and Oregon. Between destinations we talked for hours, discussing the beauty of the spectacular scenery; each speaking event, the people in attendance and their communities; social engineering and people's point of reference for understanding mind control; human values, ancient spiritual wisdom, animals, and more.

In the Northwestern section of the US, the prevalence of military mind control and the widespread Mormon based alien and satanic themed controls were second only to a powerful combination of the two. We heard numerous reports of "lizard aliens" in combat boots who drove military vehicles. Likewise, "satan" wore military attire and black trench coats ala Lt. Col. Michael Aquino's initiates. The discussions I'd heard as a child from Michigan's Governor George Romney[10] regarding the mergence of CIA,

Nazi, and Catholic mind control techniques to create a powerful means of control for his Mormon church apparently came to fruition and the devastation was horrific. Each presentation of information along the way focused on that community's primary concerns in an effort to positively impact the people with truth.

Each stop was different, yet the common thread weaving through society's woes was mind control. Mark and I personally experienced the pulse of the nation and hearts of the people and responded in kind. Our discussions while driving between destinations were profound, sometimes lightened with laughter and personal insights.

At one point while Mark was driving, I noticed a red convertible sports car slowly passing along side the van as though it were a replica scene from the movie *Family Vacation*[11]. The beautiful young driver flirted with Mark, who was deep in thought and oblivious to her actions, her revealing attire and flowing blonde hair. I laughed at the scenario and promptly nudged Mark. "Look outside your window!" I giggled, watching his astonished expression at the girl's obvious beauty.

"What is the matter with you!" Eva Vail shrieked, turning in her seat to face me as she continued a verbal tirade admonishing my lack of jealousy. I was perplexed since I hadn't been socially engineered to sexist divisions and preconceived notions. After all, why shouldn't Mark see this beautiful distraction from a long monotonous stretch of highway? Was I supposed to believe he would leave my side to join her in the convertible? Wasn't monogamy a natural choice rather than a control? Was I immoral, as Eva perceived? This event was significant to me since I realized for the first time that the security of Mark's and my relationship was far removed from the trivial rules, regulations, and values society perpetuated. The way I saw it, jealousy was a negative that truly had no place in our relationship. Why should it? Jealousy was no part of love.

Mark softly explained, "Cathy now knows security that doesn't include jealousy."

Marta and I resumed our light conversation, deeply discussing people's

pursuit of riches, social status, and ego driven goals. “Some people spend their lives enslaved to the economy so they can ‘own’ land, display wealth in terms of a house, jewels, and ‘things’, and enjoy life after they retire,” Marta was saying. “I believe in the wisdom of the ancients that no one ‘owns’ the land our creator has provided.”

“Even if they spend their hard earned money on land,” I agreed, “it is not theirs to take anywhere.” We peered out the van’s windows, appreciating and enjoying nature’s beauty fully even though we hadn’t paid for it.

“A field of maize (corn) was more valuable to Lakota and Pascua Yaqui tribes than accumulated ‘things’ are to wealthy people since it would sustain life,” Marta continued. “Sun and rain was more important than a structure segregating people from nature.”

I pondered Marta’s perspective. “Since people couldn’t control nature, maybe they needed to control whether or not they experience it.”

“So they could experience what instead?” Marta asked, laughing. “Retirement? People work all their lives so they can begin to live after they’ve become old, slow, and embittered from decades in pursuit of shallow values. Materialism is the downfall of man. Its no wonder life has lost meaning. People need to remember. They need to remember what they have forgotten through generations of living outside themselves.”

“Humankind needs a spiritual evolution,” I agreed.

“Evolution[12] over revolution,” Marta said. “That’s why we’re out here. That’s our mission. To remind people. When you speak, you teach them how to remember. You know the way since your path has been an extreme from mind control’s total amnesia to true-to-soul awareness.”

Wow. I knew in my heart that Marta was right. This wasn’t about politics. This was bigger than life just like our friendship. She was so wise, so selfless, and her vision far exceeded the moment. The US was in tumultuous political turmoil, yet a physical revolution wouldn’t guarantee a change of leadership.

This wasn't about finger pointing at certain corrupt individuals who took over our government; it was about us all. Spiritual evolution through truth's wisdom was the only way to peace. Wisdom was the only way humankind would *think* to stop following leaders hell-bent on enslaving us. Attuned with telepathy Marta added, "Freedom is a condition of the soul, not politics."

On our journey, we stopped in Noxon, Montana to meet with John Trochman. Trochman's Militia of Montana was logically founded on US Constitutional law and the Declaration of Independence. Trochman's M.O.M. had become the leader in America's growing militia movement. Since the media spun views to 'maliciously' blame Ruby Ridge, Waco, and the Oklahoma City bombing on people who upheld Constitutional checks and balances designed to prevent hostile takeover of government, I was eager to learn the truth about M.O.M. for myself. I doubted the media's portrayal of Trochman as a violent man who had financially capitalized on the patriot movement, yet I had no idea what to expect. As we neared Trochman's mountain home, I was absolutely astounded by nature's beauty that paralleled Alaska's splendor. How could anyone wake up to soul rejuvenating beauty such as this each day and have the adversarial attitude the media claimed Trochman had?

We crossed a rickety wooden bridge, bounced a short ways down a two-track road through the woods that stopped at an extended aluminum trailer, and climbed out of the van. Where was the wealth? Where were armed guards?

"Hello!" a voice called. A white haired bearded man walked towards us, his worn shoes flopping across the gravel. I was dumbfounded. There was that feeling again, the same one I'd had when I met Fletcher Prouty. A powerful energy of love grew in magnitude as Trochman approached, nearly knocking me over by the time he embraced me. I realized this was my heightened senses responding to soul's discernment in spiritual affirmation. Chills rose standing the hair up on my arms. Was this that sensation people spoke of when experiencing truth bigger than life? I glanced over at Marta to see the hair on her arms spiked as though reaching to the heavens and smiled. One thing was clear; nothing about John Trochman fit the media's portrayal of him.

"Come on inside," he offered. "For all practical purposes, this is my home[13],

my office, my point of operation for M.O.M., and," he paused while happy little children chased around him until he scooped one up in his arms in a hug, "playground for my children."

We walked inside the metal building. "Have a seat anywhere you can find one," he said, gesturing to scattered metal folding chairs. "If I were as wealthy as I'm reputed to be I'd have a luxurious comfortable seat to offer you. You know how it is, though; people devoted to a cause put every penny they have into perpetuating it hoping to magnify their voice."

"And we still only have a whistle to blow," Mark related, then smiled as he asked. "Where are your armed guards?"

Trochman's eyes twinkled. "You know that bridge you crossed coming in? Well, the way I figure it, no military vehicles can cross it like they did in Ruby Ridge or Waco without busting through. And that's the only way in or out."

The conversation between Mark and Trochman was deep, detailed, and intricate as they discussed what was required to take back our government. "Granddad's squirrel gun isn't going to stop them," Mark challenged.

Trochman laughed. "Guns are no match for DARPA's technology. The way I figure it, if every person in the United States stood by the Constitution and Declaration of Independence, we could take back the government. Most people are ignorant, though. Since global education has rewritten history in pencil so it can be erased and rewritten to fit any circumstance, students aren't taught fundamental American values anymore. Its up to us to educate them. When I'm faced with the decision to buy stamps or bullets, I'll buy stamps every time in hopes of getting information out there."

"Arming people with truth is more important than arming them with weapons," Mark agreed.

"If people have both, they'll at least know who the enemy is," Trochman said. "The government doesn't want us to have guns for a reason, and I figure

that is reason enough to have them. If we don't stay armed, how can we defend ourselves against unwarranted attack?"

"Or against the violence being created in society through social engineering technology video games," I added. "Video games provide the same technique used by the military to program soldiers in basic training. When it was discovered that only 15% of all people could kill their perceived enemy due to moral considerations, that number was increased through bypassing critical analysis to not think and 'just do it'. These trained soldiers are *not* deprogrammed when turned back into society! Now they are still shooting without cause, blasting citizens in public restaurants, post offices, and playgrounds."

"I am deeply concerned about all the programmed military minds that have been turned back onto the streets without being deprogrammed," Mark observed. "Even more alarming than what Cathy just said, is that these programmed people are prime candidates for terrorists to re-direct. They're already trained and highly suggestible, and are being moved into terror training camps within this country and around the world."

"Mind control is a serious problem," Trochman agreed. "We have CIA infiltrating the militias through programmed former Special Forces. They are making us all appear violent, diluting the true purpose of organizations like M.O.M. We are proponents of peace, not war."

"Evolution over revolution," I said.

"Exactly," Trochman agreed. "You perpetuate truth from your end, and I'll persist in doing it from mine. If everyone does their part, we all stand to win back control of our government."

We left Montana and our whole tour through the Northwest acutely aware that mind control was the common cause of society's escalating problems, while peace was the common solution. Peaceful noncompliance with New World Order controls would naturally result in spiritual evolution over revolution. It was time.

Chapter 41
VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

June 15, 1995 John Trochman spoke before the Senate Subcommittee on Anti-Terrorism. Wisdom outthinks a criminal mind every time, and when it is driven by one as intelligent and soulful as Trochman, even the media's demeaning 'malicious' attack could not overshadow his brilliance. He gave voice to the growing number of awake and aware Americans as he spoke:

It is saddening that this opportunity to address the Senate has risen out of the Oklahoma tragedy. We whole-heartedly denounce this deplorable act of violence. We have and will continue to assist in any manner to apprehend all persons that may have planned and/or carried out that dastardly deed at whatever level they may hide.

At the present time we view the militia movement as a giant neighborhood watch[1]. The movement is made up of a cross section of Americans from all walks of life, with one singular mandate which is public and overt: the return of the Constitution of the United States, and to your oath to defend that Constitution.

The Declaration of Independence gives excellent insight as to why people feel they need to group together and participate in militia/patriot organizations. This document speaks for itself once again as it did over 200 years ago when flagrant injustices continued "out of control" by oppressive public servants.

We request that this document be entered into the permanent record as a partial support document to our statements.

The following are just a few examples as to why Americans are becoming more and more involved in militia/patriot organizations.

The high office of the Presidency has been turned into a position of dictatorial oppression through the abusive use of executive orders and directives thus leaving Congress stripped of its authority. When the President over-rules Congress by executive order, representative government fails.

When government defines human beings as a biological resource under the United Nations ecosystem management program, maintaining that state and local laws are barriers to the goals of federal government, when the average citizen must work for half of each year just to pay their taxes, while billions of our tax dollars are forcibly spent to bail out the banking elite, while our fellow Americans are homeless, starving, and without jobs, Congress wonders why their constituents get upset.

When government allows our military to be ordered and controlled by foreigners, under Presidential order, allowing foreign armies to train on our soil, allowing our military to label caring patriots as the enemy, then turns their tanks loose on US Citizens to murder and destroy or directs a sniper to shoot a mother in the face while holding her infant in her arms, you bet your constituents get upset.

We the people have had about all we can stand of the twisted, slanted, biased media in America who take their signals from a few private covert interest groups bent on destroying what's left of the American way. We respectfully request that you rely upon your own investigations, steering clear of the media and their rumor-gossip mills of disinformation. Although most everyone in the movement has assembled around the First Amendment "freedom of speech and the right to peacefully assemble" we have not forgotten what our founding fathers have stated about the Second. Former President James Madison- "A well regulated militia, composed of the body of the people, trained to arms, is the best and most natural defense of a free country"; Former Vice President Eldbridge Garry--"I ask what is the purpose of the militia? To offset the need of large standing armies, the bane of liberty."

Why would he call the armed forces the bane of liberty? Why is the Pentagon waging an active campaign to win over the populace? Why does the military Civil Affairs FM 41-10 seem to be so applicable in America today?

Paraphrasing “Steps necessary for the overthrow of a nation. May God be with America as he watches over the shoulders of you who write her laws. A nation can survive its fools and even their ambitions, but it cannot survive treason from within. America has nothing to fear from patriots maintaining vigilance. She should, however, fear those that outlaw vigilance.”

Thank you.

Mark turned off the TV and we sat in silence after Trochman’s speech.

“Wow,” I finally said, wiping tears from my cheeks. “’The Price of Freedom is Eternal Vigilance’. It’s etched in stone outside the Justice Department.”

“And ‘The Truth Shall Make Them Free’ is chiseled in stone in the Langley CIA office,” Mark added.

“The truth Trochman spoke should restore freedom and Constitutional values,” I hoped, fully aware that the voice he gave Americans that day was just a beginning.

After Trochman’s landmark speech, American citizens began to feel a bit more empowered. They gathered in strength and in numbers, and cautiously dared to begin assembling again.

Opposition to Global Education was a strong common bond, and homeschooling became prevalent enough to catch the attention of the Federal Government. They quickly organized a counter solution through former Education Secretary Bill Bennett[2], whose editing of a hyped “best selling” book kept him in the media’s spotlight long enough to gain a voice. He infiltrated the “homeschooling” movement, writing the “rules and requirements” that wise homeschoolers ignored. Peaceful noncompliance. Parents chose to teach their children truth. Noncompliance was gaining collective strength. Even Germans formerly controlled by Nazis noted similarities between Nazi and US societies, citing education and Hillary Clinton’s proposed medical program as copied verbatim from the Communist

Manifesto, and called for noncompliance.

Alabama's Independence Day July 4, 1995 was monumental. Governor Fob James listened to the voice of the people and stood his ground against Global Education[3]. Local headlines proudly announced "Independence from Global Ed[4]" while Fob James pointed out that "the Federal Government has no business meddling with the minds of the children."

From experience[5] I knew that Senator Byrd had cleverly and deliberately withheld funding from schools nationwide for years, creating a reliance on federal funding that was contingent upon the Global Ed program. Still, Fob James turned it down, wisely understanding that free thought was more valuable than any amount of money. This brave move was exemplary of what one awake, aware Governor could do *for* the people's freedom. Alabama remained the only state in the union upholding Constitutional law and state's rights rather than sell out to New World Order controls, for which Fob James would be immortalized in infamy[6].

"You were right about Alabama," I reminded Mark. "You told me the people of this state were the most independent in the country. How did you know?"

"People have more rights than the government since they vote in politicians who represent their views," he answered. "They pay attention to issues and actions rather than political rhetoric."

"How can that matter when votes don't count?" I skeptically asked. Politicians I knew[7] certainly didn't believe in the electronic voting system and never concerned themselves with votes. They attended State Fairs and key fundraising events in order to generate more money, but they always remained confident of their 're-election' based on their connections to corporate controllers and their global elite bankers.

"People pay attention and talk with each other," Mark began. "Most importantly, they monitor elections on local levels and stay aware of the results of their vote. They know that their local Sheriff has the legal power to accept or reject Federal law enforcement intervention. A major key to

Alabama's freedom is in their local Sheriffs and politicians. They make it a point to know these people rather than vote according to who has the most litter-on-a-stick name familiarity."

"Is that why the locals are so determined to run you for Mayor?" I asked, suddenly understanding why they adamantly demanded rather than requested Mark's candidacy.

"They know I can't be bought off," he affirmed. "My reputation as a man of justice is why they persist. They don't really know how time consuming it is for us to do what we do, and therefore cannot understand why I don't run for office. The people in Alabama closely monitor their local elections. In turn, local politicians closely monitor state elections based on their constituency. The point is people are involved.

The phone rang, and Mark took the call. When he was through, he filled me in on the conversation. "That was Eva Coppilillo," he told me. Eva was a strong political activist and concerned grandmother who had moved to the United States from Canada some years back. "She is still hot on this NAFTA issue since it involves both Canada and the US, and especially since she knows it is a giant step toward the New World Order." Eva knew like we did that control and equalization of Mexican, US, and Canadian economies was an integral move towards global dominance. If people didn't wake up now, the New World Order would quickly become the New *War* Order as other countries were forced into control of greedy bankers and global elite. "She asked if she could give our phone number to a Canadian activist who wants to sponsor us in to speak. I told her 'yes' and that we expected the book to be printed in a couple months so we'd accept a speaking engagement then. She is as eager as Becraft for us to get the book out."

"There are a lot of people looking forward to the release of TRANCE," I said, gesturing toward a large stack of mail. "Even in Australia."

"That's impossible," Mark replied. "Do you know who is advertising?"

"Yes," I answered, referring to one of the letters. "Duncan Rhodes with

Nexus Magazine[8]."

"*Nexus Magazine* is a highly respected international magazine," he said. "I'm going to look into this and see where Duncan Rhodes got his information."

Mark soon learned that Duncan Rhodes was recognized as a genius with deep ties into many Intelligence communities. "Duncan probably doesn't even realize he knows so many good spooks."

Wherever Duncan Rhodes got it, he got it right. He seemed to know when *TRANCE* was coming out even before we did. The speaking engagement we had accepted in Toronto, Canada was drawing close, and once again we were waiting on release of our books.

By October 1995, the patriot movement continued to grow stronger by the minute thanks to the powerful push John Trochman gave it in June. Recently, patriot radio shows and newspapers, and even the newer medium of the internet, were abuzz with the actions of one brave soldier who boldly refused to wear a U.N. blue cap. Defying Presidential authority, Michael New[9] stood out among 550 soldiers in his US military olive cap while the rest caved into wearing UN blues. This young man became a hero to the patriots by standing strong for America rather than the New World Order. Michael New was subsequently court martialed and discharged from the US Army for "Bad Conduct" because he obeyed his oath and refused to switch allegiances. Michael New was guilty as charged for loving his country, and American patriots could relate.

TRANCE was finally released only days before our scheduled appearance in Toronto, requiring drop shipment to our speaking destination. A few copies were express shipped directly to us, which Mark and I tossed in the trunk of our packed car and embarked on our journey to Canada.

Driving seemed a wise option at the time since it allowed for us to stop along the way to locate my former "sister" in MK Ultra[10]. Many of the keys to her mind control programming paralleled mine whereby increasing her chances of healing. She and I had been programmed in unison at Traficant's[11]

Youngstown Charm School to be prostituted together to, among others, Ronald Reagan, Dick Thornburgh, and Brian Mulroney. [12]

After a surprisingly complex search, we finally located my girlfriend. She was raising five children in a tiny caretaker's shack in a graveyard behind a cult church. She and her children were being maintained under MK Ultra occult traumas. "No one would believe the things I can't remember," she said, her pupils dilating in her big blue eyes. "I'm not reporting to Arlen Spector[13] anymore," she revealed. "Instead, Tom Ridge[14] is advising me and my kids." Knowing she was still maintained by 'terror experts' in MK Ultra mind control due to her five children being actively used was enough to convince Mark and me that her chances of survival were greater without interference. Still, I telephoned her occasionally to keep in touch in hopes that some day this beautiful soul could be helped for 'reasons of Homeland Security.'

When Mark and I drove into Canada, Canadian Border guards subjected us to inspection. While searching our belongings in the trunk, they found our copies of *TRANCE* complete with numerous references to Canadian Prime Ministers Pierre Trudeau and Brian Mulroney. Mark and I didn't know what to expect while they thumbed through the pages of *TRANCE*. Finally, one of the guards walked over to us and quietly said, "We need to confiscate one copy of this book, and would appreciate it if you'd sign it. Thank you for bringing such pertinent information into Canada. People on both sides of the border had better wake up quick to the reality of what NAFTA entails." They shook our hands and waved us through.

The group gathered to hear us speak in Canada were not unlike Americans, advertising the event by word of mouth and gathering in a local church. Information on Trudeau and Mulroney came as no surprise, as many Canadians were already acutely aware of their New World Order agendas. Of major concern to them was the Global Education program. It was so clear that Americans and Canadians shared the same concerns, the same goals, and the same need to unite rather than divide according to media spin. Who drew the line in the sand anyway, politically separating the strength we would have if we all united the way our leaders had? Mulroney, Bush, Salinas, and Clinton were all of the same agenda perpetuated by the same global bankers being

run by the same half dozen mega-corporations.

Just as in the United States, people became most concerned and aware that a problem existed in our governments when it hit them financially. People who were waking up first were the ones who didn't have any money, which kept us struggling financially to get the word out on mind control. They bought every book we had in Canada[15] in order to spread the word themselves, which provided just enough money for the long drive back to Alabama.

"I've got an older Gold Wing motorcycle you can have in lieu of a speakers' fee," our sponsor Hugh Hale offered. "I know you two enjoy riding and are capable of fixing up old bikes, so please take it with you. Its too much for me to handle."

Knowing we could fix and sell the bike, we obtained the paperwork and hitched a motorcycle trailer to the car. "We really appreciate this," we told him. "Most of all, thank you for the opportunity to speak to so many fine awake aware Canadians and getting the word out on mind control." The impact we had made in Canada would reverberate for years to come.

Once we arrived at the border, we were astonished and ashamed to see a distinct line of trash, litter, and filth of the US clashing with Canada's pristine environment. US border guards were not so kind, and it took us two days of detainment before we finally were allowed back into our own country.

The Gold Wing motorcycle resulted in a series of trades, sales, and repairs that kept us financially afloat for months. *TRANCE* was priced to perpetuate the word rather than generate income, which was exactly the mode of operation needed as US Government Whistleblowers.

The advertisement that Duncan Rhodes ran in *Nexus Magazine* set precedent for others to do likewise, and *TRANCE* became a popular topic in patriot newspapers and radio stations across the country and worldwide. It's a good thing, too, because cases of books now filled the tiny home we rented.

"Who is going to buy all these books?" I wailed when I saw them. "People

aren’t going to want to read this. *TRANCE* was written for Congress!”

“You’re right,” Mark said. “People won’t *want* to read this and they won’t *want* to believe it, but that doesn’t preclude the fact that they *will* read and believe the elements they relate to. People are asking questions and demanding answers, and *TRANCE* provides those answers like it or not! Don’t be so negative. These books won’t be around here long.”

Before the first box of books could gather dust, we had to reprint[16]. Mark was right; people did want to know the truth even if it wasn’t pleasant. Armed with truth, they became empowered to make a difference for themselves, their children, their communities and their nation. People were ready for change, and public awareness was proving to be the ultimate justice.

By December, Judge Shookhoff scheduled a court hearing to address the issue of Kelly’s accumulating mail. The global letter writing campaign that raised the question “what does national security have to do with the documented and proven rape and molestation of a child’s mind and body?” had vastly increased after national security was invoked on Kelly’s case in 1993, and was rapidly escalating again since *TRANCE* had been released. In direct proportion to the letters pouring into Tennessee’s Governor’s office were letters and packages addressed to Kelly wishing her well.

Jabneel supervisors traveled to Nashville with Kelly for the hearing. To her and me, this hearing provided one more opportunity to be together. We hugged each other and sat down, eager to catch up on everything since we’d last seen each other. Closely monitored under the circumstances, Kelly carefully revealed the Constitutional Law booklet that I previously slipped her. When Mark and I had met with John Trochman in Montana last spring, he asked me to give the booklet to Kelly for him if possible. I had, and now I could see that she obviously had read it.

When the hearing began, Judge Shookhoff was apparently frustrated with events and the boxes of mail that had accumulated supporting her. “Far be it from me to ‘violate your Constitutional Rights’!” he told Kelly. “You can have your mail. All of it. And I want you to know why you have received so much mail,” he continued, waving a copy of *TRANCE* from his Judge’s

bench. “I want you to read this book!”

Kelly calmly replied, “It is my Constitutional Right to read what I want. And I choose not to read that book because I need to heal from the inside out, not through outside input.”

I was proud of Kelly for having read the Constitutional Law booklet John Trochman had sent, and most of all for applying what she learned. Above all, she apparently understood what it took to heal and was tending to her own rehabilitation eloquently! This was the first time she had been permitted to speak in court, and Judge Shookhoff was obviously astounded. Court was adjourned.

The Jabneel supervisors who escorted her celebrated her victory, and appeared nearly as excited as I was. Thankfully they had driven a van, and it was now fully packed with boxes of mail. On the way back to Knoxville, they bought Kelly a celebration dinner. Between their understanding and compassion, our visits, and Kelly’s friendship with the horse pastured next door, she was progressing. Best of all, Kelly had been given a voice in court and was heard.

Chapter 42
SELECTIONS

"Mom!" Kelly squealed through the phone. "You should see the cards, letters, and gifts I got! People really do care! I got a billion stuffed animals, maybe more," she laughed. "I kept my favorites and passed around the rest. All the kids at Jabneel have cuddly toys now. I got a whole library full of books. Lots of them are horse books, the really nice kind that people put on their coffee tables with the greatest pictures. Right now I'm reading a really good book that a friend of yours sent me. She is so cool. Her name is Marta Brown."

"I'm not surprised you picked her out of hundreds," I smiled. "She is a pure loving spirit."

"I can tell! Have you ever read James Redfield's *The Celestine Prophecy*[1]?"

"Not yet," I told her, eager to hear more.

"You'll love it! I'll give you a copy when you get here. Ac tually, I have three. 'What a coincidence!' Three people sent it to me."

"Do you believe in coincidence?" I asked.

"Not really," she answered. "I mean, that's kind of the part I'm reading about now. See, *The Celestine Prophecy* says when you pay attention to coincidence, you learn they're really not coincidences after all. They happen for a reason. It helps a person to be aware of what happens around them."

Already I liked the 'being aware' part. "Everybody is on their own learning path," I told her, "so are coin cidences something to learn from or something to emotionally respond to?"

“Learn from,” she quickly answered. “Personally, I don’t let outside influences direct my feelings. I’ve been stuck around a lot of crazy people and when I stay true-to-soul and strong in who I am like we’ve talked about, their craziness doesn’t drive me crazy. I think ‘coincidence’ is more like the fact that I got three of these books. Three people thought it would be helpful to me. And I ‘coincidentally’ chose to tell you about Marta, because she feels closest. I feel a connection to her and I don’t even know her.”

“Her senses are heightened like yours are,” I said. “And she telepathically communicates with animals[2]. Maybe you picked up on that some how.”

“Oh, Mom,” Kelly said seriously, “I can feel the love from all these people. You should see my letters. Some say they are praying for me, others are more direct in sending love straight on, a bunch of people are beaming me blue lights,” she giggled. “Some toss crystals, a few are holding church services for me, and most meditate on sending me love. There are even native tribal ceremonies held in my name[3]! You know what is the coolest thing? It doesn’t matter what they believe in, I can feel it all! Best of all, I could feel it before they told me! I wonder if that’s what it feels like to God’s Love energy? It wouldn’t matter what name people call God when it’s the Love energy that counts.”

“Unconditional Love,” I concluded. “That is the ultimate power, the most powerful force in the universe. The same energy as your soul. So when you live true-to-soul, you live true-to-love, and there are no limits to what your life can hold! There are no limits to what you can be and accomplish!”

“When I stay true-to-soul and true to the Love energy that I am inside, then prayer is like a directed telepathy to God’s Love[4] energy that makes it brighter, which makes me brighter when I stay tuned in! What if everybody in the world did that at the same time?” She asked, obviously enjoying her own profundity.

“Maybe it would create a collective conscious Love[5] energy powerful enough to peacefully change the world for the better,” I encouraged her.

Oh, Mom," she said, still enthused, "Do you have any extra stamps? I want to write everyone back. I got some really nice art supplies and want to send some people pictures. I'm going to draw something for Marta for sure. Probably a horse."

"Wow," I laughed. "What a 'coincidence'! Marta is also an artist, and she keeps horses on her ranch. She'd love hearing from you. I'll send you some stamps right away." Mark and I kept lots of stamps around these days to mail out the copies of *TRANCE* people ordered.

"Thanks," she said. "I'd rather you bring them, though, if you can. I'd really like to see you. I wish you were here."

"You know I am in spirit," I assured her. "I'm always striving to see you. 'Everything I do, I do it for you.' We should be able to come and see you real soon, although tomorrow wouldn't be soon enough."

"Or today," she added.

"Or yesterday," I topped her. "In order for anything to be 'fast enough' for our family togetherness it would have to be retroactive. It's never fast enough. And there is never 'enough time' when we do get together!"

"I know," Kelly agreed. "It's a good thing our love is timeless."

"For real!" I agreed. "Dad and I have to make a quick business trip and we'll see you as soon as we get back. Hug your stallion for me and all your new stuffed animals."

"Call me tomorrow?"

"You know it. See you soon. I love you!"

Talking with Kelly is always a profoundly fun experience because *she* is. I reflected on our conversation, trusting that everyone who wrote her would sense that she was sending love back to them. I sifted through the assortment

of stamps, picking out ones I thought she'd especially be drawn to. Perhaps it would help her to focus and actually write folks back as she intended. As absolute as she was in her determination to write them all back, I knew she would only focus long enough to write a few. The rest would either remain an intention, or little by little she may write a few more. Kelly's ability to focus and follow through on her intentions had been hindered by her Vanderbilt ordeal. I wondered what this would mean for her future if rehab wasn't obtained for her. Regardless, I rested in knowing she is a strong spirit. She certainly is an inspiration to me!

I sealed the envelope of stamps to mail to her on our way out of town. We had business in Las Vegas and were looking forward to the fun we would have in the process. Mark and I didn't follow the old adage "never mix business with pleasure." Our work was intense, and balancing the stress with play seemed natural. And Las Vegas was ideal for exercising our work ethic economically since neither of us gambles.

In downtown Las Vegas, right near the infamous Vegas strip, Mark and I located the building where we would be doing live, in-studio radio. Our host was Lou Epton[6], a wise and clever political activist dedicated to truth whose wit was brighter than all the lights of Las Vegas. Lou was once a successful Hollywood character actor who looked like he still belonged in front of a TV camera rather than a radio microphone. Yet his radio audience was enormous, dedicated, and reflective of his vast intellect. Lou Epton was making a difference, and Mark and I were pleased to be a part of his show.

On the air, we talked about *TRANCE* and our personal experiences that led to its release. The second part of the show, Lou took callers who kept his switchboard lit up in an effort to ask questions. His listeners asked questions regarding home schooling; how to personally recover from the trauma of tragedies like Waco and the Oklahoma City bombing; how to help loved ones suffering from dissociation; how to think above and beyond media spin and social engineering to take back our government; Clinton's 'hit list' and CIA cocaine crimes; HAARP, NAFTA and the New World Order; and every other pertinent issue facing American society that was addressed in *TRANCE'*s documented facts.

As US Government Whistleblowers, Mark and I were limited to talking only about our experience. Since mind control was the common thread weaving through society's woes, this allowed for a wide range of topics to discuss. Laws of sedition slightly limited what Mark could discuss regarding his experience in Intelligence, yet his insights on the history of mind control and international ramifications were significant. Members of the Intelligence Community would call in to Lou's show to ask Mark questions that I couldn't begin to answer, while others asked questions directly pertaining to my experience under mind control on a White House Pentagon level.

One caller curious about the increasingly strange relationship between Bill and Hillary Clinton wanted to know about Independent Council Ken Starr's[7] revelations of Bill's affairs with Gennifer Flowers and Paula Jones. From my experience, I perceived Bill and Hillary to share a strong friendship and business relationship. Since I knew them both to be bisexual[8], the media hyped 'affairs' could not be what they appeared. I called them a "perversion diversion" from the real crimes Bill and Hillary were guilty of. Hillary's act as a jilted wife was a deliberate "division decision." Knowing the Clintons and social engineering tactics, the illusion was created to separate her from Bill in the public eye so that she would eventually run for President as intended. Just as Bill went into the office of President as a "Democrat" to make the public feel they had a change from "Republicans" leading them into the New World Order, Hillary would be the illusion of change from male Presidents.

We went to station break, and I summed up their relationship to Lou as I pulled off my headphones. "Hillary is with Bill for his head, and he is with her for her brains." We began laughing, which increased my need to relieve myself of the coffee I'd been drinking.

"The ladies' room is across the way," Lou explained. "Since the rest of the building is closed for the night, you'll need to walk outside to reach it." He handed me the keys. It was nearly midnight and I needed to hurry in order to wrap up tonight's radio show after the break and ran across the lot.

"Catty!" A foreign voiced boomed as I watched the biggest man I'd ever seen in my life quickly emerge from a van. I turned around to retreat back to the

safety of Lou's office, and the man began running after me. "Catty!" He called again in a heavy accent, "I need to speak with you."

Lou was already at the door, his eyes twinkling as usual as he opened it for me.

"Vuk," he identified the giant Serbian. "You frightened her. You forget you are a big man."

"I wanted to catch Catty before the show concluded," he said. "I saw her, and thought she was leaving."

"Actually, she needed to use the ladies' room and doesn't have time now," Lou said, looking at his watch. "We're back on the air for the conclusion. Have a seat," he told the Serbian while we dashed back into the studio for our final remarks. Mark and I thanked Lou for hosting us on his show, and he invited us back. After his closing remarks, we removed our headphones and switched off the equipment. Lou handed me the keys again with a smile, and began closing up the studio while I dashed over to the ladies' room. Mark walked over to talk with Vuk.

When I came back out, the studio was closed and Mark, Lou, and Vuk were already in the parking lot talking and laughing like old friends. I joined them long enough to learn that Vuk was a Serbian spook closely associated with the world court in The Hague. He needed videotaped testimony, and arrangements were made for him to visit us at our home in Alabama the next month.

Mark and I bid Lou good-bye and returned to our budget hotel exhausted. We ignored the harmonic lure of the casino with ease as we wearily made our way to our room. Besides, as Mark wisely quips, 'You will eventually loose playing another man's game.'

"I'm hungry," I complained as we stretched across the bed. "I'm so tired, though, it doesn't matter that we don't have money for dinner."

“I’m so tired it doesn’t matter that this bed is hard,” Mark added, and then laughed when he discovered the outdated bed-vibrating device bolted to the nightstand. “One quarter would solve all our problems. We wouldn’t hear your stomach growl over the noise of this contraption, and it would bounce this bed as though it had springs.”

“Save the quarter,” I said, joining in his laughter. “Let’s bounce the bed ourselves.”

The next day, we were scheduled for an afternoon radio broadcast with Rod Remlin and Lance Schofield, whose radio station was affiliated with WWCR, World Wide Christian Radio. Their makeshift studio was in Rod Remlin’s home, which was a gorgeous upscale home in a suburb outside of Vegas. Mark and I immediately felt at home with these two, and the radio shows we did with them were the most comprehensive solution based broadcasts ever. No wonder their listening audience was so big!

Our conversations were often so deep and interesting that it was easy to forget we were on the air. After all, the truth was the same whether we were speaking it or talking it. Rod Remlin and Lance Schofield were the same way, and the numerous callers lighting up the switchboard wanted to join in our conversation.

Former Mexican President Carlos Salinas deGortari was currently seeking asylum in Ireland while his brother, Raul, was serving 50 years for their drug running and murder. Nevertheless, Salinas was selected to become President of the World Trade Organization for the New World Order effort[9]. Back in the ‘80s when I was being used to lay the groundwork for NAFTA[10], I understood the close relationship between Salinas, Cheney and Bush, Sr. It was pre-determined years in advance that Salinas would take the office of President of Mexico while Bush became President of the US and Brian Mulroney Prime Minister of Canada so the three could usher in NAFTA.

What did this say about elections? Based on everything I witnessed and experienced behind the scenes of the New World Order, elections were rigged and pre-decided. In third world countries where electronic ballets were

not in use, the United States sent in "vote monitors[11]" to ensure turnout was as planned. In these volatile times, many Americans were realizing 'elections' were appointed and the subject was a focus of talk radio.

What did this say about Salinas? That he not only was a proven traitor to his country, he was a traitor to his brother with whom I knew he was in the drug business[12], and a traitor to the world.

What did this say about Cheney? That if US political crimes against humanity and/or the environment were occurring, he was in the loop giving orders while hiding behind his corporate interests such as Halliburton.

What did this say about Bush, Sr. and Brian Mulroney? That they were self appointed leaders misleading their countries into New World Order controls.

No, I did not believe in elections any more than did the politicians and world leaders I was associated within MK Ultra under mind control. Global elections were based on a much bigger agenda formulated by DARPA technology and funded by a few world bankers and global elite. Based on what I knew, Bush, Jr.[13] was expected to follow Bill Clinton into the Presidency, and Hillary soon would follow him, keeping it all in the family of dictators-- unless people woke up, wised up, and elected to become actively involved in politics from the local level on up.

"The Secret Government went into place in 1947," Mark explained to a caller. "As did the National Security Act. The Constitution of the United States was founded in truth and justice for all, not for a few self appointed secret leaders operating on the philosophy that 'secret knowledge equals power.' Secrets have now compounded to the point where people no longer think to ask the right questions. Technological secrets emerge as technological control. Ask what HAARP is about. Ask about DARPA. Ask now while you can still *think* to do so because technology is breeding itself through computerization and it's time we took it out of the hands of the Secret Government."

"Why are we following leaders we didn't elect?" I asked. "The criminals in

control of *our* information, *our* technology, and *our* country are intelligent, but they lack wisdom. They never counted on the strength of the human spirit. They never counted on anyone telling their secrets. Their arrogance is their downfall. Wisdom outthinks a criminal mind every time. We didn't elect our leaders, but we can elect not to follow them through peaceful Gandhian noncompliance."

Carl Klang's *We Want This Country Back*[14] faded in, bridging us to the next segment of the worldwide broadcast.

Chapter 43
COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION

“Are you conscious of the international concern you have raised with your case?” Vuk asked, savoring another bite of the gigantic 42 oz steak Mark bought and prepared for him. “The World Court in The Hague is very interested in what you have to say. By the time I am through keeping the appointments I have with your Justice Department and government leaders of countries I will not identify in this house…” Vuk interrupted himself to savor more of Mark’s exquisite cuisine. He closed his eyes and moaned, dabbing the corners of his mouth with his napkin. “Did you know your house is bugged?”

“They bug people for far less in this country,” Mark smiled. “C’mon Vuk. What do you think this is, a free country?”

Vuk laughed, leaning back in his chair. Our inexpensive dinette was not capable of supporting such weight. Not that Vuk was overweight for his size, it was just that his size was gigantic and muscled. The chair groaned as the metal twisted.

“I’m sorry,” Vuk apologized. “I’ve broken two of your chairs and fear you won’t ask me back for more of your cooking. Mark, you are the finest chef in the world. I know. I’m qualified to make that judgment since I have sampled cuisine in the finest restaurants all around the world in my travels. I would fly to United States, to Alabama, just for dinner right here. I will bring chairs.”

Mark chuckled as he replaced Vuk’s chair. “I’m sorry I don’t have a strong chair to offer you,” he said. “There is no money in whistleblowing, though, and we all make do with what we can afford. This dinette was free. And you are free to come back and see us anytime you choose, my friend.”

Vuk had fast become a friend while we were in Vegas, and that friendship only solidified more since his arrival in Alabama. Vuk was a spook's spook on a mission and it was deeply encouraging to know a spy of his stature shared our passion for spreading the truth revealed in *TRANCE*. "We will succeed," Vuk vowed. "Kelly is all the reason in the world to make sure of it. You, too, Catty. But Kelly, she is my motive." Tears filled his eyes from his intense sincerity.

Armed with a case of books and videos of recorded testimony, Vuk hugged us good-bye. "You will hear from me again soon," he promised.

And we did. Vuk did come back to Alabama on occasion 'for dinner' and proved to be a powerful ally in our quest to incite peaceful change.

The phone rang. "We need to buy some more books from you," a dear supporter of ours from the mid-west told me, then hollered, "Wally, pick up the phone. Cathy's on the line." Wally and June Midkiff were among the finest people Mark and I had met. This loving pair was absolutely dedicated to helping spread the word on mind control at all costs. Their fixed retirement income didn't stop them from passing copies of *TRANCE* to their local politicians, townsfolk, and other patriot groups they supported. They were living proof that age had nothing to do with compassion and concern for the future. They had enjoyed the best of America when it was free; back when it ended wars rather than started them. They cherished US Constitutional values and were appalled to see them eroded and replaced with New World Orders. While many Americans were lulled to sleep by apathy and complacency, June and Wally stayed vigilant, sounding the wake up call. They were alarmed by the criminal takeover of American government, and were actively dedicating their all in terms of time and money to restore truth and justice to their country. They chose to do it through supporting us, among others.

As I hung up the phone, it rang again. It was Wes Mann[1]. "I need some more books," he said. "How soon can you ship me some? I sold out at the festival when one of my speakers, David Icke[2], talked about you guys. " Wes Mann was highly respected throughout Canada for the annual festivals he hosted in spectacular British Columbia. He brought in speakers from all over the world who shared his passion for freedom. Wes was a political activist who was

making a difference, and books from the various speakers he brought in were sold through his Preferred Network[3] year round. During his festival, people traveled from all over Canada to camp on his pristine wilderness land, dine on his sister's infamous fine cooking, and attend the seminars hosted by dozens of sought-after speakers. The event was huge and always successful. Mark's and my personal respect for Wes is bigger than life. The childhood he survived is the most horrific I've ever heard, and he dealt with his past in order to move forward and strengthen others with truth.

The phone rang again. Something needed to be done about this constant intrusion that had grown in direct proportion to our success in bringing the reality of mind control to light. Yet our success as whistleblowers was not reflected in our finances. "We need a code-a-phone," I called to Mark who was working in the other room. "Or a secretary."

"We can't afford either," he hollered back good-naturedly. "I'll answer it."

It was Larry Becraft informing us of a rally being organized for Washington, DC. "A friend of mine in California is structuring the event right now and wants to know if you'll speak. It will be held on the mall lawn in front of the Capital on Labor Day Weekend."

"Of course we'll be there," Mark assured him. "We wouldn't miss it."

"Come by my office," Becraft said, assuming our phone was bugged. "I'll give you an information packet."

That was uncharacteristic of Becraft to suggest a visit unless he had something to tell us that he didn't want to say over the phone. He certainly wasn't one to waste his time any more than we were, so Mark agreed to meet with him right away to find out why he really wanted to see us.

"I've got a message for you involving evidence on Operation Watchtower," he tipped us. Through a series of connections, it was arranged for us to pick up boxes of documents detailing George Bush, Sr.'s Watchtower cocaine and heroin routes. Retired Brigadier General Russell Bowen was once an integral

part of this operation. He worked directly under Bush until he turned whistleblower through his 1991 book *The Immaculate Deception, The Bush Crime Family Exposed*[4]. It was widely known that the Mexican and Caribbean drug ops I had worked under MK Ultra mind control tied directly in with Watchtower. These documents and evidences could prove invaluable to us since General Bowen was leaving the country in disgust and frustration with the lack of justice. Bush, Sr. had locked him up in a Federal Prison until he agreed to leave the country.

Numerous Intelligence insiders like him were telling all to those with eyes to see and ears to hear truth. Rodney Stich's book *Defrauding America*[5] tied in with Russell Bowen's book and testimony as well as Col. Fletcher Prouty's[6] revelations. Gaylon Ross[7], formerly associated with the National Security Agency, publicly updates his global identification of *Who's Who of the Elite*[8] in order that people know who their self-appointed leaders are. The truth has been and is out there for the growing numbers of awake and aware people seeking it.

The US Government deliberately operates far in advance of what they finally allow the people to know, whereby forerunners like Fletcher Prouty were literally ahead of their time in their revelations. With truth "ahead of time" and Americans "losing time" due to high tech mass mind control, bridging the information gap would require timeless spiritual evolution. The criminals in control of our country knew this, and were counting on fear, trauma and superstition to keep people from gaining the spiritual strength necessary to outthink them. They feared the collective conscious[9] wisdom that begins with truth. Again, their shallow flat-thinking and egotistical arrogance had not accounted for Intelligence insiders having the strength of spirit to collectively tell their secrets and launch the evolution.

Equally as influential were the vast number of government contractors operating on a Need-to-Know who expanded their knowledge with truth. Free thought allows for the capacity to think beyond oneself to a bigger picture and now they, too, were talking and/or applying peaceful noncompliance. Scientists from all over the world concerned with environmental and technological issues were also sharing information, organizing, and applying

solutions. The Organization of Concerned Scientists[10] extends through international think tanks where collective conscious awareness continues to escalate at a rate that can only be attributed to wisdom. Such spiritual evolution continues to collectively rise while truth is shared, peaceful noncompliance is applied where effective, and change is made from within.

When Barbara Trent accepted her Academy Award for her 1993 documentary *The Panama Deception*[11], she didn't wear a designer gown as she walked up to the podium and brilliantly explained that whistleblowers never profit because their passion is so strong every penny is dedicated to furthering their effort. So it was with Mark and me. We chose to amplify our voice by working exhaustive hours speaking out on radio and in person all over the country and worldwide. We met a vast array of people who were waking up to make a difference whenever and wherever they could. Many of these fine people were converging on Washington, DC with us Labor Day weekend.

Mark and I located a budget motel an hour's drive from DC, and were unpacking our bags when we were startled by a knock on our door. It was our friend Perry Ferrell, who had driven his Prevo bus half way across the country to attend the rally. Perry's autistic son, Glenn, is pure unconditional love due to the exemplary thought communication[12] they share.

"What are you doing in this budget motel?" he asked. "I booked you a room at the Watergate Hotel. C'mon. Nobody will 'bug you' there."

We laughed at Perry's clever joke, which was typical of his ever-present wit. The Watergate was infamous for the bugging incident that cost Nixon his Presidency. Perry's generous offer not only would be luxurious and a convenient walking distance to our speaking engagement, it promised to be fun considering he and his entourage were staying there, too. It was quite stressful for me to be speaking right in front of the nation's Capitol knowing that every member of Congress had a copy of *TRANCE*--including my former abusers! The fun that always accompanied Perry would certainly provide the perfect balance to the stress. To me, "balance" was always tipped to the good in keeping with universal justice.

Our room at the Watergate was spectacular, bigger than our house in Alabama. And the bed was absolutely unforgettable. Mark and I were out on our balcony when someone knocked on the door, and I made my way through our elaborate room and hallways to answer it. It was Perry. “Can you see all those ‘suits’ guarding my room?” he jokingly called to Mark, who was still outside on the balcony.

“No,” Mark answered, looking around and noting the armed guards strategically placed on the premises’ balconies and rooftop. “Seriously, isn’t that Bob Dole’s suite that the guy in dark sunglasses is guarding?”

The Watergate was infamous for its political ties. Perry laughed, “I thought they were all guarding my room while I take you to dinner.”

Dinner was even more fun than it was delicious, and the horrors and traumas I had experienced in DC faded far into the past. This positive experience gave me just the edge I needed for speaking the next day, loud and clear enough for Byrd, Traficant, the Clintons, and all the rest of DC to hear.

Early the next morning we set up a table near the stage from which to sell *TRANCE* after speaking. Dozens of friends, activists, and patriots we had come to know were setting up their tables and booths as well while Carl Klang fine tuned the sound system for us all, then soulfully began singing. Charlena Alden had done a commendable job organizing and structuring the event. National TV was expectedly absent, but international news groups were in abundance. All weekend long, speakers and music resounded through DC. We connected with other speakers, made new friends and embraced those we already knew, signed books, and gave numerous interviews while crowds of people gathered around.

“Hey girl,” a familiar voice said. “I rode the bus all the way to DC for this event.”

“Dana!” I exclaimed, hugging my friend. “I didn’t know you were coming. Where are you staying?”

“I found a room over at the shelter,” she answered. Dana was street-wise and resourceful, but it didn’t seem right that this gorgeous peace activist should stay in a shelter. “Sleeping isn’t why I’m here anyway. I wanted to experience this rally and contribute anyway I can.”

“Our friend Perry Ferrell got us a room over at the Watergate where no one would ‘bug us’,” I told her, laughing. “It’s a huge room and I really wish you’d come and stay with us. Come on,” I pleaded. “A gorgeous girl like you belongs at the Watergate.”

Her big eyes twinkled at the reverberating meaning. “Maybe,” she said, always independent. “I appreciate the offer anyway.” She took off her backpack to show me the brochures she had brought depicting Kelly and telling her plight. “While you’re speaking, I can pass these around.” Typically, Dana was always doing something significantly profound.

Dana had attended a seminar months before where Mark and I were speaking, and we became instant friends. We shared a connection beyond words. Literally! Dana’s soulful telepathy was familiar, as though we had known each other forever and our futures would remain inner-twined. Her childhood was the kind that hindered most, but Dana did not relate to the ‘victim space’ any more than I did. Instead, she turned the negative of her past into positive action.

She opened her heart and her home to help others find their inner strength just as she had. Such strength was needed these days more than ever in order to thrive in an increasingly difficult society. Sexually abused children often grew up to become exotic dancers, porn stars and prostitutes which exposed them to a whole new world of problems. Dana was there to offer shelter, understanding, healing, peace of mind, and rehabilitation from addictions to CIA cocaine, heroin, and crack. Her humanitarian and political activism was exemplary, and I was thrilled that she had joined us in DC.

The sun was rising high, as was the temperature, when Perry offered to buy us all cold drinks and snacks. “Come with me,” he suggested. I hesitated until Dana said she’d fill in for me at the table to help Mark sell books. “I’ll watch after her real close,” Perry assured Mark, aware of concerns for my being in

such close proximity to my abusers.

DC shopping was primarily located underground, and Perry and I opted for the market under the Watergate. Just beyond the prestigious lobby were escalators to the market, and we rode them down. Perry's arms were already full of cold drinks when he located a shopping cart, which he continued to load with snacks and a cooler. While he filled the cart, I explored the small market wondering what gourmet goodies filled the shelves to cater to the rich and famous that shopped there. A few minutes later, Perry caught up with me, breathless. "I couldn't find you!" he exclaimed. "Where did you go? There are only three isles in this store. I thought the Feds carried you away or something. How would I explain that to Mark? I promised I would look after you."

The whole thing seemed ludicrous to me, but Perry was genuinely shaken as he paid for the items and we went out the door with the shopping cart full of refreshments. Never one for rules, regulations, and social protocol, Perry paused at the bottom of the escalator long enough to aim the cart before pushing it onto the moving stairs. "I already lost you once, and I refuse to leave you here while I carry these purchases sack by sack," he explained as the shopping cart clattered and rattled loudly along the escalator. It was so wrong, especially at the Watergate, to make such a noisy spectacle of ourselves and I laughed myself to tears. I was doubled over laughing by the time the escalator reached the lobby and Perry slammed the cart over the hump and onto the Watergate's expensive carpet. He nonchalantly tipped the doorman as he told him to return the cart downstairs. The doorman was astonished, wondering how he would accomplish such a maneuver while we climbed into the cab. The derelict shopping cart looked ridiculously out of place in the lobby of one of the most prestigious hotels in the DC, and I was still laughing when we arrived back at the rally.

It was nearly time for Mark and me to speak. It was such an honor and privilege to speak beside the likes of Larry Becraft[13], Gaylon Ross[14], David Icke[15], Jack McLamb[16], Dr. Stan Monteith[17], Michael New[18] and dozens more in front of our nations capital, our peers, crowds of people and international news groups. Mark's and my presentation of facts centered on repeal of the 1947 National Security Act, which threatens the security of our

nation and world[19] by covering crimes against humanity. Mark's focus was more pointed, whereas mine extended to Kelly.

"Harry Truman," Mark was saying to the crowd," had only one regret in his Presidency, according to his sister's testimony, and that is signing the National Security Act into power. Truman felt he had been tricked into signing it, and foresaw it as the downfall of the country he loved and served so well. The 1947 National Security Act fully allows for the takeover of the American government by a secret government, or shadow government as it has been called. Here in the United States of America we have laws, Constitutional Laws, and the Bill of Rights enabling we-the-people from succumbing to such takeover; yet the National Security Act overrides them all. We don't need more laws to stop the proliferation of these criminals in control of our country and their blatant child abuse, mind control, erosion of justice, drug dealings, murders, genocide, and dominance of the world's technology and resources. We only need to *repeal the 1947 National Security Act!*"

Applause was thunderous. After all, every issue being presented at this rally ultimately came down to the final point that the National Security Act needed to be repealed.

I spoke out with a passion, giving voice to the numerous mind control survivors like Kelly who couldn't think to speak out for themselves and were being denied justice and rehabilitation for so-called "reasons of national security." While I brought the issue of mind control to light and gave voice to Kelly's plight, Dana distributed hundreds of flyers. Kelly's precious image complete with our family motto "It's Not Over Until We Win" was circulating everywhere, thanks to her. As usual, Dana's work continues to reverberate since people in turn circulated even more copies of their flyer to further raise awareness of Kelly's plight and the reality of mind control.

When Carl Klang saw Kelly's flyer, he excitedly told me, "'It's Not Over Until We Win[20]' is a song of inspiration that I feel the need to write for Kelly." Carl is soulfully profound with deep insights, which he eloquently

expresses in song. It's no wonder he was fast becoming an international favorite as well as an American icon for the patriot movement. The powerful song he wrote for Kelly became a global anthem song of deep encouragement to her for years to come.

By the time we returned to the Watergate that evening, we were all exhausted and excited. "I'll take you to dinner," Perry generously offered again, leaving us off at our room while he went down the hall to his room to dress.

Dana knocked on our door as we started to get ready for dinner. "I decided to take you up on your offer," she announced, "at least long enough to take a shower."

Perry playfully whistled to Dana from down the hall, loudly inviting her to join us for dinner. A young man who was also approaching her looked disappointed as she gracefully accepted, and turned back toward the elevator.

"You'd better come in here," I laughed, swinging the door open wide. "I'm so glad you decided to come."

"Wow," she exclaimed, her soulfully eyes shining as she looked around the room. "Who would believe I'm here at the Watergate about to dress for dinner, when all I have in my purse is a bus ticket!"

"You could be as wealthy as you want to be," I assured her. "Just because your helping people takes precedent over making money doesn't mean you couldn't be rich enough to live here."

"I was offered that much money on the way up here," she laughingly admitted as she took off her backpack and opened it up. "I must look like some kind of holistic whore or something wearing jeans and a peasant top at the Watergate." She pulled a small bundle from her pack, which unfolded into a beautifully detailed forest green hemp dress. "I'm not much on glamour," she said, holding up the dress against her delicate frame, the

deep green accentuating her beauty. "What do you think? Can I wear this to

dinner?”

I hugged her tight. “Your unpretentiousness epitomizes what a woman should be!” The shower was open, and Dana went to get ready while Mark emerged from the dressing area of the bathroom, looking handsome and refreshed. We walked out on the balcony to talk while Dana prepared to join us for dinner.

“Carl Klang is writing a song for Kelly,” I excitedly told Mark.

“And we have invites to do more radio shows than I can count,” he added. “Did I see you doing an interview with Dutch National TV?”

“I know they were among several I did today,” I answered. “Spanish TV wanted to interview you. Did they catch up with you?”

Mark and I had each been so busy that it was necessary to fill each other in on the day’s activities. Dana was ready in no time, and joined us on the balcony. “Collective consciousness[21] went global today,” she said, seemingly summing up our conversation as Perry arrived to take us all to dinner. Dana picked up a copy of *TRANCE* and slipped it among the classics in the room’s elaborate library as we went out the door.

Chapter 44
THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

The next morning we began selling copies of *TRANCE* and related documents as fast as we spread them out on the table at the rally. Vast numbers of people were in attendance, despite the US media's lack of coverage of the event. Word had spread, and Carl Klang's soulful songs filled the air, drawing in scores of DC tourists who happened upon the event as well.

Author and speaker David Icke had flown in from England, and made his way through the crowds to speak with us before the event officially commenced. "David!" I exclaimed, throwing my arms around him in a warm hug. "It's good to see you."

"I had business in the country anyway," he said, "so I diverted my trip a bit so I could participate in the rally."

Mark pulled up an extra chair, inviting David to join us. "Will you be speaking?" he asked.

"I just met with Charlena Alden and she's working me into the schedule right now," he told Mark. "She wanted to know what I intended to speak about since this event is Constitutionally oriented and focuses on the Bill of Rights. I told her I'd speak briefly on who I know to be in control of your government since the same New World Order elite are leading Britain as well."

David was an author who had written a book titled "*And the Truth Shall Set You Free*[1]," which clearly shares our common ground. In his book, David identifies the global elite and their New World Order, and provides solutions based on spiritual evolution. Professionally, David is an author and public

speaker whereby he is not bound by the laws governing whistleblowing that Mark and I are. Personally, David had been a friend for some time and offered significant moral support to Kelly. I updated him on her circumstances.

“The stallion next door to Jabneel is the best therapy for Kelly since he keeps her focused on natural spiritual values,” I was explaining. “What you told her about spirit being stronger than genetics was one of the most powerful, healing statements she’s embraced. I’ve taken the liberty of expanding your statement a bit further to include spirit being stronger than program. Of course, the trick of it is to keep her focused spiritually true-to-soul despite her adverse circumstances. Having the stallion next door really does help. The more she lives true-to-soul, the more free thought she has. The more free thought she has, the more she heals!”

“She is a powerfully strong spirit,” he smiled.

“In light of that realization,” I said, “my friend and I were discussing the misuse of ‘exorcism’ on mind controlled multiples…”

“Who is using exorcism on multiples?” David interrupted to ask.

“The State of Tennessee,” I answered. “How we know that is a story in itself. Anyway, my friend is highly intelligent, whereby it is logical that she is highly spiritual. She fully understands that mind control is exactly that, control of the *mind*.”

“While you were mind controlled, where was your spirit?” David asked.

“It was as though my spirit took flight to a safe loving space while my body was being used and abused,” I answered. “I know from experience that without free thought, there is no free will, and without free will, there is no soul expression. Just because a mind- controlled victim cannot *think* to soulfully express their spirit does not mean the spirit is possessed. Even *I* didn’t posses it under mind control! Once I regained free thought and free will, pure spirit was again soulfully expressed.”

“Considering that Kelly’s spirit is light,” David thoughtfully said, “and her abusers are dark, darkness cannot overcome light.”

Mark paused from book signing to add to our conversation. “It is a physics fact that dark cannot overcome light. Light is visible radiation and dark is absence of light.”

I smiled. “My wise friend used the analogy of two rooms, one light and one dark. Light shines into the dark under the door between them, yet darkness cannot penetrate the light. By this principal, possession is an impossibility.”

“The belief of possession is dark and fear-driven,” David concluded, “while spirit is light and love-driven. Fear cannot overcome love, yet love can overcome fear.”

“Fear can only possess the mind, and the people I knew in DC are acutely aware that fearful people do not think clearly and therefore are easily led,” I explained. “So they deliberately generate fear, then point the way to run.”

“Problem, reaction, solution,” David quipped, quoting from his own book. I whole-heartedly agreed. “It keeps people in the dark as to what truth is.”

“There is good and bad in everything,” David said. “Every organization becomes infiltrated, from religion to governments. After being misled and kept in the dark so long, people forget *how* to identify who’s who.”

I said, “That is what the criminals in control are counting on. Again, they failed to consider the strength of the human spirit. When people shine their spiritual light, so to speak, it clearly reveals the truth and overcomes their dark secrets.”

David thoughtfully said, “Spirit naturally overrides any darkness they generate.”

“Wow,” I took in David’s simplistic message and savored it a moment. “I’ll tell Kelly you said that. She already adheres to unconditional love, and

identifies the essence of her being in light of that unconditional love. This will logically define what she knows about living true-to-soul, taking it to the next level to naturally override their dark program."

"We are all multi-dimensional beings," David expanded, "and she needs truth on all levels."

"The kind of high tech harmonic programming that Kelly endured is just another means of control that is faster and more precise than trauma-based mind control," I began.

"How does harmonic programming work?" David inquired.

Mark, who understood the scientific aspect of harmonics, turned to David to explain. "Everything on this planet vibrates at a certain frequency as exemplified by the wear-ring on the bottom of antique glass. When harmonics change that frequency, such as those emitted by an opera singer, crystal glass will shatter. To further this example, consider for a moment how a favorite song incites certain feelings and sentiments. The harmonics responsible for inspiring such emotion are actually vibrating the neuron pathways of the brain. This is why an old favorite song can stir memories such as 'we fell in love to that song'. Harmonics have now been perfected to deliberately vibrate neuron pathways to compartmentalize memory in MK Ultra programming. Laboratories developing electronic mind control techniques in the '70s and '80s referred to the application of harmonics as brain training."

David nodded his head in understanding, and I continued my point, "Just because harmonics are more advanced technologically does not mean they advance further into the being. Harmonics still can't penetrate the light and touch the spirit."

"All Kelly needs to do is realize and embrace that truth," David assured me, his eyes twinkling. "When she realizes she has a whole world of people beaming their spiritual love light to further brighten her path, she can confidently steer herself again. She inspires collective conscious love with her truth."

I hugged David, the knowing passing between us that Kelly was free and it was only a matter of time until she assumed that knowing, too.

Mark, who was speaking with Dr. Stan Monteith[2], sensed the moment and smiled. “It looks as though you two just solved the world’s problems. We’re doing the same thing over here.” Dr. Stan laughed, and they resumed their conversation.

“Back to the global scope of problem, reaction, solution,” I said, “Consider that the problem is secrecy, the reaction is superstitious fear, and the given solution is follow the leader.”

“The herd mentality,” David added, wisely capable of condensing a world of truth into a few words.

“Exactly,” I said. “Consider that the government is years ahead of us through suppression of their secret advancements. They generate fear by perpetuating superstitious conclusions that keep people diverted from the truth and looking the other way. By the time people finally do see secrets surface such as the Stealth fighter, they superstitiously conclude they are seeing an alien space ship. This makes people feel helpless, as though they cannot do anything about the situation and they look to the government for a solution as anticipated.”

Mark joined back in our conversation. “Who says aliens aren’t microorganisms encased in a growing crystalline environment that don’t even need a spacecraft? Invasion of the mind though mind control is worse than any alien invasion could be anyway. It is ridiculous that people fear what they don’t know, and jump to superstitious conclusion rather than seek the truth. Besides, what would aliens do that the secret government isn’t already doing? Take over the world? Perpetuate mass genocide?”

“Aliens could be transdimensional,” I added.

“Or lizards,” David added.

“They’re not lizards,” I began. “That’s too simple.”

“What about George Bush, then?” David asked. “”You talk about him turning into a lizard in *TRANCE*.”

“Not really,” I countered. “I said he created an image of turning into a lizard.”

“*TRANCE* was written for Congress,” Mark reminded him. “Congress already knows about the holographic generators that produce such an image. It wasn’t necessary to beleaguer the subject to them because they already know it is a hoax. Testimony has already been provided to Congress regarding the equipment Bush used to perpetuate the illusion.”

“There are numerous similar accounts around the world regarding lizards,” David said. “I’ll be including them, and yours, in my next book which will be released next month[3]. With numerous people talking, there is truth to this somewhere.”

“The truth lies in the program to deliberately generate fear,” I said. “I’ve heard Bush discussing the fact that people autogenically respond to snakes and lizards by freezing in fear. By capitalizing on that natural reaction, they expect to perpetuate the fear that keeps people diverted from the truth and easily led.”

“Where did Bush get the idea?” David asked.

“I’m not sure who started it,” I answered. “But I do know it was discussed and decided at the Grove that this lizard alien theme would render people helpless to do anything about mind control, wars, ecological and economical depletion, division, diversion, genocide and everything else leading them into the New World Order. Since these perpe*traitors* can’t possess the human spirit, instinct is as close as they can get. This is why they control innate human response like maternal instinct, survival instinct, religious instinct, and instinctive ‘freeze’ response to serpents. Plus, spies are often referred to as ‘chameleons’ due to their ability to blend into any environment, and this

theme blends in with their training. The lizard alien theme was spread throughout the military along with Aquino's satanism."

"That's why you hear so many mind controlled victims recalling in photographic detail that these lizards wear combat boots," Mark added. "'Just like satan does'. When alien spacecraft looks like Top Secret military aircraft, and when satan drives a military jeep, that's a pretty good clue it's a mind control program."

"Why are so many people talking about it then?" David asked him.

"The answer resides in the influence science fiction movies and TV series have programmed into their highly suggestible minds for over forty years," Mark explained. "Dragons have been a primary feature of folk lore for thousands of years within all cultures starting with the Asians. To add subliminal strength to this, bear in mind that more people have died from venomous reptiles than from all wars and plagues combined. People are genetically programmed to fear reptiles. When mind controlled victims spew this program, it either destroys their credibility or perpetuates the fear. Either way, the Bushes win. We need to get the truth out there."

"I'm presenting all the possibilities in my book," David said. "Lizard aliens provide a point of reference for considering the possibility that aliens are among us."

"You can say whatever you want to," Mark agreed, "because you are an author. We have to stick to the facts by law because we're whistleblowers. If you put your spin on Cathy's experience, we'll have to answer questions outside her realm of experience. That is a precarious position for us to be in as whistleblowers."

"If I say 'that wasn't my experience' then people will think I'm arguing with you, and you're my friend," I pleaded with David. "Or people will assume I'm saying there is no such thing as aliens and accuse me of perpetuating cover-up. I *do* believe in the plausibility of alien life forms both less and more advanced than us. There must be intelligent life out there somewhere! Who knows? There may even be aliens who generate love rather than fear."

David thought a moment. “This really isn’t yours or mine to resolve. Rather than perpetuate fear and terror, global governments should be uniting to investigate and understand such phenomena as crop circles, crystal skulls, sightings, and abductions.”

“And publish the findings!” Mark wisely added. “There may indeed be alien abductions based on what we’ve been seeing when we travel. There are some very credible people saying some pretty bizarre things- some of which are very positive! Not everyone talks about lizard aliens in combat boots! Personally, I think different species have incorporated into our society for generations to the point where it’s normal now. Consider the numbers of scientists[4] and government officials adamantly claiming that aliens concerned with humankind’s survival infiltrated our military installations after we dropped the nuclear bomb.”

“Knowledge doesn’t fit into a box,” I furthered. “Discussions I heard at the Grove pertained to dimensions and ‘they are us in the future’ attitudes. They believe they can surpass time through DARPA’s computerization to reach into artificial intelligence’s future knowledge. Dimensions to them are dimensions of knowledge that keeps them ahead of time.”

“It’s time they realize the proverbial Wizard’s curtain has been pulled back to expose them and their secrets,” David stated, referring to Oz theme mind control programming.

Mark injected, “As I recall, the word ‘wizard’ is spun from the word ‘lizard’.”

“Oz programming is rooted in their dimensional perception,” I agreed. “Politicians really are out of touch with the people, which is another reason why DC is regarded as ‘over the rainbow’ from the rest of u.s. When we look behind the curtain, we see it is simply men pulling levers and pushing buttons on a computerized illusion. They selected humankind’s destination, obtained the roadmap, and stayed the course; never counting on people to turn on their heart lights and steer clear of their inhumane plan.”

“Love’s frequency is higher than their energy of fear,” David asserted. “If people would keep their love light on, they’ll maintain their freedom.”

“Like Kelly,” I smiled.

“Kelly is an inspiration to all of us,” David said, rising to tend to his own flourishing book sales. “The tide is turning[5], and she is on the leading edge. Give her heaps of love from me when you see her.”

Chapter 45
BACK TO THE FUTURE

By the time we left DC, Mark and I had solidified friendships and numerous speaking engagements. The ride home provided Mark and me the luxury of discussing the magnitude of events, conversations, and contacts we had made over the weekend.

“I never thought I’d live to see the day when we would speak on the lawn of our nation’s Capital,” I began. “Being free to *think* to tell their secrets right in their own backyard is an ultimate universal justice!”

“Calling for repeal of their 1947 National Security Act shroud of secrecy in their own backyard is rewarding, too,” Mark said as he turned onto the freeway out of DC. “It is impossible for the shadow government to hide secrets when the spotlight of truth is focused on them.”

“I like David’s statement that it is difficult for people who are left in the dark to clearly see who is good and who is bad. In light of your powerful sense of justice and truth, you’re naturally regarded as the measuring stick of discernment. If everyone gathered their strength of spirit and faced the truth like you have, the global elite’s New World Order would be history.”

“I know who to trust because I know how to trust,” Mark stated, matter-of-factly.

“You realize truth with wisdom, then act on it through your powerful sense of justice,” I assessed. “Your formula for discernment is bigger than life!”

“It hasn’t solved Kelly’s need for the available qualified rehabilitation,” Mark frowned. “The National Security Act has yet to be repealed.”

“You gave Kelly the ability to gather her strength of spirit and strive to live true-to-soul despite being denied technological rehab,” I reminded him. “She never knew what love was until you rescued us with your pure, unconditional love. Love is the most powerful healing force in the universe, and I am deeply grateful to you for freeing Kelly and me to realize it.”

Mark thought it over, still frowning. I persisted, “As her mother, under any circumstances I would want her to know and live love above all else!”

“To quote David,” Mark said, “We’re all multidimensional beings. Kelly is an extreme multidimensional being, so to speak. She needs and deserves rehab on all levels. All that stands between her and available rehab is the 1947 National Security Act! It needs to be repealed in order that harmonic technologies are put in the hands of good people.”

“Since Roswell happened in 1947, I wonder if repealing the National Security Act will result in the emergence of truth about aliens and dispel the lizard illusion,” I pondered.

“I’m not one to believe in coincidence, especially where DC is involved.” Mark drove up the ramp to the highway home. “History proves the world changed in 1947, and knowing the details could stop history from repeating itself. Something changed in 1988, too. I don’t know what—aside from the obvious.” He squeezed my hand. “It appears to have been the beginning of something positive. People began waking up.”

“I know!” I smiled. “Kelly and I weren’t the only ones waking up. Something pivotal seems to have occurred in 1988 according to reports from others. It’s almost as if another group of ‘aliens’ or ‘angels of old’ came in to save the sleeping planet. That’s just speculation, of course, yet there must be something to it. Isn’t it a bizarre ‘coincidence’ that the DeLorean used in the movie “*Back to the Future*[1]” traveled through time when the speed reached 88 mph, and that you rescued Kelly and me in a DeLorean in ‘88?”

Mark smiled. He was used to me attaching my lofty ideals to his logic. Our differences always proved fun. “The CIA became official in 1947 along with

the National Security Act, the Roswell incident, and Congress' approval of the CIA's Project Paperclip[2] and Project Cinderella[3]."

"Every politico I knew regarded Roswell like Montauk—no cause for concern because they had the public diverted!"

"Montauk was about a top secret weapon system and mind control," Mark told me. "My brother-in-law was one of the leading scientists working on global submarine detection using sea water as the conductor of sonar waves. His doctorial thesis on this won him a job as an assistant for Werner von Braun[4]. The literal interpretation being voiced by the mind-controlled victims who worked on Montauk was that the government was warping time! Keeping this relatively simple technological defense development secret made it necessary to maintain strict secrecy at Montauk Point Naval

Air Station. The workers there were exposed to mind control and given the time-warp cover story."

"Like with the Philadelphia Experiment cover story?"

"Sort of," Mark smiled. "The Montauk story took on a life of its own since the truth wasn't available until 1982 when Japan's Toshiba[5] Corporation handed over the technological specifications to the Soviets on the screws or propellers of three classes of submarines. There also exists another technology for making soldiers, tanks and airplanes appear 'invisible' based on liquid crystal display technology. Now I hear stories of 'invisibility' and 'time travel' knowing full well that the 'invisibility' factor is actually technological and 'time travel' is suppression of DARPA's futuristic knowledge!"

"Does DARPA deal with the Illuminati, Masons, and Sir Francis Bacon?" I asked.

"I don't know what all DARPA knows," Mark laughed. "I can tell you've been talking with David, though. Why did you mention Sir Francis Bacon?"

“Senator Byrd often did,” I answered. “Sir Francis Bacon weaved through his dialogue, from the Rosicrucians to the Bible, Shakespeare and the Constitution.”

“That is interesting,” Mark said. “Sir Francis Bacon is rumored to have written Shakespeare, edited the King James Version of the Bible, and brought Freemasonry into this country while it was being founded.”

“The first amendment of the Constitution calls for Separation of Church and State,” I said. “We both know that is an illusion.”

“Church controls what government doesn’t,” Mark elaborated. “And government controls churches through the 501(3)(C) tax exemption. Any church that fails to follow government mandate dictating what they can say and who to support loses their tax- exempt status. The churches have become the ‘great whore’ as the Bible[6] predicted.”

“I know through Billy Roy Moore’s Lords Chapel that certain evangelists are mind controlled to religiously lead people where the government instructs. This includes brainwashing the people to believe God leads this New World Order agenda, and to mule drugs for the CIA under the guise of ‘missions.’ This fact is difficult to bring to light when people are programmed to believe a stand against religious cults is a stand against God. Even many who turned away from the church seeking a spiritual path were absorbed by a New Age religion. Anytime people seek answers outside themselves, they become misled. The truth is within.”

“It is interesting to note that the organization supposedly overseeing so-called Separation of Church and State was formed in 1947,” Mark informed me. “Sir Francis Bacon’s influence on both the Constitution and Bible should incite their scrutiny.”

“Sir Francis Bacon sounds like an influential part of history,” I concluded.

“So is Rasputin,” Mark said. “And Hitler. And Bush. And Nostradamas. Each had access to secret knowledge, and each used it for their own ‘game.’

History will just keep repeating itself until people wake up and control their own destiny."

"Evolution over revolutions," I quipped. "People can learn from history or from DARPA's futuristic plan. Either way, the truth will lift them from the circles they're revolving in now."

"History is being re-written," Mark reminded me. "You said so yourself. And DARPA is covered up under the blanket of the 1947 National Security Act!"

"It all keeps coming back around to the same thing," I noted. "Until truth comes to light, the National Security Act keeps people in the dark, hiding the truth. Revolution doesn't bring about change, it only keeps people spinning in circles under the *illusion* of change."

"Which is why we need a worldwide spiritual evolution," Mark said. "That way, the light automatically dissipates the dark, revealing the truth. Once people know the truth, they can repeal the National Security Act, regain control of their government to unplug DARPA and HAARP, and release rehab for Kelly and a world of others in need."

"Yes," I agreed, excited now. "We can peacefully solve so many problems by assuming our own rights. People will stop following the leaders they didn't elect. They can stop fretting about the concentration camps[7] being built across the country and take control of them. They're ours anyway.

Our tax dollars paid for them. The military can choose to stop fighting other people's wars, and allow peace to happen."

"You're right," Mark said. "The same ones controlling war are controlling peace—by force. 'Peacekeeping forces' is an oxymoron."

"All of humankind must exert evolution now," I suggested. "The few who are awake and aware are proving their actions aren't enough to overcome the global elite yet. The path to collective *conscious* evolution is within. It is within us all to gather the strength of spirit necessary to evolve."

“I agree that is where change must begin,” Mark said thoughtfully. “World peace begins within, freedom begins within, and wisdom begins within. Then it all must be applied on this level. That’s what I was saying about Kelly. She is healed on a spiritual level, yet applying it on all levels requires her to stay true-to-soul at all times. Being wrongly and unjustly institutionalized, then forced to ‘get along with her peers’ isn’t conducive to living true-to-soul at all times!”

“She knows this,” I responded. “It is a struggle for her under her circumstances. Once she is free from the system and society’s ignorance, perhaps she will find herself in an environment that allows her to be true-to-soul *all*ways.”

“I hear what you’re saying,” Mark solemnly affirmed. “Yet repealing the National Security Act would result in freedom from struggle under any circumstances.”

“That statement reverberates with national and international[8] meaning.” I thought on it for a moment.

Mark spoke up. “Remember when we were at the Global Science Congress last year, and top brass from McDill Airforce Base came in and attempted to trigger your old MK Ultra programming?”

“Of course!” I assured him. “When their triggering didn’t work, their paradigm shifted to realize I truly had been deprogrammed. The expression on their faces was better than any justice a court could deliver.”

“How would you describe what it was like before you were deprogrammed when you did respond to a trigger?”

“A knee jerk reaction,” I said. “There was no way not to respond. Mind control is more powerful than a blink response when pepper is thrown in your eyes. It’s more like not blinking *plus* stopping tears from forming in the peppered eyes. Kelly battles that kind of response every day.”

“Kelly is the brightest shining example of spiritual evolution I’ve ever known,” Mark told me. “There is no excuse for anybody anywhere to not wake up, face the truth, and evolve. When they do, they owe it to Kelly and all others like her to assume control of technology and release the technological antidote to her condition. Technology doesn’t preclude the spiritual, it should emerge with truth as people reclaim their lives.”

“I hear you,” I said, wiping my eyes. “I hear your words and your soul intent. You are the brightest shining example of reverberating evolution I’ll ever know in this life.”

We drove most of the way home in uneventful, peaceful silence, each of us deep into our own thoughts. Before returning to Alabama, we stopped to see Kelly who was still flourishing under the care of her stallion friend and Jabneel staff. She had written a brilliant article on subliminals in the course of her Jabneel schooling titled *The Invisible Menace, What You Don’t Know is Hurting You*, and presented me with a copy.

“Dad and I met hundreds of people in DC who acknowledge you as their greatest inspiration,” I told her. “With your permission, I’d like to share this article with them.”

“Of course,” Kelly said, matter-of-factly. “They probably already know about subliminals, though.”

“You’d be surprised what people don’t know!” I laughed. “You and I gained significant insight with our experience! Speaking of significant insight, David Icke sends his love.”

“You saw David?” she squealed. “Did you hug him for me?”

“Of course,” I assured her, and proceeded to convey our discussion to her about spirit, light, and soul.

“When you say ‘soul’, you’re talking about that love light inside of me, right?” she asked.

“Of course,” I answered. “What is your perception of the word?”

“The church here says spirit is God, and soul is his spirit in us.”

“What do you say?” I asked.

“That God is love energy, which is the same love energy shining through me.”

“I like your definition!” I exclaimed. “People tend to play semantics with words, and having two words with inner-changeable meaning keeps people bickering when they really agree. Your definition of love energy is clear.”

“I like ‘love energy’ because it is a univer*soul* name for ‘God’ that crosses all religions and names, including Buddha, Allah, and the rest.”

“Is that term accepted in church?” I asked.

“I don’t know what is accepted in church,” she honestly answered. “All I know is I’m *expected* in the church. So I sit there, and go within my self and think. I was thinking about my poem ‘God Save Us From Religion’ and how God’s love energy doesn’t really act. It’s up to people to save themselves and their children from religious abuse by allowing that love energy to flow through them and strengthen them to take action. I like not ‘blaming’ God when its people who are to blame for not stopping the abuse. Some people still need religion and it’s up to them to clean it up. Being here has given me insight into how some people still need religion.”

“How’s that?” I asked, astounded by Kelly’s spiritual evolution and compassion for others’ needs despite her circumstances.

“One of the kids is institutionalized here because his alcoholic father beat him so bad. Now his father quit drinking and goes to church. He’s a better man for going without alcohol. Maybe he couldn’t have quit without his church’s support,” Kelly thoughtfully said. “At the same time, though, there is another kid in here whose abusive father went to court and swore on a Bible that he

was a Christian and they believed him. Now the kid is locked up while his abusive father is free." Kelly was silent a moment. "I wonder why 'swearing' on a Bible means you're telling the truth?"

"People must go within for the wisdom to discern truth," I answered. "We're all on our own learning path, though, and some people still need rituals."

By the time we left Jabneel, Kelly was hopeful and excited about having her article printed. I assured her she was making a powerful difference herself and others just by being herself true-to-soul.

As we completed our drive back to Alabama, I shared Kelly's definition of soul and spirit with Mark. "Besides, I like the way her 'love-energy' definition is a direct, constant connection that clarifies the meaning of life! What would you say is the meaning of life?"

"Consider the source," Mark instantly replied. I laughed, pondering the reverberating meaning.

"You defined life's cycle in three words!"

"Dr. Stan[9] runs circles around my profundity," Mark smiled. "I really enjoyed talking with him at the rally. He certainly is a profound individual with vast knowledge. I'm looking forward to doing radio with him when we get back."

"He has a radio show?" I asked.

"He's reputed to be one of the best," Mark assured me. "After talking with him, I can believe it. His Radio Liberty is broadcast from Monterey, California. Since he's in relative close proximity to the Grove, he's already had callers to confirm much of what you've been saying."

"I heard Alex Jones[10] was the radio host with the most on the Grove."

"He is well respected," Mark confirmed. "Dr. Stan is 'multi-dimensional' so-

to-speak in that he knows the solution to the world's problems is ultimately spiritual. He typifies the type of brilliant scientist who is a devote Christian. His expansion of topics and knowledge extends even further. I can mention any remote topic, and he instantly spews a dozen cross-references that confirm it. I'm telling you, his intellect is powerful. Doing radio with him is going to be a pleasure."

"Is he bound by Clear Channel controls?" The Clinton Administration's 1996 Telecommunications Act deregulated radio stations in an effort to stifle the people's communications through a corporate monopoly to control the airwaves.

"Clear Channel cannot even stifle our friend Bill Boshears of the Scizone[11], and he's working right in it at their Cincinnati, Ohio headquarters!" Mark clarified. "There certainly is no stopping Dr. Stan. He already broadcasts on shortwave, FM stations across the country, and internet. He makes hard-to-find books like *TRANCE* and audio/videotapes readily available. He knows how to get the truth out there without being censored. The internet is fast becoming the people's source of truth these days, and Dr. Stan has a history of being on the leading edge securing humanity's future. He broadcasts radio over the internet!"

"I only spoke with him briefly at the rally," I told Mark. "And briefly was long enough to determine he has a powerful presence and is a man of integrity. With you confirming what I sensed, being on his radio show will be a pleasure. Do you know how he got into radio?"

"By caring for humanity and being concerned with what he sees happening to our country," Mark answered. "He is a retired successful orthopedic surgeon who chooses to contribute to humanity through Radio Liberty[12]. He could be retired in luxury in Hawaii, though he chooses to sound the trumpet of alarm at his own expense. Dr. Stan is a real practicing Christian."

"It is fascinating to learn how people from all walks of life choose to bring truth to light through radio, newspapers, and books," I said. "These people are taking positive action. Look at Clay Douglas. He is a seasoned biker who

has seen it all and done it all, and is now devoting his all to humanity through *The Free American*[13] newspaper, website, and radio; plus he hosts some of the best preparedness seminars in the country!"

"He might print Kelly's article," Mark suggested.

"Clay has been so good to Kelly, I'm sure he will, too," I agreed. "David Icke will likely spread it all over Europe like he has *TRANCE*. Carl Klang embraced our family motto at the rally and is writing a song for Kelly called "Its Not Over Until We Win." He already has a solid history of successful airplay, so Kelly's song should skyrocket up the charts. With Carl's song and Kelly's article circling the globe, collective consciousness will rise!"

"The collective voice of the people is demanding a stop to the CIA's blatant crack, coke, and heroin distribution," Mark informed me. "That voice has been amplified by a retired Los Angeles cop named Mike Ruppert. He is as relentless as we are, and the information he puts out on his website is impeccable."

"Which website is that?"

"It's copvcia[14]. Because of the likes of Mike Ruppert and his website, the Clinton Administration is being forced to address the issue of the CIA's involvement in the drug industry[15]. This pertinent fact is emerging along with other key issues that further validate *TRANCE* for people. I don't know how they can continue to contain it all. No wonder the CIA has over 55,000 operatives in the US alone. It takes a lot of manpower to plug a sieve."

"Have you heard any feedback on the detailed information and documents we submitted to the Independent Council?" I asked. It had been some time since we had turned in requested documents and facts substantiating details in *TRANCE* to the investigators of Clintons' scandals.

"I don't expect to hear back from them. I've been assured Ken Starr received the package, though. Apparently the package you mailed John Brown regarding your account of Ted Shackley's involvement with Bush and

Clinton’s drug ops never did reach him. He has your testimony, though. All this is adding to the charges against the Clinton Administration.”

“It still astounds me how Germans familiar with Nazi mind control tactics and policies are alerting the American people,” I said, referring to their campaign against Hillary Clinton’s proposed health care plan and Global Ed. “They are literally trying to stop history from repeating itself!”

“Circles and cycles,” Mark said. “Round and round we go. History is destined to repeat unless people rise above the revolutions with spiritual evolution!”

Chapter 46
ALERT PEOPLE!

"The CIA is investigating itself[1] to determine whether or not they are involved in the drug business," someone in the audience was saying. "I wonder if the information detailed in *TRANCE* is among the 500,000 documents they are reviewing?"

A wise and alert sheet metal worker named Bill Mahkovitz had invited Mark and me to speak in his hometown of Santa Cruz, California, and we were on the questions and answers segment of our presentation. Bill Mahkovitz was among the growing number of Americans who felt compelled to take action against the persistent erosion of US values. His Australian born wife did not *want* to believe *TRANCE* at first, yet she believed in her husband and supported his determined effort to bring Mark and me in for a seminar. Bill and Claire[2] Mahkovitz are representative of what good people can do to arm loved ones and their community with truth. They were bringing a precious child into this world, and they wanted to ensure the world was stable enough to raise him in.

"I'd like to see those 500,000 documents," I replied. "How the CIA can review that much evidence and still 'just say no' to their obvious involvement is absurd. The average drug dealer on the streets knows the CIA runs the drug business these days. Either the dealers are with the CIA, or the war on drugs is against them."

"Mike Ruppert[3] explains this well on his website at www.copvcia.com," Mark said as most people in attendance nodded their heads in agreement while a few others quickly made note.

"Why are drugs still illegal when the CIA distributes them?" someone asked, prompting laughter throughout the crowd.

“We have more people locked up in this country for victimless crimes right now than we have throughout history,” Mark responded. “Most are political prisoners of the CIA’s so-called ‘war on drugs’ that has been waged against all of us. For example, over 646,000 citizens are arrested each year for marijuana use, despite several states upholding the votes of millions to legalize it medicinally. Privatized prisons have become an obscenely profitable business that has compromised our system of justice much like the cop who is paid a commission for writing a traffic ticket.”

I added, “If drugs were legal, how would the CIA fund its black budget?”

“500,000 documents proving the CIA’s involvement in the drug industry indicates to me that someone besides you is speaking out,” a young man stated. “Why don’t we hear from other recovered MK Ultra victims?”

“They are being heard from[4],” I assured him. “Kelly and I certainly aren’t the only ones affected. Mental health professionals and law enforcement are overwhelmed with the numbers reporting sexual abuse and mind control abuses.”

“According to mental health statistics, the average pedophile sexually molests 298 children,” Mark injected.

“We hear from other victims in various stages of recovery all the time,” I continued. “Some were abused by perpe*traitors* I’ve named, and not just the high profile ones. For example, Paul Bonacci of the Franklin[5] case has named Alex Houston as one of his sexual abusers and MK Ultra programmers while he was in the Boys Town Catholic orphanage. Alicia Owen, also of the Franklin case, was imprisoned like so many others on so-called perjury charges due to classified MK Ultra mind control. Seidina Reed, the victim mentioned in *TRANCE*[6] who was routinely prostituted to Saudi Prince Bandar Bin Sultan[7], began legal procedures that were reportedly silenced under the 1947 National Security Act.”

“Not everyone who comes running out of the proverbial fires of hell wants to be a fireman when they emerge,” Mark explained. “Cathy and I know one

young lady who therapeutically overcame the mind control conditioning of a religious cult, extreme psych abuse by her mother, and extensive traumas by the KKK[8] in order to freely pursue her own choices in life."

"Lisa, the remarkable girl Mark cited, now successfully teaches English to foreign retarded and autistic children by compassionately utilizing her heightened telepathic skills to span language and mental barriers," I added. "Many victims can't *think* to recover so well. Those like Loretta Lynn, for example, should be honored for living the love she is despite ignorant people turning a blind eye and a deaf ear to her subliminal pleas for years. The more you know, the more you see and hear. Another victim claiming 'no one would believe the things I can't remember' is counting on people like yourselves to wake up and make a necessary difference for her and her five children so they can recover from decades of Pentagon-level abuse."

"Cathy is the only vocal recovered survivor of MK Ultra speaking today," Mark explained. "This doesn't mean that there aren't numerous recovered mind controlled survivors submitting information. Neither Cathy nor I are public speakers, we're whistleblowers. It's not easy speaking out. Yet we're exercising our freedom of speech today to ensure free thought for future generations."

"Some people are grouchy when they wake up," I admitted. "They're not always kind. Love and concern for my daughter compels me to speak out, and the love that Mark and I share strengthens me."

"Are you and Mark married?" a conservative woman wearing a huge crucifix asked accusingly. "I'm not sure I want to hear about love from someone who's not married."

"I'll tell that to your Catholic Priest who teaches marriage counseling!" someone shouted at her.

A young woman gently shifted the subject. "I understand that you were forced to marry your MK Ultra handlers. Who arranged for these marriages?"

“My former owner in MK Ultra, US Senator Robert C. Byrd,” I answered. “My daughter was born while I was still being tortured and traumatized by my first handler, Wayne Cox. Once mind control conditioning was established through him, Byrd ordered Kelly and me to be transferred to our second handler Alex Houston. Byrd assured me that I would be bound to him through my forced marriage to Alex Houston, which he demanded occur on the anniversary of the Kennedy Assassination. Byrd deliberately took full control of me on the same date that the secret government took control of our country.”

“What ever happened to Wayne Cox?” she asked.

“Cox’s blatant serial killings tie directly in with CIA Black Budget drug operations, which is why he remains free for so-called reasons of national security despite the vast amount of evidence proving his guilt.”

As always, I was asked, “How is Kelly doing?”

In the course of updating them on her circumstances, I mentioned Kelly’s article. “*’The Invisible Menace; What You Don’t Know Is Hurting You’* has been published around the world in various newspapers. Her insight into subliminals is significant due to her awareness, which raises the question why are we allowing corporations to manipulate our minds through high tech ads loaded with subliminals[9]? We pay to be manipulated when we purchase their products.”

“A half dozen Corporate monopolies are taking over this country,” Mark warned.

“Learn how our minds are subliminally manipulated through her article,” I suggested. “It is published in Clay Douglas’ *Free American newspaper*[10], among others.”

“Should we outlaw subliminals in advertising?” someone asked.

“We simply need to educate ourselves since no one can legislate against

people's suggestibility levels," Mark said. "That is what advertisers understand best. Knowledge is our ONLY defense against subliminals the same way it is against mind control. Think twice before you respond to an ad, and think logically. Pay attention rather than pay corporate sponsors by purchasing their products."

"Outlawing subliminals would not necessarily undo generations of conditioning caused by high tech advertisements, anyway," I added. "It may be that intrusive disruption of conscious thought through such advertisements every eight to twelve minutes has contributed to the rise in Attention Deficit Disorder. Combined with video games, our kids have grown up in a culture of constant subconscious bombardment that disrupts conscious thought. This is a possibility worth looking into. Again, raising awareness is key."

A distinguished gentleman stood. "For years I have donated to Boys Town and Covenant House believing I was helping the children. When I was alerted to the corruption, I looked into it myself and saw it was true. Now I wonder how in the world I can help the children in a way that actually benefits them."

"Believe the children," I began. "Keep your eyes, ears, and heart open to their individual need and respond accordingly. When you choose to empower individual activists like Mark and me through your donations, stay vigilant. See the difference your money makes."

Mark injected, "Every time you donate money, just like every time you cast your vote, stay aware of the results."

"You talk about Bill and Hillary Clinton being bisexual," another participant began. "It is a disgrace to our country to have homosexual activity being promoted from the White House. We have gay celebration week in our schools now. I would like to lead the cause against homosexuals."

A few people cheered and I quickly said, "Homosexuality is often a 'result', not a 'cause'. To take on a cause, first consider the cause of it. Look through the eyes of love to find the cause rather than succumb to socially engineered hate. Childhood sexual abuse is one such cause. Let's stand against their abusers. It is time we put our differences aside and unite against those

socially engineering us to divide. United we stand, divided we fall."

"Then why did you bring up the issue in *TRANCE*?" the participant persisted.

"In reality," I answered, "I was stating the facts."

"*TRANCE* was written for Congress," Mark reminded them. "It is well known inside the beltway of DC that the Clintons are bisexual."

"It is my experience that they are bisexual, leaning toward the homosexual end," I continued. "This fact is important in view of the media's current perversion diversions leading people's attention away from the crimes against humanity of which the Clintons are actually guilty. When I included information about their sexual preference in *TRANCE*, it certainly wasn't intended to incite emotional response. Instead, it provides crucial details necessary for understanding what we are actually seeing today. Hillary isn't the jilted wife she is being portrayed to be. This separation of the sexes ideology with the Clintons is a social engineering tactic to, among other things, create the illusion of division in order that Hillary can further her own political career in the future."

"Think beyond TV's spin," Mark cautioned.

"I've heard rumors that Hillary has Bill Clinton under mind control," someone said. "Is there any truth to those rumors?"

"Absolutely not!" Mark and I exclaimed in unison.

I continued. "No one under mind control has the capacity to cleverly lie and creatively twist words like Bill Clinton does! The more you understand about mind control, the easier it will become to identify victims. Victims can eloquently deliver a speech over and over using the same words, same voice inflections and gestures, the same dramatic pauses as programmed, yet cannot *think* to spontaneously respond to questions charismatically."

Mark furthered the explanation. "Especially questions pertaining to dates,

times, geography, or even how to spell simple words like ‘potato’. People under mind control are literal, and are therefore incapable of playing word semantics, misleading others, and spontaneously telling a blatant lie the way Slick Willie does.”

A polite young man stood. “Our country is being overrun by Mexicans since NAFTA. We’re loosing jobs and paying for their welfare. How are we supposed to ‘look through the eyes of love’ while we’re going bankrupt?”

“Have you ever been to Mexico?” I asked. “They have available medicine there that is affordable. They sure can’t get that here, especially through our failing welfare system. And they have more fresh produce than we do. Admittedly, the freshness of our produce has improved since Mexicans came here to show us how to farm and harvest it properly. It is expensive, though, and I sure don’t see Mexicans reaping the financial or health benefit of our genetically engineered foods. NAFTA was deliberately designed to economically enslave us while the rich get richer. Social engineering segregates us from the Mexican people, who we ignorantly blame for our demise while their leaders and ours deliberately enslave us to New World Order controls. This was the plan in the mid-1980s that I know of, and it is coming to fruition because we allow ourselves to be diverted by hate. Don’t listen to what politicians say, look at what they do. They are united in dividing we the people. Divided we fall. Let’s all unite, put the blame where it belongs, and stop the economic and ecological destruction of our planet and lives.”

“When the people lead, leaders follow,” Mark added while folks clapped and cheered.

A middle-aged woman stood up, “Jon Benet Ramsey[11] was murdered last December, and after reading *TRANCE* it is clear to me that she was probably under mind control. Stun gun prod moles were found all over her body; she was dressed age inappropriately with a plastic smile and pupilary dilation; a perverse pedophilic sex act on Christmas killed her; her mother was Miss West Virginia[12]; her father was a military subcontractor like your father; and the whole case is being covered up! Does your case tie in with hers in any way?”

“Yes,” Mark answered, then turned to me. “Excuse me for answering this question first since it is directed to you.” Turning back to the audience he continued, “Ongoing investigations make this a very sensitive subject right now since a copy of the military training film ‘How to Create a Mind Control Slave Using a Stun Gun[13]” was found in the Ramsey house. Cathy was used in a military training film by that title. Also, a manifest from the ferry traveling between Traverse City, Michigan and Beaver Island registers Jon Benet’s father and Cathy’s father on the same ferry ride.”

I injected, “My younger brother was nick-named ‘Beaver’ after this so-called religious Michigan retreat. Beaver Island is in close proximity to the Ramsey household in Charlevoix[14], where Jon Benet also held the beauty pageant title.”

Mark continued, “Beaver Island is an identified mind control-training center associated with the Jesuits. People working for media mogul Rupert Murdock[15] have this evidence. Let’s see what he does with it.”

“We’ll never *see* what he does with it!” someone skeptically shouted.

“He’ll investigate it the same way the CIA is investigating itself!” and “He’ll cover it up!” were voiced.

“Recently when I saw my daughter, Kelly,” I quickly began in an effort to minimize pandemonium, “she cried when she said, ‘the only difference between Jon Benet and me is that she can’t be abused anymore’. Jon Benet’s murder has prompted rumors of mind control and caused people to think to ask questions the media won’t answer. People are learning that the media is as controlled as Jon Benet appeared to be.”

The question was asked, “Did her mother, Patsy Ramsey, kill her daughter like the media suggests?”

Mark answered the question with a question. “Isn’t it ironic that John Ramsey married a ‘Patsy’[16]?”

“That precious child did not die in vain,” I said, solemnly. “Her memory lives on in all of us. How many more have to die before people in this country wake up and stop pedophilia, mind control, and New World Orders?”

“A whole new generation of mind control slaves has been recruited since Cathy and I have been speaking,” Mark added.

“Knowledge is our ONLY defense against mind control,” I said. “Please, help us spread the word for Kelly’s sake, Jon Benet’s sake, and for the sake of humanity’s future.”

“Buy copies of *TRANCE* and arm your loved ones with truth,” Mark continued. “We’re not making money off this. *TRANCE* is priced low so that those of you who are economically challenged like us can afford to get this crucial information out there. In deed, it is truth that makes us free!”

Bill Mahkovitz came up to the podium and hugged us both while the crowd stood in applause. “I’d like to thank Mark and Cathy for coming out here tonight to share what they know with all of us so that we can be more effective in our own efforts to take back our government and our lives. I wish they’d have brought more books, though. We’ve only got three left and they’re hard to find since *TRANCE* is self-published to circumvent censorship. Mark, where can these folks get a copy[17]? I’ll buy a case of books from you and do what I can to make them available. Where else can these folks buy *TRANCE* around here?”

“Through Dr. Stan Monteith,” Mark suggested.

“OK, Dr. Stan has some. Tune into Radio Liberty or go to his website at www.radioliberty.com. Thank you all for coming out here tonight.”

“Thanks, Bill!” someone shouted going out the door. Carl Klang’s latest music release “*It’s Not Over Until We Win*[18]” was being played through the sound system as people gathered their belongings. Most people stayed awhile to ask personal questions and talk. Communities like this one were reliant on individuals like Bill Mahkovitz to unite them with cause and arm them with

truth.

Bill and his family have grown very dear to Mark and me, and represent *why* we continue to speak out. We finally left the auditorium together, exhausted. On the ride back to our hotel room, we discussed the event. “Why is acceptance of truth contingent upon us being married?” I asked, genuinely perplexed.

“It isn’t,” Bill Mahkovitz replied. “People are socially engineered to accept things one way. It’s like why you have to dress up to speak. People need to expand their thought and deepen their values.” He thought a moment. “I know you two are married, but when is your anniversary?”

“The end of December sometime,” I answered. “Do you know the date Mark?”

“I don’t know,” he told me. “I suppose we could look on the back of our wedding photo.”

Bill Mahkovitz started laughing. “You two just don’t argue about conventional things, do you? Couples hold it against each other if one of them forgets the Anniversary date.”

“We haven’t quite honeymooning long enough to pause for an Anniversary,” I told him.

“Claire and I can relate,” he chuckled.

“In the future,” Mark said thoughtfully, “we would be wise to ask people to write out their questions. With today’s issues so volatile, folks are getting emotional.”

“I thought we were going to have an anti-gay protest there for a minute,” Bill Mahkovitz agreed.

“By writing out their questions,” I added, “it could help keep them focused

logically, too. I think this is a brilliant idea, Mark."

"We'll do questions and answers that way from now on," Mark said. "They can make note of their questions while we speak."

"Next time you come back to Santa Cruz," Bill Mahkovitz said, "I'll have paper and pencils ready to hand out as they come in the door. You will come back, won't you?"

"Absolutely," Mark agreed.

"I'll start alerting people now," he said.

Chapter 47
IN LIGHT of INSIGHT

“The Feds came in, flashed FBI identification, and started shackling us kids,” Kelly was telling Mark and me when we learned Jabneel had suddenly been shut down in July 1997. “They started loading us in vans. Most of the kids were totally freaked out. I am so used to abuse by the Feds I calmed the other kids down with jokes and stuff. I told them what Mom taught me about ‘change your thought, change your mood’. Anytime emotion overwhelms my thinking, I use that to logically refocus. It helped them, too. A few of my friends even started singing ‘*It’s Not Over Until We Win*[1]’ with me while they transported us. By the time they unloaded us from the van shackled and chained together, we were singing ‘*Swing Lo, Sweet Chariot*[2]’. One of the Feds tried not to smile. I saw him.”

“What excuse did they give for closing down Jabneel?” I asked Kelly, swallowing my rage.

“No one knows for sure. You can ask my new house mother and she’ll tell you ‘it’s the devil’.” Kelly had been immediately switched over to a group home without any court procedures. “All they did was take my records. Everybody saw them do it[3].”

“Did they arrest Jabneel staff?” Mark wondered.

“Nope,” Kelly answered. “They just chained us kids, boxed up my records, and locked the doors.”

Kelly’s new ‘house-mother’ came over to greet us and provide explanation. “It was the devil,” she assured us.

“Do you know anything about dissociative disorders?” Mark asked her,

noting her pupilary dilation and blank stare.

“Huh?” She asked. “Kelly will be attending High School in the fall, and they need you to provide her school records.”

“Tell the Feds to turn them over,” Kelly advised her matter-of-factly.

“Maybe you are familiar with the old term ‘Multiple Personality Disorder’,” Mark persisted.

“Huh?” She asked absent-mindedly.

“Are you familiar with child abuse?” I asked her.

“Of course, everyone here is abused. We don’t allow any satanism or drugs in our house, though,” she assured us as half a dozen tattooed, pierced teens with various shades of neon hair walked by.

“Who buys their clothes?” I asked, noting occult-theme tee shirts on every one of them.

“They do,” she answered. “Once a month I take them shopping with the $10 the state gives them to meet their needs.” She wandered off, leaving us alone again.

“That’s like the blind leading the blind,” Mark muttered.

“I’m working with a new horse,” Kelly announced. “His name is Breeze[4]. The owners put him out to pasture after a bunch of satanists got hold of him and turned him mean. He’s not mean. His owners just didn’t care to understand him. They didn’t even comfort him. He knows I understand, though, and trusts me now. I ride him all the time.”

Kelly’s ability to telepathically communicate with animals[5] was proving to be the only positive outlet she had in her occult-saturated placement. Even when she began attending public high school, satanism prevailed there, too. True-

to-soul, she couldn't be controlled by the religious means surrounding her.

Back in Nashville, I immediately arranged for a meeting with the Department of Human Services in an effort to obtain Kelly's records as requested by her high school.

"We've restructured and are now the Department of Children's Services," I was told by a state worker. "You can get Kelly's records released through the Feds who closed down Jabneel."

"Obviously that is not possible," I said. "Please at least call the high school and explain to them that they can meet with me. Right now they won't even allow me in the building because they believe there are court orders prohibiting it. You and I both know that is absurd. In the meantime, they are counseling Kelly that she cannot graduate with her class unless her records are provided. The pressure this puts on her is enormous, in addition to being in a public school for the first time in years."

"No."

"That wasn't a question. Where is your logic? Where is your compassion?" I asked, only to be met with blank stares and no results.

By October Kelly took matters into her own hands, fleeing pressure, injustice, and one of Knoxville's common murderous occult rituals. Along with a friend, she hitchhiked nearly 200 miles to Nashville where she was found sleeping under a bridge. The phone call she placed to me moments before when she arrived was apparently illegally monitored, and local police picked her up before I could respond. She was thrust back into state institutions.

"We're going to place Kelly in Try[6]-Angle House," the Department of Children's Services informed me. "She is in lockdown right now and you are prohibited from seeing her."

"Kelly has been through a strenuous ordeal and needs comforting," I pleaded.

“We need to see each other.”

“Ms. O’Brien,” a new DCS worker assigned to Kelly’s case said, “If it is any comfort, I’ve been going over Kelly’s records and see where she has already accumulated close to twenty-five thousand dollars in her State Bank Account from Social Security[7]. When she turns 18, this money will be released to her to ease her back into society. Perhaps she can even obtain the type therapy you seek.”

“Even if I believed you,” I told her, “it doesn’t help Kelly today. Today, she and I need to talk if you would please…”

“No,” she said, looking at her watch and gathering up her papers. “This meeting is adjourned.”

In order to cope with the magnitude of Kelly’s ordeal, I wrote letters to her daily and began venting through poetry. The poems were usually for and about her, focusing on hope, love, and *soul*utions. I found that by writing, I could still shift the emotionally incomprehensible to logic the same way I had in deprogramming. My poetry proved to be a therapeutic means of coping I would utilize for years to come. In addition to this, I thrust myself into work.

Mark and I were speaking out on the radio and through seminars that were beginning to extend internationally. The volumes of paperwork and books filling our tiny house finally broke the foundation in two! Our landlord was not pleased, and refused to refund our renter’s deposit when we were forced to leave. As whistleblowers, Mark and I had devoted our all to spreading the word in a manner conducive to survival and maintaining our right to speak out. It was a precarious balance, yet we were determined to survive at all costs! Loosing our deposit was understandable yet difficult under the circumstances.

“I’d rather go without gas and groceries than align with any organization that would fund us and can be infiltrated,” Mark told me as we sat on the steps figuring out our next move.

“Every day we survive is one more day I get to be with you,” I said, holding his hand. “I’d rather spend time with you than spend money any day!”

“OK,” Mark smiled. “Now that we have that issue resolved, what are we going to do about it?”

“You’re asking me?” I laughed. “What do I know about making money?”

Mark’s eyes twinkled. “I’m serious!” I said, fully aware of what he was thinking.

“So am I,” he said, rising to go back inside. “Maybe an answer will come to us.”

That evening our friend who inspired our move to Alabama phoned and we told her our dilemma. “There is a big vacant house on my property that you two could fix up if it would meet your needs. It needs some work, but it certainly is large enough for spacious living quarters, an office or two, and a storage area for your books and documents.” The next day she showed us the house and we immediately began the process of relocating.

“At least it’s brick and won’t break in half,” she laughed as we moved our tons of documents and books in. Her attitude was positively bright, and I grew to learn many points of wisdom from her through the years.

“If this house was a shack I would love it for the soul-rejuvenating nature surrounding it!” I exclaimed, hugging her with delight. “Thank you so much for sharing it with us!”

It would be a full month before we finally got all the vines pulled off the windows and bricks to even see the complete house. The electricity needed rewiring and the plumbing needed replacing, yet Mark and I were no strangers to work. Especially when it was a labor of love. When the lights came on and we could finally see our home, I was astounded by its beauty and strength. It was a magnificent home, and Mark and I felt privileged to live in such a peaceful and serene setting. Waking up to soul rejuvenating

beauty each day makes the hardest of times lighter, and we relished every moment.

We built new cages for our raccoons, who thrived in their new environment. Our coons immediately made friends with the neighboring wild coons, and soon we had dozens coming up to visit every night. The wildlife in the wooded area around us soon realized we were attuned to them and their needs, and our yard turned into a wildlife sanctuary! In addition to the coons, we had fox, beaver, eagles, bobcats, squirrels, chipmunks, deer, and even an occasional bear. The deer would sleep on the porch the way moose had in Alaska, and they felt as at home with us as we did with them.

The wild ‘coons soon became jealous of our pet raccoons, and wanted a cage of their own. Cages were regarded as protection from outside intruders rather than containment, and the wild coons soon claimed the small have-a-heart trap we used for treating sick animals. They would lock themselves inside when they were hungry, expecting we would feed them[8]. After treating a few wild coons for fleas and worms, word apparently spread among them that the trap was the place to go for assistance. One time when the door didn’t shut properly, the coon inside held it closed until we tended his needs! Mama coons began bringing their new babies up for worming and snacks. Never once did they steal or destroy anything. Coons are very intelligent and polite when they are cared for.

Being attuned with nature kept life in perspective. Everyday I took our blonde chow dog Moses for a walk—or rather, he would take me. Moses had adopted Mark and me prior to our move. The tiny house that broke in two was right in ‘tornado alley’ where tornados were commonplace. After one such violent storm, Moses wandered into our yard seeking medical attention for a snakebite. Mark treated him, and he deeply appreciated it. Moses’ intelligence was high, and his telepathic communications were met with understanding. The more he interacted with us, the stronger his communications became to the point where he had no need to bark, jump, slobber, or act like a dog. He was one of us and he knew it. Because of his unique characteristics, he fit right into our new home environment and soon became our constant companion. Moses abandoned his instinct to hunt in favor of inner-communicating with wildlife, which added to the peace of our

environment.

Our new home had a huge office, which proved ideal for balancing the intensity of our business with nature's wildlife pleasure. *TRANCE* was soon ready for reprint again. "You wondered how we would sell the first printing," Mark reminded me. "Now we're needing to reprint again. We didn't make quite enough profit off the last run to pay for this printing. We need to come up with some cash."

"We should raise the price of the book," I suggested. "At least it will perpetuate itself that way."

"No," Mark said thoughtfully. "We need to keep it affordable so people are able to help us spread the word. Mind control is the common thread weaving through society's woes and more people are realizing it everyday."

"Who would believe we are broke?" I asked. "You have successfully marketed *TRANCE* to where it is already reputed to be one of the best selling self-published book ever. We're making a significant positive difference bringing the reality of mind control to light."

"Not enough for Kelly, yet," Mark said sadly. "Her situation is deplorable. She is nearly 18, soon will be free of the system and we still haven't obtained her right to qualified rehab. The National Security Act has yet to be repealed! Maybe by going global with the information we can incite action. The internet has proven to be the perfect tool of mass communication on a global scale."

"I know you are good at making something from nothing," I admitted. "There isn't anything you can't fix or build. Still, it astounds me that you built a computer by dissecting our old one when it wasn't even made for internet use. Your applicable intelligence is why *TRANCE* will soon be going global. No wonder we need to reprint! We better go pull some of the motorcycle parts in the garage together and build a bike to sell so we can afford to reprint. Demand for *TRANCE* will rise even more with Clinton going through impeachment."

“Do you really believe ‘slick Willie’ will be impeached?” Mark laughed.

“He’ll probably just redefine ‘impeach’ the same way he has redefined ‘sex’ and everything else,” I complained.

“The media has redefined the whole country,” Mark said. “It used to be that art imitates life. Now life imitates art. *Wag the Dog*[9] proved that.”

“How do you think the media got the jump on the whole Monica Lewinsky[10] scandal?”

“The Mossad may be able to answer that for you. I can’t,” Mark informed me.

“If Clinton gets impeached,” I said, “it will be for all the wrong reasons. The perversion diversion will have worked! That’s not tolerable! People need to realize truth or the same people will stay in control.”

“Even if people did learn,” Mark said, gathering up tools to work on a motorcycle project, “they’ve got to restructure the voting system before they could get their own choice in office. Everybody already knows the majority didn’t vote Clinton into this second term.”

“Remember that caller on Clay Douglas’[11] radio show?” I asked, carrying tools out to the garage with Mark.

Mark laughed. “That was funny. Everybody was complaining that they didn’t know anyone who voted for Clinton and that drunk called in and slurred, ‘I’m the one who voted for Clinton.”

“Unless Clinton redefines ‘impeach,’ maybe the voice of the people will at least be heard to vote him *out* of office.”

“I wish people would learn truth before Bush Jr. assumes office,” Mark said as he began to assemble a motorcycle from a box of parts.

“If people don’t wise up,” I said, “they’re going to keep it ‘all in the family’ of dictators as planned. Look at how Poppy Bush’s sons are already lined up to assume office with Governor Jeb running the drug capital of Florida, and Governor Jr. in Texas ready to claim the Presidency.”

“Bush has been running this country a long time,” Mark acknowledged. “He was head of the CIA when they took control of the country during Ford’s Administration.”

“At least Ford didn’t pretend to be elected,” I noted. “Reagan only acted like President while Bush ran the country. Everybody in DC that I was exposed to knew Bush ran the country with Cheney[12] right beside him. Was there even the illusion of an election when Bush publicly assumed office after Reagan?”

“You don’t remember?” Mark asked.

“No!” I smiled. “I was a bit distracted waking up from mind control and going to the top of the world with you.”

“Well the rest is history anyway,” Mark smiled.

“History that was planned in 1984 when Bush tapped Clinton to follow him!” I complained. “This nonsense has got to stop or Poppy will be pulling Jr’s strings next!”

“Speaking of which,” Mark said screwing a part into place, “pass me that nut. This motorcycle should be ready for sale in time for us to reprint *TRANCE*.”

By the time we were ready to reprint, the motorcycle was sold. This provided just enough extra income for us to tend to Kelly’s disastrous release from the Tennessee system. She was missing again.

I knocked on the door of Try-Angle House and social worker Suzanne Boone answered the door leaving the chain in tact.

“What do you want?” she asked through the crack.

“My daughter,” I said. “Where is Kelly?”

“You find her,” she retorted. “When you do, tell her I sold her clothes and hope chest full of trinkets.”

“How can you be so heartless?” I asked. “Those girls in there are counting on you.”

“There is nothing I can do for any of them,” she answered coldly. “Or you. The system isn’t working.”

“Then find your voice!” I snapped. “Make a difference!”

Mark was aware of how the CIA operates and utilized his insight to locate Kelly. We found her quivering in a CIA sponsored crack house after being sent to Fort Campbell, Kentucky for (obvious) reported traumatization. Holding a weapon in plain sight, Mark kept the owner of the crack house in his sights while Kelly gathered her clothes. I led my daughter from the house while Mark backed slowly away to join us in the car. We sped away.

Kelly thanked us and thanked us for rescuing her from that hell, and conveyed a horrifying story of recent sordid abuse by the State of Tennessee that led to that moment. Sobbing hysterically, she reported being taken to Fort Campbell where they train and program the 101st Airborne. Next thing she knew, she was in the crack house and we were leading her into the car.

We knew we were all in grave danger until Mark shook the tails following us and drove us safely out of Nashville. Pausing to regroup and plan our next move, we all shared the knowing that we just survived the impossible again.

“So what do we do now?” we pondered as we shared a fast food dinner in the car.

“I have a friend,” I told Kelly, “who can keep you safe and hidden right now. She is streetwise and profoundly soulful. She’s been working for you behind the scenes for years, and loves you very much. Her house is never the same,

and always has different people in need like you coming through. She has assured me that her doors are always open to you, and I know in my heart it's the safest choice we can make right now."

"Can we see each other there?" Kelly asked.

"Yes!"

"It feels right to me," Kelly said, curling up in a fetal position in the backseat and sleeping until we arrived.

"Dana!" I greeted my beautiful friend.

"You're taking me up on my offer?" she smiled. "Everything will be fine. I'll take care of her like she's my own daughter."

"In light of your insight," I hugged her, "I know you will."

By the time Mark and I slipped away, Dana and Kelly were sitting lotus-style on the floor doing Yoga together like a couple of best friends. "This is a peaceful way to relax," she was telling Kelly. "Soon you'll be able to dream[13] again."

Chapter 48
GLOBAL WARNING

“It is a new day, and people worldwide need to realize that the days of operating on a Need-to-Know basis are over,” our friend with the United Nations was saying. “Socially engineered narrow views are no longer an excuse for ignorance. Now that the truth is realized, wisdom demands action. People cannot bury their heads in the sand anymore.”

“They’ve buried their heads in the sands of an hour glass and time just ran out!” I agreed.

Our friend, whose name is most likely an alias anyway, is working toward positive change within the United Nations. I had sufficient cause to doubt there could be any good people within the CIA or politics, and learning that there was proved to be deeply encouraging. Now I had the privilege of witnessing positive change within areas of the UN corrupted by global elite hell-bent on mass genocide through AIDS, vaccinations[1], and immunizations[2]. Scientists working on this level learned the truth, expanded their Need-to-Know and took action. They won by making the necessary positive differences and those criminals at the top dictating their actions didn’t even know it.

“The good guys have already won and the bad guys don’t know it yet!” Mark said.

“When the people lead, leaders follow whether they realize it or not,” I concluded.

Mark and I were traveling on an international speaking circuit that positively provided us an expansive view of global perspectives. The problems with global elite’s version of the New World Orders had been identified, and

solutions were now being implemented. People of vast wealth were seeking new ways to invest their money free of the old school global elite who had been in power too long. They were determined to fund peace, not war; freedom, not slavery; education, not propaganda; truth, not secrets.

Mark and I fit in well with these wealthy folks despite our obvious financial differences. I always understood that Mark was fully capable of generating as much money as anyone, yet, like Kelly said, “he’s too busy making a difference to make a buck.” Personally, I knew nothing about spending money let alone investing it. Yet, we were sharing what we knew with these wealthy folks from all over the world who sought to invest in humanity’s future rather than the global elite’s history. After all, I did know Senator Byrd who held the purse strings on the most powerful country in the world. And he was selling US and all of humankind out to global controls by funding wars, genocide, and environmental destruction.

Scientists[3] with microscopic focus on internal mechanisms of our planet were alarmed by this destruction and were organizing. They needed to make their voices heard in time to sound the global warning. Glacierologists studying the earth’s history frozen in the North and South Poles were watching it melt away before their eyes, and wanted to know why. They learned that Global Warming caused by burning hydrocarbon fuels is destroying our planet along with HAARP. *Thirty million years* of ecological balance has been disrupted! The melting of the glaciers is causing a world of change. As history melts, the future becomes clear. There will be no future unless people take action *now*. How could these Glacierologists make their voices heard when people seemingly didn’t care to understand their scientific language?

As whistleblowers, neither Mark nor I could speak out on anything other than what we knew from experience despite the vast view we were gaining. Besides, my limited English did not include speaking fluent science, academia, computer speak, attorney, or fluent anything that had big words indigenous to specialized focus.

Wisdom naturally spans all language barriers through collective conscious spiritual evolution. In order to gain eyes to see and ears to hear from other walks of life beyond our own, spiritual evolution must begin within. After all,

the sociopaths responsible for destroying our planet are vastly intelligent; yet lack the wisdom that comes with spiritual evolution through truth and power of love. Their source of power is secrets, hatred, war, and wealth from fossil fuels, chemicals and drugs. Now we know that oil consumption is primarily responsible for destroying our planet's ecosystem. If we don't wake up, wise up, and evolve, mother nature will take care of herself with weather that grows more violent by the minute. Acting on spiritual evolution's wisdom, we can all learn from each other and unite in purpose light years ahead of political and religious differences.

The more Mark and I traveled, the more I relied on telepathic communication to span language barriers. Children all over the world are naturally the easiest to reach because ego hasn't yet artificially separated them from reality. Society's conditioning and educational academic credits have not yet closed their ears and eyes. Religion's pious differences have not yet confused their pure soul wisdom and unconditional love. Everywhere we went, I focused on the children to learn from them their culture, priorities, and purpose. As I looked into the children's eyes, I saw a future bright with promise.

For over a decade I have noticed more and more children being born with love's wisdom in their soulful eyes. Is humankind genetically evolving to save the species? Is this an indication that the spiritual evolution has already commenced bigger than life? Could it be that evolution has already occurred in the timeless spiritual dimension to be realized on earth in these tumultuous times? The answer is within, and seeing this truth reflected in the children's eyes *around the world* is profound. Look within yourself to realize your own truth, and then look within the children's eyes to see theirs. Spiritual evolution already *is*, all we need to do is real-eyes it.

BALI, INDONESIA

"If we learn to expand our thought beyond what we think we know by understanding how mind control works, we could prevent history from repeating itself with World War III," Mark was telling an auditorium of over a thousand attendees from around the world. The 50 foot tall giant screen behind him amplified his image so all could see the sincerity reflecting in his

eyes. An elaborate million dollar sound system amplified his voice, so all could hear the magnitude of his message. Elaborate Indonesian woodcarvings and spectacular foliage decorated the resort where we were speaking, which amplified the soul. Bali proved to be the spiritual Mecca[4] it was reputed to be.

“World War II’s Nazi Germany was a warning from history,” Mark continued. “That warning was stifled under the 1947 National Security Act. Nazi and fascist scientists were being transported to the United States through Project Paperclip[5] since America wanted to learn the mind sciences that spelled the demise of Germany. There is no ‘beating around the Bush’ that the folks funding Hitler were building the foundational structure of his New World Order. Follow the money and at some point you’ll arrive at the Vatican. MK Ultra was a powerful combination of what the Catholics had long since learned about the effects of trauma on the human mind, Nazi mind control techniques, and advancing CIA technologies for refining psychological warfare.”

The foundational history Mark laid provided folks with a point of reference for understanding my part of the presentation, and how I came to recover. Between the two of us, the reality of mind control became irrefutably comprehensive.

“Many government secrets and personal reputations were staked on the belief that I could not be deprogrammed to remember that which I was supposed to forget. The flat thinking criminals in control of our country that were in control of my mind never counted on the strength of the human spirit. They never counted on the power of love. They never counted on what could happen when a good man like Mark Phillips got hold of their secret knowledge and used it to free a mind rather than control one. Just like we can’t think like they do, they can’t think like we do. For as intelligent as they are, they lack wisdom. And wisdom outthinks a criminal mind every time.”

Our time in Bali was highly successful both in terms of sharing information on mind control and gaining an inside view into Indonesian culture. Unlike most Indonesians, Balinese are primarily Hindu and were living light years beyond the tumultuous violence brewing among their Muslim neighbors.

While Mark and I experienced Bali's peace, nearby East Timor's tensions were being fueled by oil-greedy outside influences. Nevertheless, the smiling people of Bali remained soulfully moral and thoughtfully accommodating. Looking into the eyes of the children provided a view into another world. A world where people naturally lived spiritual values attuned to nature. I expanded my own vision to look into the eyes of the adults, and was astounded to see an even wiser version of the children's eyes; still joyful and free of egotistical pretense. No wonder Bali is a spiritual destination when it is so clear to see peace and freedom in action[6].

OSAKA, JAPAN

Mark had been recovering from extensive spinal surgery for less than 30 days when we spoke in Japan. In the United States, the prognosis for his survival was minimal and recovery nil. Surgery was unattainable for us anyway since we could not afford the necessary insurance, let alone the hundreds of thousands of dollars hospitalization required. Medical services in the US were based solely on money, and the medical system had collapsed and failed without compassion for the needy. We turned to Australia and found the most advanced medical care available. No amount of money can buy health and happiness anyway, and we were elated to learn Australia knew this, too. Mark's surgeon understood that the subconscious never sleeps, and was mindful that discussions during surgery only affirmed healing. Recovery was regarded as important as surgery, and it could easily take a month before Mark could walk out of the hospital.

Mark's attitude toward healing was positively impatient, though. "I don't have the time nor the financial resources to spend a month in the hospital," he told his surgeon.

"When you can walk, you can leave," he assured Mark, totally confident that that would take weeks. Three days after surgery, Mark rose from his bed and took his first steps. By the fifth day he dressed to leave, much to the astonishment of his surgeon. "I can't even write this up for the medical books," he exclaimed knowing he would jeopardize his medical license to

document something so miraculous[7].

When Mark spoke in Japan, he was a walking, talking manifestation of the mind's healing power with love. People listened intently to what he said; fully realizing he knew what he was talking about!

For me, Japan was a celebration of Mark's healing and an extension of my own resolve to surround him with pure love. At first I believed my inability to connect with the Japanese people was due to my own focus on caring for Mark. Japanese segregated Mark and me from them the same way Americans had treated blacks in the '60s, seating us in the back of restaurants away from them. They exuded an accusing aloofness that I would have misunderstood entirely had it not been for the children. I looked into the children's eyes, and they showed me the way to their soul. Generations of war, control, and technological focus had taken its toll, and I looked beyond the pain to their peace. It was as though they vibrated at a different frequency. Once the children revealed it, I began connecting with adults as readily. I learned a powerful lesson. Looking into their eyes, I saw our future unless we wake up and evolve to stop the warring. Disdain for Americans was disdain for our warmongering ways, and the Japanese as a whole had learned that war is not an answer after their attack on Pearl Harbor in World War II and the resultant atomic bomb retaliation. The trauma of the atomic bomb attack[8] seemingly thrust them into a nation of thought communication that collectively is rising toward peaceful evolution.

BC, CANADA

Western Canada's soul-rejuvenating pristine beauty, vast wilderness land, and Native heritage tend to displace the intensity of social engineering aimed at the Canadian people. Native Canadians, like Native Americans, maintain their history of wisely discussing current events with an eye on the future. These Natives, commonly referred to as 'Indians,' do not recognize the imaginary line drawn in the sand politically separating Canada, the US, and Mexico anymore than they do the continental span of the Hopis and Tibetans. Traditionally uniting to strengthen their soulful wisdom, these profound

natives sidestep television's social engineering, Global education, and political propaganda to quietly and peaceful assume their respectful place in history's future.

Likewise, small communities of people sparsely populate Canada's wilderness whereby personal interaction provides hope for their increasing evolutionary stand against the New World Order. The 1997 CBC Broadcast of "*The Sleep Room*" reflected Canadian intolerance of US generated mind control, keeping citizens aware of the CIA's MK Ultra atrocities perpetrated at their Allen Memorial Institute in Montreal since the 1950's. Nevertheless, much of the urban population is still being blindsided by the systematic use of mass mind control's technologies as is reflecting in the eyes of the children.

"Our children are being misled through Global Education," one concerned parent was saying. Mark and I were often brought back into Canada to speak, and were concluding another presentation in Vancouver. "History is being rewritten and human values ignored while information is downloaded into our children's brains through computers. What are the ramifications of education methods such as these?"

"Creativity is lost," Mark began, "as is a capacity for critical analysis of the information. This results in a robotic compliance without question and an inability to productively apply what is learned. A New World Order mindset of compliance is being manufactured through your children."

I added, "During the 1980's, I worked under US Education Secretary Bill Bennett who was actively implementing Global Ed on a national and international scale. My personal association with Former Prime Minister Brian Mulrooney was due to his direct involvement in this Global Ed effort. While he and Bill Bennett both were dedicated to Catholic Jesuit mind control methods, Brian Mulrooney emphatically initiated the use of technological harmonic computerization in the classroom."

A young man asked, "Which is worse? Catholic Jesuit manipulation of religious values to instill controls on the children, or harmonic technological controls?"

“I am personally aware of former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau’s manipulation of Canada’s education system using Jesuit means,” I answered. “This is not to say all Catholics are guilty of ill intent any more than are the educators who implement such means on the children. Personally, I believe that those who are not guilty of abusive mind control means will rise to stop those who are. Pierre Trudeau’s Jesuit mind control influence in the school system, churches, and politics are widely recognized and abhorred, as are Brian Mulrooney’s. The devastation Trudeau wreaked on Canada’s children and society became further entrenched through the computerized harmonic technologies Brian Mulrooney imposed. Between the two forces, manipulation of your children’s minds demands your awareness and immediate action to stop it.”

“Good people don’t *think* to look for criminal activity of this magnitude,” Mark continued. “Therefore, it is up to each and every one of you to inform others in your community to raise awareness.”

“Look into the children’s eyes,” I advised. “I have. A flicker of hope shines through their tears that someone will see their need. They not only reflect mind control abuses, they also reflect the kind of sexual abuse being deliberately perpetrated through the churches for the purpose of mind control. Child prostitution is skyrocketing in Canada. Why?”

An elderly man responded, “Understanding mass mind control methods gives us the edge we need to be effective in stopping the abuse of our children. Apparently we have been slow in waking up, and our children have paid the ultimate price. As a society, we have lost our way through superficial materialism, treating our children like possessions for trade.

Child prostitution and pedophilia have become so rampant that we can no longer close our eyes in light of the truth.”

Individuals within Canada frustrated with their government’s systematic cover-up of child abuse are taking positive action. Peaceful noncompliance with New World Order war/terror tactics and controls is becoming commonplace. People are raising awareness and their voices for the sake of their spiritual freedom, their children, and their future.

MANILA, PHILIPPINES

“Today we are donating computers to Manila’s school system that are free of Global Education tactics in order that the children learn truth that can be applied with wisdom.” This announcement was met with thunderous applause by the recipients, as well as by the wealthy seminar participants who had found yet another productive way to invest their money in humanity’s future free of the global elite. They knew that tax-deductible donations to major charities reached the greedy and not the needy, and that the best way to contribute was through caring. Caring to see the need and personally respond to it.

Manila was a poverty-stricken city that was rich in wisdom. The people had a soulful history that opened their eyes to the reality of today’s world. They clearly saw a future of hatred, enslavement, and control through the warmongering global elite, and were in the process of peaceful noncompliance while Mark and I were there in 1999. The people of Manila were predominantly Catholic having succumbed to charities out of necessity as most third world countries do. Yet local newspapers reported extensive pedophilia in the church, pointedly referring to it as child abuse and not homosexuality as diversion demanded. Rather than file lawsuits against the Catholic Church, they sidestepped it by building their own churches free of ‘thought control.’ While Mark and I were in Manila, the Pope was forced to address the issue with the noncompliant Philippine people calling for cessation of child abuse and thought control in the Catholic churches. They printed his statement, and built their own churches anyway with the money they were no longer sending to the Vatican.

Likewise, they sidestepped Global Ed. Due to their poverty, the average child did not grow up being conditioned by Sesame Street[9] or video games to robotically accept information being pumped into their brains at warp speed. Since Global Ed was designed to increase their learning capacity while decreasing their ability to critically analyze, the high tech process was not compatible with Manila’s soulful children. They rejected the onslaught of information, which Mark cleverly likens to drinking from a fire hose, and unknowingly rejected the way history was deliberately rewritten in the process.

The wealthy seeking investments in humanity's future embraced the opportunity to meet the needs of the Philippine children themselves. The computers would allow these precious children to learn *truth* at their own pace while gaining computerization's communications that would link them to the rest of the world.

Everybody is on their own learning path, and mine feels extremely privileged. Universal justice, which is always naturally tipped to the good with love being the most powerful force in the universe, was providing me an expanded global view after blindly following orders under mind control. Through this extreme experience, universal justice reverberates as Mark and I volunteer our lives to participate in the worldwide evolutionary process. This donation of computers to the Philippine people exemplifies what can be accomplished when we care to see the need and respond ourselves.

RIMINI, ITALY

"Cathy and I have been fortunate to travel around the world several times speaking out on mind control," Mark was saying to the crowd gathered near Rimini, Italy while translators rapidly interpreted his words and cameras rolled. "It is encouraging to find the rest of the world more awake and aware than they are in the United States."

A young man stood to ask his question, which was interpreted. "Cardinal Law[10] is in Rome today to meet with the Pope regarding the rampant pedophilia in the Boston Archdiocese. Are Americans aware that mind control is involved?"

"After speaking out on the Boston[11] connection for over a decade, it is encouraging to see the first step being taken toward justice," I began. "However, the US media not only fails to address the issue of mind control, they are diverting people's attention away from the issue of pedophilia by calling it homosexuality. Many of the survivors of Catholic abuse and their supporters are aware that mind control is the underlying issue. The public is not."

Mark elaborated further. “Repressed memory of childhood sexual abuse usually begins to surface around age 30 when natural electro-chemical changes occur in the brain. The is a widely known and established fact. The fact that the Vatican placed a ten-year statute of limitations on reporting such abuse eliminates a vast number of their victims from joining the class action suit. Neither Cathy nor Kelly is eligible for compensation under this rule. How many others are being ignored?”

“Please,” I added, “I encourage each and everyone of you to pose this question to the Vatican. Ask how many victims of Catholic abuse are being ignored in accordance with the Vatican Child Abuse Policy[12]. Feel free to specifically cite Kelly and me as examples[13].”

Many people in the audience made note while the young man said, “Please repeat that specific policy.”

“Thank you for making note of this. The Vatican Child Abuse Policy is considered so secretive that many lives were lost attempting to bring this truth to light for the children’s sake. The billions spent and lives lost covering up the recent Vatican Banking scandal are only secondary to The Vatican Child Abuse Policy. Please ask how many victims like my daughter and me are being deliberately ignored under this Vatican Child Abuse Policy.”

Decades of Catholic related abuse in Italy left the people acutely aware of the atrocities emanating from the Vatican. They evolved above and beyond the abuse, proving that knowledge is truly a powerful defense against mind control. Their insight has yet to stop the Vatican from taxing them, yet it did serve to protect their children. Wise and aware, Italians proved to be highly evolved peaceful people rather than the Catholic mobsters I had been conditioned to expect. Looking into the children’s wise eyes was a delight, and they assumed telepathic communication in keeping with the lifestyle they knew.

“We choose to not watch television in Italy,” someone else was saying. “Our news we discuss. It is understood here that Bush does not run America. It is obvious he is managed and controlled, and that his father and Dick Cheney

set the world stage while Karl Rove directs him[14]. Do Americans know this?"

"No," Mark and I answered together.

Mark elaborated first. "The whole country PTSDed after the 9-11 tragedy. As you all know, trauma leaves people more easily led. People in the United States have yet to learn about mind control, and therefore could not safeguard themselves from traumatic effects. In the event someone did think to look into mind control, the Freedom of Information Act was immediately revoked and 100,000 documents on MK Ultra reclassified. Of course, Cathy and I had already obtained copies during the few months they were declassified, which we make conveniently available on CD Rom[15] everywhere we go in an effort to raise awareness of mind control. Knowledge is our only defense against mind control, and Americans were rendered defenseless against the controls imposed on them after 9-11. Traumatic bloody images played over and over and over again on TV while orders were given to send money that has yet to reach the victims. Between images, people were bombarded with fitness commercials to keep them focused on a physical reaction. They could not *think* to think for themselves or gather strength of soul to ask pertinent questions. Questions like 'why is Bush hunting terrorists in oil reserves' when all he needs to do is look in his own backyard."

"Or the mirror," I added. "In 1995, *TRANCE*[16] had already detailed that Jr. was being trained for the Presidency by his father and Dick Cheney. A wealth of pertinent information could come to light if only Jr. were deprogrammed and could *think* to tell what he knows! Events Bush, Sr. and Cheney discussed at the Bohemian Grove in the mid 1980's are unfolding today with Jr. as acting President. Jr. is evidence of mind control's sliding scale, as well as a manifestation of his father's and Hitler's dream. Jr's brother Jeb Bush had assumed Governorship in Florida, where it was decided that Jr. had been 'selected' President. ABC news even inadvertently released pre-determined election results the day before elections! Americans knew Bush Jr. was placed for a reason, and that war was imminent. Bush, Sr. and Cheney were hunting oil, and 9-11 gave them license to do it."

"Fossil fuels are causing global warming," an elderly man said. "Bush and

Cheney are destroying our planet. Do Americans realize that oil is no longer a necessary fuel source?"

"Yes," Mark answered. "Many have died attempting to make alternative fuel sources available. Bush-Cheney oil companies are powerful. Prior to 9-11, Americans were adamantly opposing their oil-drilling destruction of Alaska's pristine wilderness[17]. They were asking questions regarding Area 51's propulsion technologies[18]. Their voices were silenced after 9-11 while the media focused only on trauma rather than solutions."

This discussion was furthered during lunch, which is an integral part of Italian culture. Lunch breaks last two to three hours, with many businesses closing for the daily event. Soon thereafter, even more time is devoted to dinner. Italian cuisine is reputed to be the best in the world, yet it is not so much the food that is their focus of attention as it is the conversations shared with meals. Talking is animated with Italians gesturing much of the time with their hands rather than eating. Talk is intense as they walk to and from eating establishments, many of which are quaint outdoor cafés.

Mark and I determined that all the walking and gesturing Italians do must contribute to their fitness. The whole time we were in Italy, we did not see *any* obese people. Americans are growing heavier and heavier, which appears to be resultant from genetically engineered foods. Italian food *feels* as satisfying as it tastes, whereas food in America has seemingly lost its ability to satisfy. When one Italian explained that American food was prohibited in Italy, I quickly realized that genetic engineering of food would have to soon cease for economic reasons[19]. I affectionately refer to Italy as "Eatily." It is during their sharing of meals that their lives are enriched with the truths that they share with each other--free of TV spin.

FIRST LIGHT, FIJI

A new day dawns first in Fiji! Sun shines there before it reaches anywhere else on the earth, and I certainly can understand why. I would shine there first, too! Fiji is living proof that all of humankind's fondest hopes and ideals

for a utopic shambala can be realized in light of love, peace, and wisdom.

Mark and I joined friends for a life enhancing ‘Blue Lagoon Cruise’ in Fiji at the turn of the millennium. This perfect time to experience the first light of the millennium was enhanced by *timing* bigger than life!

“Hey mate,” our Maori[20] forever-friend Kane Robinson began when we returned from our cruise, “does time feel distorted to you? I feel like we just left, yet were there forever.”

“I feel like we just ‘arrived’ at some kind of major spiritual level,” I observed as we disembarked the yacht.

“Life will never be the same,” Mark agreed, carrying his snorkeling gear. “It just got better.”

“All of my values have changed,” Kane commented. “And I already feel richer for it. It is as though everything we’ve ever worked for is already realized, and now we simply need to go through life’s motions to achieve it in real-time.”

“Kane, I don’t know specifically what the future holds,” Mark admitted. “Yet I am confident it is all in order, that you are forever an integral part of our lives, and that success is absolute for all of us.”

“Its like everything came together while we played!” I exclaimed. “I’ve experienced missing time before, and this wasn’t like that. I remember everything, and yet there is no structure of time in my mind as though we had some kind of profound spiritual experience beyond time.”

Life still felt surreal when we gathered for dinner at our resort on the ‘main island’. The Fijian people gathered to bid us farewell, soulfully singing a joyous song as they danced and clapped. “We will see you again,” they warmly said, hugging us as though we were one of them. They recognized our transformation, and knew that we were of like mind and spirit.

The Fijian people are peacefully happy, enjoying daily life in their utopic heaven. Nature's beauty surrounding them is soul rejuvenating, from the sandy beaches and palms to the pristine shorelines and mountain peaks. Snorkeling revealed yet another dimension to their peaceful island paradise, and Mark and I forever cherish our shared experience in their crystal clear waters. We joined hands, floating as one in bliss and ecstasy while the spectacular Fijian waters teamed with life around us.

Fijian children reflect the wisdom of the ancients in their eyes while they play in joyous abandon. Thought communication is a given, and is so much a part of daily life that it is accepted norm. I sensed no language barriers with them or their elders. On various Fijian islands, there is no electricity or life's complications that accompany such 'conveniences.' Therefore, there is an absence of social engineering, video game diversions, pollution, greed, and crime. Best of all, Fiji's natural resources are within their people, nature's simplistic beauty, and abundant fruits, vegetation, and kava kava.

There is no oil to exploit or war over. The Fijian people have gone to great lengths to keep the New World Order from absorbing their paradise in the future by creating an illusion of violent cannibalistic history. I learned this history while sitting among them on one remote island near the boarded up shack of a Catholic church. "The missionaries built this structure," an old man was saying as he passed around the kava kava, "and told us it was our temple for worshipping their God. They promised us money and wealth. How can we be richer than this?" He gestured to the paradise around us. "Why do we need a wooden temple when our bodies are our temple? Why worship God over there when our god is within? We sent them home."

Mark and I never really left Fiji. We took it with us in our beings, forever changed by the knowing that heaven on earth was a reality. It seemed illogical that all of humankind hadn't already embraced this sharing kinship with all life the way nature intended. On the flight back to Australia, Mark and I felt no need to reduce our Fijian experience to words and blissfully shared the knowing between us.

OZ

What a trip it is to me that Australians call their home Oz, yet it truly is unlike the rest of the world. Australians are unpretentious true-to-soul people who exhibit no shame or false pride. War must really annoy them since such nonsense really isn't their space, unless their precious children are threatened or abused in any way.

Mark and I call Australia our second home. We have spent much time there, and experienced many of its cities from Sydney to Adelaide to the Gold Coast. Everywhere we have traveled in Australia we have found the strongest people on the planet, soul-*wise* and otherwise. One minute they may be wrestling a crocodile, and the next cuddling a koala.

While Mark rehabilitated from his spinal surgery in Adelaide, we met with individuals within the Australian government concerned with US influence on their country and within their military bases. MK Ultra mind control was on the rise in the military bases they shared with the US, and survivors were emerging en masse seeking answers.

"US National Security is suppressing pertinent facts on mind control and, subsequently, recovery from it," one official explained. "How can US controls encompass the globe?"

"Any country that has a peace treaty with the US is subject to the tenants of the 1947 National Security Act," Mark replied.

"When mind control survivors mention what may have happened in Roswell in 1947, Nellis Air Force Base's Area 51, or advanced propulsion technologies, US National Security is always invoked," one high-ranking mental health official reported. "Why have so many of Area 51's Top Secret military operations relocated to Australia[21]?"

"Over the past few years, an increasing number of Americans began snooping around Area 51 and asking questions," Mark replied. "When they unearthed evidence of advanced propulsion, the coal and oil corporations running our country who suppress emergence of such technologies simply shifted locations. Obviously, your leadership sold out and allowed for

relocation of Area 51 to Pine Gap[22].”

A wide-eyed individual whispered, “I thought aliens were behind this.”

Mark smiled. “If they are aliens, they obviously need our help to overcome oil corporation suppression of their environmentally friendly propulsion technologies.”

“Aliens or otherwise,” I excitedly added, “it is humankind’s soul wisdom that is required for taking necessary effective action against those flat-thinking war and oil mongers who hide behind the National Security Act. It is up to each and every one of us to raise awareness to stop them from destroying our fragile ecosystem, suppressing emerging technologies, and from using MK Ultra mind control methods to ensure their secrecy.”

Upon conclusion of our meeting, one government official declared, “Between the 1947 National Security Act, mind control, and HAARP, solutions such as you and concerned others[23] offer must be implemented immediately in order to stop the destruction of our planet and lives. I assure you, many of us join you in controlling our own destiny, and dissention from within the highest ranks of government has begun.”

Recently Mark and I were in Sydney visiting with our dear friends Kane and Justine. Neena Love, who had been on the Fijian cruise with Kane and us, came by to share her recent revelation. She had artistically written: *The day I surrendered to nothing less than love even the sky could set no limits to where my heart could soar*! Her precious children Amber and Soul (Love) were flourishing in light of their mother’s deep insights and ambitions, and it proved rewarding for me to know this world would be a better place for them and all children everywhere by the time they grew up. We all knew that Australia was pivotal to realizing this world of change.

It appears that Australia is roughly 20 years behind the times of the US in terms of social engineering, technology, and governmental corruption. This means that Australians are capable of thinking freely with sufficient ability to prevent what has happened in the US from happening to them. Australians

are learning from America's demise, and change has begun. They clearly see the effects of mass mind control, and collectively understand that this tool of the New World Order is an invisible menace that is unwelcome in their lives. The global elite has taken hold of Australians much like the proverbial handful of sand; the harder they squeeze, the less they hold. Neither Mark nor I have ever met an Australian who would willingly stash his cash in someone else's pocket like Americans did. Australians are not apt to forfeit their fun and independence to succumb to slavery at a time in their history when they are emerging into world markets and leadership in their own right. Australians are awake, aware, and sounding the alert across their land in order to maintain their precious way of life. They know that knowledge is our only defense against mind control, and that maintaining freedom of thought is essential to their future. Awareness is key. And awareness is rising down under.

EPILOGUE:
ASSUME Y*OUR* VICTORY!

The United States was originally designed as a “global melting pot” of various nationalities, cultures, and heritages where genetics naturally combined in peaceful union. Americans were born from the best of everyone, inspiring strength of spirit, character, and intellect. Through DARPA’s and Sandia Lab’s computerized social engineering, this innate strength and spiritual freedom was slowly politically redefined into materialistic comfort zones…

Until 9-11. Terror designed to shock Americans into compliance slowly began losing its initial hold while that original “global melting pot” strength of spirit rose from the ashes. Comfort zones devastated by terror and the ensuing “homeland” national security and Patriot Acts forced a sleeping populace to awaken. Most Americans now realize that corporately-controlled news and contrived polls do not represent their views, and they are re-emerging into their communities and/or utilizing the internet to communicate truth and inner-act with each other. They are asking questions and demanding answers, acutely aware that wisdom outthinks criminal minds and computerized artificial intelligence.

Appalled by war and environmental disasters, the people of the United States join with the rest of the world in putting aside differences long enough to stop this Global Elite’s version of the so-called New World “Order”. Global communications such as the Internet, humankind’s unified purpose, and worldwide spiritual evolution makes planetary unity an inevitable natural reality. Yet globalization as it is being imposed on us through the New *War* Order and it’s Patriot Acts is not our choice any more than are its self-appointed leaders. If it were up to US, our so-called leaders would be impeached; as in removed from office according to the definition of

“impeach” before Bill Clinton redefined it. Never before in the history of the United States have so many people called for impeachment. National news does not give voice to this vast majority of Americans. Instead, people are being misrepresented in a deliberate effort to socially engineer the world into believing it wants environmental destruction, war, financial devastation, slavery, and mind control.

Revolution is not an answer. One man’s terrorist is another man’s freedom fighter, and violence of any kind can be perceptually defined either way. “Fighting for freedom” is akin to the term “military peacekeeping forces”. Violence is not necessary for humankind to realize and wisely claim the freedom, peace, and strength of spirit that already is innately within each of us.

Expanded thought is necessary for seeing beyond social engineering’s perceptual distortions, word-play conflicts, and confusion. Through MK Ultra mind control’s dark tunnel focus, I no longer could see that good people existed in this world. I lost hope until Mark helped me expand my vision in light of love and truth. Likewise, good people did not think to look for such inhumane abuse as mind control. People divided by what they know and don’t know become even more isolated by secrecy. Divided we fall. Now that truth has come to light, humankind’s vision becomes clear. The more we know, the more we see that mind control is the common thread weaving through society’s woes and global tensions. We are bound to be set free by realizing this truth.

It is within each one of us to seek the truth and act on what we know. The latest corporately contrived news and polls that divide are not going to tell us that we are one and have won. Another illusion of political difference is destined to be displayed in an effort to replace our leadership with more of the same unless we wise up and real-eyes that neither race, gender, religion, political party, name recognition, nor wealth represents true change. Change must come from within soul’s realm of unconditional love where our likenesses far outshine our differences. People all around the world want the same things: peace, love, health, and happiness. Through our shared likenesses we all stand to make the true difference in changing our leadership. When the people lead, leaders follow.

We have a choice. Either we spiritually evolve together, or our planet's revolutions will spin us into violent destruction and Mother Nature will buck us all off this planet. Quietly reflect on the possibilities[1]. Expand your vision and find truth within yourself in order to understand others. Live your true insight in light of love. Through vigilance we can freely maintain positive, evolutionary change for the sake of our planet's survival and history's future, for the sake of our children, and the sake of humanity as a whole. You are now empowered to become a part of the soulution. In deed, it is a new day. Exert evolution *NOW* and peacefully *ASSUME Y**OUR** VICTORY!!*

ABBREVIATIONS:

CIA, Central Intelligence Agency
FBI, Federal Bureau of Investigation
DIA, Defense Intelligence Agency
DEA, Drug Enforcement Agency
NSA, National Security Agency
TBI, Tennessee Bureau of Investigation
CID, Criminal Investigation Division
CSIS, Canadian Special Intelligence Services
NASA, National Aeronautical Space Administration
DARPA, Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency
HAARP, High Altitude Auroral Research Project
MPD, Multiple Personality Disorder
DID, Dissociative Identity Disorder
ISS&D, International Society for the Study of Dissociation
APA, American Psychiatric Association
APA, American Psychological Association
NLP, Neuro Linguistic Programming
NAFTA, North American Free Trade Agreement
CDC, Center for Disease Control
BCCI, Bank of Credit and Commerce International
JPL, Jet Propulsion Laboratory (aka Jack Parson's Laboratory)
NCIN, National Cult Intervention Network
DCS, Department of Children's Services
DA, District Attorney
LA, Las Angeles (California)
WWCR, World Wide Christian Radio
MOM, Militia of Montana
NCL, Norwegian Caribbean Lines
CBC, Canadian Broadcast Corporation

CNN, Cable News Network
GNN, Guerilla News Network
NCAP, National Coalition Against Pornography
VIP, Valley Institute of Psychiatry
VOICES, Victims of Incest Can Emerge Survivors
S.W.A.T., Special Weapons and Tactics
FCC, Federal Communications Commission
SRAs, Survivors of Ritual Abuse
POW, Prisoner of War
MIA, Missing in Action
D., Democrat
R., Republican
NWO, New World Order (oftentimes makes “D” and “R” obsolete)

ACCESS DENIED
For Reasons of National Security

From the authors of the cult classic TRANCE Formation of America. With their lives and liberty on the line, TRANCE was hurriedly condensed from courtroom testimony into a book form and privately published by the authors in September 1995.

ACCESS DENIED For Reasons of National Security is the rest of their true life's story, which required 16 years for the authors to survive and 3 years for them to write. This book is an amazing testament to the strength of the human spirit and one **you will never forget** for as long as your thoughts remain free.

While TRANCE has become known worldwide in many licensed translations as one of the most successful US government whistleblowers' books ever written, it was never intended for the public who had no reference for understanding mind control nor was it to be considered a book. Rather it is what it is, a true and to date uncontested document for the US Congressional Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence Oversight. TRANCE is Cathy O'Brien's documented testimony she provided to US courts, US Congress, and the United Nations Commission on Human Rights Abuses of her existence as a CIA MK-Ultra mind control project's slave.

ACCESS DENIED is a real book of answers, solutions and positive hope for all of u.s. and our allies around the world. This

book was written for everyone and especially for the thousands who have read TRANCE and were left to imagine pertinent details that could not be included.

- How did Cathy recover from being tortured “out of her mind” until age 30 when intelligence insider Mark Phillips triggered and rescued her and her daughter Kelly away from their CIA operative handler?
- What are the documented details of how Mark & Cathy survived the state and federal and Congressional judicial gristmill aptly called the ***criminal justice system*****?**
- Last but not least, what are the facts as to how Mark & Cathy were able to survive long enough to globally expose the criminal acts of some of the most politically powerful people who are still in control of our planet to this very day?

ACCESS DENIED is a whistleblowers’ living guide to success.

[1] Central Intelligence Agency and Defense Intelligence Agency.
[2] CIA's Mind Control Project.
[3] "Project Monarch" was reportedly one of over 125 long-term research genetic mind control sub-program of MK Ultra focused on multi-generational abuse base families, aside from being considered an urban myth since it has yet to be declassified or available through US Freedom of Information Act.
[4] D. West Virginia, President Pro Tempore of the Senate and head of Senate Appropriations for many years, Byrd has been in office longer than I've been alive.
[1] Histamine reaction can be severe, resulting in bubbling, bleeding skin, scars, and even death. www. goldbaum.net/balance/Whats_Histamine.html
[2] 1984 CBS, Inc.
[3] Bill Clinton also has held the position of Arkansas Attorney General.
[4] www.assumption.edu/webVAX/mena/Roberts7May96.html, "Double Crossed" Barry Seales' story.
[1] Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. PTSD is a basis for mind control and oftentimes is deliberately induced leaving a person highly suggestible and unable to think for themselves. Many Americans PTSDed after 9-11, as did citizens of Germany after the 1933 attack of their government's Reichstag.
[2] Harmonic technologies in mind control have now advanced to reach deep into the subconscious to control breathing, heartbeat, blinking, etc. whereby programming has replaced the cyanide pill to ensure spies die with their secrets.
[3] The term "multiple personality disorder" was misleading and was often confused with schizophrenia, whereby the more appropriate term "Dissociative Identity Disorder" was accepted by the mental health community.
[4] Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency.
[5] Charter's founder and chairman of the board resigned 3 years previous due to suppression of information and what he termed "the CIA's involvement" with his hospitals, re: www.psyfin.com/articles/charter.html.
[6] Post Traumatic Stress Disorder
[7] Chapman was later implicated in a sexual child abuse investigation scandal, *Anchorage Times*.
[8] www.centeroflight.com, Muskegon's resource center for vast numbers of local survivors of incest and/or Catholic abuse.

[9] March 16, 1997, the *Muskegon Chronicle* newspaper began a series detailing Muskegon as the pedophile capital of the US www.mlive.com.

[10] Dr. Colin Ross, *Bluebird; Deliberate Creation of Multiple Personality by Psychiatrists*, Manitou Communications 2002, available through www.radioliberty.com.

[11] Linda Hunt, *Secret Agenda: The United States Government, Nazi Scientists, and Project Paperclip 1945-1990*, New York, St. Martin's Press 1991.

[12] After 3 generations such traits may result in genetic encoding and autogenic behavior.

[13] Ford's Presidential Cabinet consisted of Dick Cheney as Secretary of State (now Vice President), George Bush, Sr. to head the CIA (United Nations, Vice President, President, his Jr. now acting President), Donald Rumsfeld as Secretary of Defense (now Secretary of Defense), and Jack Valenti as Press Secretary (now head of the Motion Picture Association).

[14] The Republican National Committee headed by VanderJagt put George Bush ,Sr. into the office of President.

[1] Father Burtner of Portland, Oregon.

[2] *The Sleep Room*, Canadian Broadcast Corporation 1997 TV broadcast.

[3] Marischen was implicated in the same child abuse investigation ring as Anchorage Police officer Jack Chapman, *Anchorage Times*.

[4] She appeared on *America's Most Wanted* TV show in 1989.

[5] Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is commonly referred to as Mormon. Wayne Cox also professes to be a Mormon, and Kelly and I were occult ritually abused within the Mormon church and programmed to participate in CIA cocaine ops that were utilizing Mormon Bishop's warehouses to store and package cocaine.

[6] Max Kitchens' position was directly under the head of US Customs at the time, William Von Raab.

[7] Eagle River/Chugiak is only ½ hour drive in the ice and snow from Anchorage.

[8] Carol Marshall, Chapter 15, Part 2, *The Last Circle*. www.lycaeum.org/books/book/last_circle/o.htm

[9] George Romney's son, Mitt Romney, moved from Utah to become Governor of Massachusetts during the course of Cardinal Law's Catholic pedophile scandal. In 2004, Governor Mitt Romney's relationship with Bush

Jr spawned speculation of his replacing Cheney as Bush's running mate in 2004 enroute to his planned 2008 bid for President.

[10] Mormon Bishop Glen Pace, in an effort to expose the wide spread systematic mind control proliferating throughout the LDS church, released an inner office memo exposing this deliberate crime 7-19-1990.

[11] B.K. Eakman, *Educating for the New World Order*, Portland, Oregon, Halcyon House, 1991.

[12] Bullet-proof Kevlar lined briefcase.

[13] "Louis Jolly West, the Master of Clockwork Orange Mind Control is Dead," *New York Times*, 1-8-1999 Jolly West was called in on such infamous mind control cases as Sirhan Sirhan, Oswald, Charlie Manson, and Timothy McVeigh.

[14] Years later, Hassan retracted this statement as ordered.

[15] *Conspiracy Theory*, 1997, www.conspiracytheory.warnerbrothers.com.

[1] "Cramer on 'Top Secret' Panel," *The Huntsville Times*, March 13, 1994; Cramer was promoted to US Congress and its Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence Oversight.

[2] *TRANCE Formation of America*, www.TRANCE-formation.com.

[3]Pp. 109, 124, 134, *TRANCE*, www.TRANCE-formation.com.

[4] Video by this title was reported to have been found at the JonBenet Ramsey household after her 1996 murder, and her autopsy proved stun gun prod marks on her 6 year old body, "Stun Gun Said Used in Ramsey Killing", December 20, 1997, *Los Angeles Times*.

[5] P. 109, *TRANCE*, www.TRANCE-formation.com.

[1] Our stay would last from 1990 to 1993.

[2] Over-active histamine often accompanies mind control trauma and dissociative disorders.

[3] Chapter 13, "Operation Shell Game," *TRANCE*, 1995.

[4] Chapter 12, "Operation Carrier Pigeon," *TRANCE*.

[5] Ibid.

[6] Ibid. p.150

[7] Harmonics drive lyrics deep into the subconscious, which is one reason why hearing a certain song will bring back memories of "falling in love" or other significant events that occurred at the time.

[8] "Dibble and the Devil," *The Currier-Journal*, Louisville, Kentucky, 6-18-

90.

[9] Mark and I stayed so busy surviving the impossible all these years, that making a living financially has yet to be realized. Perspectives and priorities change under circumstances such as ours, while sex and food are still out of this world!

[1] Congressional Courier.

[2] Russell S. Bowen, *The Immaculate Deception; The Bush Crime Family Exposed*.

[3] Chapter 12, "Operation Carrier Pigeon," chapter 13, "Operation Shell Game," *TRANCE*.

[4] By 2002, US Customs was replaced by "Immigrations and Customs Enforcement Bureau of the Department of Homeland Security."

[5] Drug Enforcement Agency.

[6] "NAFTA is now openly referred to as the 'North American Drug Agreement' by US Customs…", William Von Raab, http://db.uwaterloo.ca/~alopez-o/politics/narcosys.html.

[7] Press Secretary under former President Ford, now head of the Motion Picture Association of America. Michael Powell, son of Colin Powell, is currently Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission

[1] Jeff Merritt, *TRANCE Formation of America*, p.40.

[2] Country music entertainer, p. 180, *TRANCE*.

[3] P. 127, *TRANCE*.

[4] Pp.169, 170, 171, *TRANCE*, www.radioliberty.com, Dr. Stan Monteith.

[5] Chapter 20, "New World Order of the Rose," *TRANCE*.

[6] Chapter 27, "Hotel California," *TRANCE*. www.TRANCE-formation.com.

[7] Chapter 28, "'Free Trade' of Drugs and Slaves at the Juarez Border," *TRANCE*. www.TRANCE-formation.com.

[8] FBI Special Agent Brad Garrett was transferred to the Wash. DC bureau where he was lead investigator in the death of White House deputy counsel Vince Foster, the murder of White House intern Mary Caitrin Mahoney, key federal prosecution *witness* in the murder of Aimal Kasi at CIA Headquarters, and lead investigator in the Chandra Levy case. P. 229, *TRANCE*. www.TRANCE-formation.com.

[9] As US Attorney General and head of the Justice Department, Dick Thornburgh decided which cases would be investigated or covered-up by all Federal Agencies including the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Drug

Enforcement Agency, and Customs. Thornburgh was Governor of Pennsylvania during the Three Mile Island nuclear disaster and subsequent cover-up, and was a mind controller and sexual abuser of mine as detailed throughout *TRANCE*.

[10] Garrett had been flown in from Washington DC, although he purported to be with the Nashville office.

[1] Chapter 24, "A-Hunting We Will Go," *TRANCE*.

[2] Chapter 9, "Ronald Reagan's American Dream, a Pandora's Box of Nightmares," chapter 10, "'Commander' Dick Cheney and Reagan's 'Hands On Mind Control Demonstrations'," *TRANCE*, 1995.

[3] Ohio Congressman Jim Traficant, now serving an eight-year sentence in a Pennsylvania Federal Penitentiary, told the American public he supported their right to bear arms while voting against it, etc. Chapter 7, "Charm School," *TRANCE*, 1995.

[4] Chapter 14, "Clinton Coke Lines," *TRANCE*, 1995.

[5] D. Indiana, Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence, Subcommittee on Intelligence Policy and National Security, Subcommittee on Terrorism & Homeland Security, son-in-law Sen. J. Bennett Johnston.

[6] Former Governor of Pennsylvania appointed to head Homeland Security.

[7] "Silence Equals Death," *TRANCE*, www.TRANCE-formation.com.

[8] pp. 174-82, Randy Riese, *Nashville Babylon*; p. 180 *TRANCE*.

[9] Any relation to Keith Whitley?

[1] Wayne Cox, too, remains free for so-called "Reasons of National Security" despite vast evidence against him.

[2] Thornburgh was Governor of Pennsylvania during the Three Mile Island nuclear disaster and subsequent cover-up.

[3] P. 102, *TRANCE*.

[4] 10-26-90, Luton Mental Health Center.

[5] Thornburgh was forced to resign from his position as Attorney General in August of 1991 amidst a cocaine scandal in his DC office.

[6] From Tim Roemer's Evansville, Indiana district.

[7] bullet-proof Kevlar lined briefcase.

[1] Ironically within days of Kelly's admittance, Cumberland House changed their logo to depict a child with Monarch butterfly wings, signifying that they now housed MK Ultra Project Monarch mind controlled children. The sign remains there to date.

[2] Senator Al Gore becameVice President under Bill Clinton, and Presidential hopeful thereafter.
[3] Multiple Personality Disorder, or as it is now termed, Dissociate Identity Disorder.
[4] Pp. 134-5, *TRANCE*. p.83 Randy Reise, *Nashville Babylon*.
[5] Loretta Lynn's maiden name, *Coal Miner's Daughter*, Warner Books, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10019, 1975.
[6] Linda Blood, *The New Satansists*, Warner Books 1994.
[7] "The McMartin Nightmare", cover story 2-5-90, *People Magazine*.
[8] Later AOL-Time-Warner.
[1] Bay of Pigs Invasion, 1961.
[2] Bush, Jr. overrode this Constitutional law in 2001 with a Presidential Executive Order after 9-11 making it "legal" for the CIA to assassinate any foreign leaders out of step with Poppy Bush's New World Order.
[3] D. Tennessee, on the Senate Appropriations Committee under Byrd.
[4] Those inside the beltway of DC consider Sasser a 'rubber stamp'.
[5] President Bush, Sr.
[6] R. North Carolina Senior Senator Jesse Helms, whose compassion strengthened me over the years.
[7] In a later conversation, Kelly explained that she had been convinced I would not be tortured if she would take it instead. I had been instructed that Kelly would not be tortured if I would take it. Neither of us succeeded in protecting the other, yet it was a significant revelation to us both to learn the truth.
[1] Their mother's name was Valerie Vasquez.
[2] A manifest from the ferry to Beaver Island showed my father and John Ramsey, JonBenet's father, to be on the same boat to this obscure mind control programming camp.
[3] Previous documentation of the vaginal mutilation carving turned into US Customs had recently resulted in North Little Rock, Arkansas' detective Rakoin and corner Nowyski contacting us regarding Cox's known involvement in local railroad track murders and a female body vaginally carved according to Houston's m.o.
[4] I was also monitored so I wouldn't say 'Wizard of Oz' or 'President,' or speak of the past despite my knowing Kelly had to learn of her past from the inside out rather than through outside input in order to heal.

[5] This education program was designed after the one imposed on Hitler's Youth. Learn more at www.radioliberty.com.

[6] Chapter 21, "Global Education 2000," *TRANCE*. Bennett also held positions as US Drug Czar, professed Jesuit, Bohemian "Grover," Home schooling authority, and MK Ultra mind control programmer.

[7] Pp. 179-81, *TRANCE*. Lamar Alexander is also a former Education Secretary, and has been a Presidential Candidate.

[8] Pp. 174-82, Randy Reise *Nashville Babylon*.

[9] Pp. 134-5, *TRANCE*.

[10] www.deliberatedumbingdown.com. Charlotte Iserbyt.

[1] J. Allen Boone, *Kinship With All Life*, republished in 1976 by Harper-Collins Publishing, People who have been abused oftentimes connect strongly with animals, and excel in careers centered around them. Carol Gurney, *The Language of Animals; 7 Steps to Communicating with Animals*, Bantam-Bell Publishing, a division of Random House, 1540 Broadway, NY, NY 10036, 2001.

[2] Kelly maintains that being separated from her family by the state was most traumatic to her.

[3] I later learned that the pay-off money was federal and not from my father.

[1] Recent statistics showed 1 in 5 Afghanis, after generations of brutal warring in Afghanistan, suffers from PTSD dissociation, which is considered to be the prime basis for mind control.

[2] Carol Gurney, *The Language of Animals; 7 Steps to Communicating with Animals*, (Bantam-Dell Publishing division of Random House, Inc. 1540 Broadway, New York, NY 10036) www.animalcommunicator.net.

[1] John Grinder and Richard Bandler, *Trance-formations: Neuro-Linguistic Programming and the Structure of Hypnosis*.

[2] *The Invisible Menace: What You Don't Know IS Hurting You*, by Kelly, published in magazines and newspapers worldwide in 1996.

[3] Thought communication is honest by nature, conveying a reality rather than a conglomeration of words.

[4] P. 992, *The Almanac of American Politics 1992*.

[5] Traficant was silenced during his 2002 criminal trial, resulting in his conviction and 8 year prison term.

[6] Fort Campbell, where 101st Airborne are trained.

[7] Numerous indirect threats to our lives by Joe Rodgers, delivered by Metro

Police, were confirmed when Mark and I attempted to address the issue with him at his Nashville office.

[8] The CIA often uses fake business fronts for their operations, toy manufacturers and office supply stores being among the most popular.

[9] Australian Psychiatrist Dr. Nurcum.

[10] A newly formed child advocacy group for children tangled in the Juvenile Court system that had taken on Kelly's cause.

[11]Chapter 8, "The CIA's War on Drugs; Eliminating the Competition;" chapter 12, "Operation Carrier Pigeon;" chapter 13, "Operation Shell Game," *TRANCE*.

[12] P. 152, *TRANCE*.

[13] Caribbean beacon system established for CIA drug ops.

[14] Bush's son, Jeb, is currently Governor of Florida (despite hailing from Texas), during which time the so-called 2000 Presidential elections were "recounted" and Bush Jr. was put into the office of President.

[15] Drug Enforcement Agency

[1] A term describing Mark's spook/spy friends.

[2] Loretta Lynn's son and Hurricane Mills home were located in the same district in which we resided.

[3] "Lynn gets probation in cocaine sale, 3-time felon's turning point'" March 27, 1992, Nashville, Tennessean.

[4] P.125 *TRANCE*.

[5] Chapter 8, "CIA's War on Drugs Operation, Eliminating the Competition," *TRANCE*.

[6] Pp.154, 156 *TRANCE*.

[7] *The Carefully Crafted Hoax*, self published booklet Box 30165 Lincoln, Nebraska 68503.

[8] Paul Bonacci.

[9] Houston displayed an honorary "key" to this infamous Catholic children's home in Nebraska on his den wall since he frequented the place so often.

[10] "Is George Bush the World's Leading Child Molester?" November 1991, *Inside News*, PO Box 311, Maleny, Queensland 4552 Australia; Bush was not allowed to debark Air Force One on a trip to Australia due to extreme protests regarding this issue.

[11] *People Weekly*, February 5, 1990.

[12] April 29, 1992, L.A. California riots, police and government corruption reported to be cause in riots that inspired the brutalized Rodney King's infamous plea "Can't we all just get along?"

[13] 1988 Paramount Pictures.

[14] Federal Communications Commission.

[1] Harry V. Martin, "Federal Corruption INSLAW, *Napa Sentinel*, 1991, www.sonic.net/sentinel/gvcon7.html.

[2] www.lastcircle.com, Carol Marshall, *The Last Circle*, available through. www.tomdavisbooks.com/ebooks/lastcircle.

[3] "Was writer the victim of a DC conspiracy?" August 14, 1991, *The Boston Globe*.

[4] Chapter 13 "Operation Shell Game," *TRANCE*.

[5] The Bank of Credit and Commerce International that Houston dealt with.

[6] Neither offered any support or assistance.

[7] Linda Blood, *The New Satanists*, 1994 Warner Books.

[8] "Attorney General to quit in summer," *The Tennessean*, June 5, 1991 note: included on his "potential successor list were John Ashcroft, Ken Starr, and his Deputy Attorney General William Barr.

[1] Dr. Anthony Casolaro, a physician in the Washington, DC suburbs.

[2] "See no evil, Why are the media ignoring the strange death of Danny Casolaro?" *The Boston Phoenix*, September 6, 1991.

[3] Harry A. Martin, "Federal Corruption INSLAW, *Napa Sentinel*, 1991, www.sonic.net/sentinel/gvcon7.html.

[4] www.bushlibrary.tamu.edu/papers/1991/91080900.

[5] "Papergate? Dick Thornburgh's 258 mystery boxes", *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, December 19, 1993.

[6] Thornburgh went on to become UnderSecretary General for the UN '92-93, and Chairman of Space Technology and Science Institute, www.ssti.org/board.htm.

[7] William Barr, www.fas.org/irp/commission/testbarr.htm.

[8] Barbara Trent, *The Panama Deception*, 1993 Academy Award Best Documentary, the First Academy Award for a documentary film. www.empowermentproject.org.

[9] Special Weapons And Tactics Police Force.

[10] Dead On Arrival (to hospital)

[1] The Child Advocacy Organization that was overseeing Kelly's case which Debbie UpChurch.
[2] The 5th Amendment of the US Constitution stipulates that a person could remain silent in court on the grounds that answering questions could be incriminating.
[1] National Security Agency
[2] Chapter 24, "A Hunting We Will Go," *TRANCE*.
[3] "Freeing the mentally ill was a terrible mistake," *The Huntsville Times*, July 22, 1997.
[4] The 1998 book by Peter and Rochelle Schweizer, *Disney, The Mouse Betrayed; Greed, Corruption, and Children at Risk*, Regnery Publishing, Inc, One Massachusetts Avenue, NW, Wash.DC 20001 was considered highly controversial and resulted in the murder of the author. Bratcher was speaking out nearly a decade before it's release!
[5]"Of Mice and Manassas", SPY magazine, October 1994.
[6] The military even keeps their own hotel there.
[7] Chapter 6, "United States Military & NASA Mind-Control Training", *TRANCE*.
[8] CIA training center in Virginia.
[9] Wear antivirus firewalls if/when seeking further information online regarding DARPA!
[1] *New York Times*, CIA's infiltration of "white witchcraft" cults throughout North America introduced blood trauma into their rituals expanding into Satanism.
[2] www.militiaofmontana.com.
[3] Chapter 18, "In the Mean Time," *TRANCE*.
[4] www.radioliberty.com.
[5] Chapter 23, "Whirled Vision," *TRANCE*.
[6] Chapter 17, "About Faces," *TRANCE*.
[7] Secret Service testimony verifies details.
[8] L. Frank Baum, *The Wizard of Oz*.
[9] Chapter 13, "Operation Shell Game," *TRANCE*, p.145.
[1] Martha Child's hand was the first out taking the cash payoff that Bob Anderson had doled out claiming it was from my father.
[2] "Judge used cocaine jury prospect says," *The Tennessean*, 6-29-94. Judge

Brothers was repeatedly caught up in cocaine scandals and money laundering. “Nebel asks federal judge to look into prosecutors,” *The Tennessean*, 3-5-94. “No action likely in Brothers allegation,” *The Tennessean*, 6-30-94.

[3] Dr. Colin Ross, *Bluebird*, www.rossinst.com

[4] CBC’ *The Sleep Room*.

[5] Oprah claimed that, while she was censored by the network from broadcasting our case, she would remain dedicated to making a positive difference for abused children.

[6] Chapter 12, “Operation Carrier Pigeon,” and Chapter 13, “Operation Shell Game,” *TRANCE*.

[7] “Noriega Guilty By Saturation, for jury, witnesses credible,” *USA Today*, April 10, 1992. “Noriega Goes on the Defensive, calls his conviction political,” *USA Today*, July 13, 1992, “Noriega Receives 40 Years,” *Washington Post*, July 11, 1992.

[1] Experience proves that mail disruption is not the fault of USPS Postal employees who oftentimes voice complaint over unwarranted government intervention in their reputable business.

[2] “Lynn gets probation in cocaine sale, 3-time felon’s ‘turning point’,” *The Tennessean*, March 27, 1992.

[3] Ibid.

[4] http://www.soaw.org and www.personal.umich.edu/~lormand/poli/soa/panama.htm

[5] Chapter 14, “Clinton Coke Lines,” *TRANCE*.

[6] North American Free Trade Agreement, Chapter 16, “Operation Greenbacks for Wetbacks,” *TRANCE*.

[7] www.nathanielblumberg.com/neil.htm

[8] Chapter 24, “A Hunting We Will Go,” *TRANCE*.

[9] Bush often used the voice of Fred Rogers of the popular children’s TV show “Mr. Roger’s Neighborhood” to gain the confidence of children. Chapter 15, “No More Beating Around the Bush,” *TRANCE*.

[1] Shelter for the homeless, among other public services.

[1] Chapter 25, “Bush Baby,” *TRANCE*.

[2] Norwegian Caribbean Lines cruise ship.

[3] Chapter 23, “Whirled Vision,” *TRANCE*.

[4] Linda Blood, *The New Satanists*, Warner Books 1994.
[5] Canadian Secret Intelligence Service, and Cult Watch Australia were among them.
[6] Ross Perot, Presidential Candidate in 1992 until his family's life was reportedly threatened.
[7] www.outpost-of-freedom.com
[1] Redbook, February 1993.
[2] Mark learned from his former associates that Perot is in violation of the US Constitution by having his own standing army of Special Forces types sitting in Mexico.
[3] Chapter 28, "'Free Trade' of Drugs and Slaves at the Juarez Border, *TRANCE*.
[1] Chapter 26, "New World Orders," *TRANCE*.
[2] Aquino v. Stone, Cite we 768 F.Supp. 529 (E.D.Va. 1991).
[3] Bohemian Grove, www.TRANCE-formation.com
[4] Chapter 14, "Clinton Coke Lines," *TRANCE*.
[5] Hillary often campaigned at Gay and Lesbian rallies, marched in parades, "Gay Celebration Week" was declared as part of Global Education, etc.
[6] P.154, 155 *TRANCE*.
[7] By my experience, Bush's heroin ops out of Afghanistan were heaviest.
[8] Investigator Gary Caradori and his son lost their lives July 11, 1990 when this same route was not sidestepped by the Nebraska Leadership Conference.
[9] Vanderbilt's abusive, intrusive technology adversely resulted in brain stem damage that continues to date.
[10] January 25, 1993, "Stahlman Building blaze 'suspicious'," *The Tennessean*.
[1] Chapter 23, "Whirled Vision," *TRANCE*.
[2] Throughout the years, Marin County continuously surfaces in the news with such cases as an infamous. murder of a young child, www.pollyklaas.org, and as the hometown of Taliban 'recruit' John Walker. Lindh who became a controversial prisoner of the US war on Afghanistan.
[3] "Anti-Pedophile Sought in Kidnapping," *The San Francisco Chronicle*, February 12, 1993.
"Tennis Pro Arrested for Fleeing with Child," *The San Francisco Chronicle*, June 8, 1993.

“Daycare Foe Faces Kidnap Charges, “*The San Francisco Chronicle*, August 13, 1993.

[4] It is rare, though not uncommon that spooks high up in Intelligence have more than one function, the most common being (Federal Bureau of Investigation) FBI/CIA. This particular spook had Identification for Central Intelligence Agency, Defense Intelligence Agency, and National Security Agency.

[5] William F. Jasper, *Global Tyranny Step by Step*, 1992. Western Islands, PO Box 8040, Appleton, Wisconsin, 54913.

[1] “Anti-Pedophile Sought in Kidnapping”, *The San Francisco Chronicle*, February 12, 1993.

[2] A contract to kill.

[3] Gordon Thomas, *Journey Into Madness, the true story of secret CIA mind control and medical abuse*, 1989 Bantam Books, ISBN# 0553-28413-4.

[4] 1992, www.rollingston.com., re: Sinaid O'Connor.

[5] Muskegon Catholic Central is where I attended high school.

[6] Defense Intelligence Agency’s military intelligence and Special Forces.

[7] Chapter 9, “Ronald Reagan’s American Dream: A Pandora’s Box of Nightmares,” *TRANCE*. I had been trained by the CIA to analyze handwriting, which is a science as accurate as the graphologist. In my case, having learned while under mind control with a photographic memory, my handwriting analysis skills were still considered to be precise enough to be used as evidence in court.

[8] Multiple Personality Disorder, the outdated term for Dissociative Identity Disordered.

[1] ‘Mikey’ is a commonly used demeaning nickname for Michael Aquino.

[2] Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

[3] Chapter 22, “My Contra-bution,” *TRANCE*.

[4] The CIA uses expert handwriting analysis to determine whom to hire, whom to trust, whom to fire, etc., as do other agencies and US courtrooms. Handwriting analysis has been refined to an exact science.

[5] http://news.excite.com/news/ap/011105/19/nicaragua-election.

[6] Pp.183, 184 *TRANCE*.

[7] Pp.184, 185 *TRANCE*.

[8] I was still experiencing that ‘Rip Van Winkle’ time warp feeling since I was still catching up on the real world beyond what I’d been programmed to

perceive.

[9] "What US Drug Company Produced Heroin and LSD?" *USA Today*, June 5, 1991, p.8A.

[10] Chapter 31, "The King and Eye," *TRANCE*. I understood this to be the definition of 'remote viewing'.

[11] Chapter 10, "'Commander' Dick Cheney and Reagan's Hands On Mind Control Demonstrations," *TRANCE*.

[1] Since many institutionalized children reportedly responded to sugar with heightened energy, sugar had been replaced with Aspartame. Aspartame was being reconsidered by Charter hospitals, however, since the lethargic, apathetical response it created was proven to have an adverse effect on health, mental health, and American society as a whole. Aspartame was the only drug I personally suffered withdrawals from after mind control, as it was deliberately used in copious quantities to incite compliance. Aspartame was manufactured when Donald Rumsfeld was CEO of Searle, and approved despite vast adverse proof during Rumsfeld's tenure on Reagan's transition team. www.newswithviews.com, www.pharmcentral.com, http://alkalizeforhealth.net/Lsweetdebate7.htm.

[2]High Altitude Auroral Research Project. *Holes in Heaven* video by Paula Randol-Smith, www.haarp.com;*Angels Don't Play this HAARP* by Dr. Nick Begich and Jeane Manning, Earthpulse Press, 1995.

[3] May, 1992.

[4] "The United States, How the West was Stunned", *The World's Most Dangerous Places*, by Robert Young Pelton, Harper Collins 1998.

[5] Ibid, "Drugs, War's Bastard Son".

[6] *Educating for the New World Order*, B.K.Eakman.

[7] Infamous Rodney King quote from the LA Riots.

[8] Were 'Dividians' chosen to 'Divide' the United States allegiances subliminally as well as overtly, or is the name 'coincidence?' Were "Dividians' divided from Waco since George Bush, Jr. 'coincidentally' resides there? Or because Waco houses a Top Secret Delta Force mind control training camp?

[9] Google search on Wesley Clark leads to numerous accounts, including www.radio.weblogs.com

[10] www.klang.com

[11] *A Place Called Waco, A Survivor's Story* by David Thibodeau, Public

Affairs Publishing, 1999. Thibodeau lists the names of 21 children, while Carl Klang refers to "17 Little Children," while other sources refer to 23 children including 2 unborn fetuses. Numbers vary according to perceptual definition of a child. Regardless of the number, innocent children were killed.

[12] "Tennis Pro Arrested for Fleeing with Child," *The San Francisco Chronicle*, June 8, 1993.

[13] "Petaluma Father Not Alone, Fear of Satanism Across the Nation," *The San Francisco Chronicle*, June 12, 1993.

[14] LaToya Jackson, *Growing Up in the Jackson Family*, Century Publishing, 1992.

[15] *Seventeen Little Children* by Carl Klang, 1993. www.klang.com.

[1] Huntsville, Alabama is often referred to as 'NASA City USA' and 'Nazi City USA' due to Werner VonBraun's NASA Space and Rocket Center influence.

[2] Pedophiles always find cause to be around children, working boys and girls clubs, parading themselves as clowns. Many children report abuse by clowns.

[1] International Society for the Study of Dissociation

[2] All of our pets had keen sense, and none of them liked Sue.

[3] A victim of CIA/Jesuit MK Ultra mind control who worked under Governor Bill Richardson.

[4] P. 126, *TRANCE*.

[5] www.nathanielblumberg.com/neil.htm.

[6] P. 198, *TRANCE*.

[1] http://home.hiwaay.net/~becraft We the People Foundation for Constitutional Education, Truth-in-Taxation Hearing 2-27 & 28-02 www.givemeliberty.org

[2] Former Huntsville District Attorney Bud Cramer, who already actively covered up our case resulting in the 1991 threat to our lives, was now a US Congressman on the Intelligence Oversight committee. "Cramer on 'top secret' panel", *The Huntsville Times*, March 13, 1994.

[3] This was prior to the 1996 Telecommunications Act deregulating radio stations allowing for the Government controlled Clear Channel to monopolize the airwaves.

[1] www.assumption.edu/webVAX/mena/Roberts7May96.html, "Double Crossed" Barry Seale's story

[2] *Obstruction of Justice, the Mena Connection*, Integrity Films.

[3] Modus operandi, or mode of operation.
[4] P. 105, *TRANCE*.
[5] *The Mena Cover-up; Drugs, Deception, and the Making of a President; The Clinton Chronicles; The Death of Vince Foster*, Citizens for Honest Government films.
[6] www.klang.com
[7] Dr. Bennett Braun of the ISS&D was reputed for his work with children until he became a casualty of the cover-up, while Dr. Richard Kluft and Dr. Colin Ross were considered the best in the country for adults. Since Kelly was a minor, Braun appeared best until legal difficulties engulfed him.
[8] Nicholas Evans, *The Horse Whisperer*, 1996 Dell Books, 1998 movie.
[9] http://www.montyroberts.com/mrilc. Monty Roberts, *The Man Who Listens to Horses*, 1996, Tutor Publishing.
[10] www.taoofequus.com, and www.americanhorsetrainersgroup.com use and teach this John Lyons' method.
[11] A decade later, President Bush Jr. echoed his father in noncompliance by rejecting ecological sustainability www.observer.guardian.co.uk/worldsummit2002
[12] Robert Ludlum, *The Bourne Identity*, Bantam Books.
[13] L. Fletcher Prouty, *The Secret Team; the CIA and its Allies in Control of the United States and the World*, Second Institute for Historical Review Printing, 1992.
[14] United States Air Force Colonel, retired.
[15] Pp. 142-3, *TRANCE*.
[16] Fletcher Prouty was depicted as "Mr. X" in the 1991 film *JFK*.
[17] The Collected Works of Col. L. Fletcher Prouty CD Rom, available through www.prouty.org/cdrom.html.
[18] A popular quote from the *Wizard of Oz* befitting of DC's illusion.
[19] *CIA, America's Secret Warriors*, Discovery Channel, www.discovery.com and www.levinproductions
[20] Linda Kohanov, "The Tao of Equus; a woman's journey of healing and transformation through the way of the horse," New World Library 2001. www.taoofequus.com
[1]"A-queen-oh" is the proper Italian pronunciation, tho most are familiar with his attempted diversion from his Jesuit affiliation/agenda by pronouncing it

“A-keen-o”.

[2] When faced with any threatening situation, Mark smiles knowing full well that the threat will soon be neutralized.

[1] David Thibodeau, *A Place Called Waco, A Survivor’s Story*, Public Affairs Publishing, 1999.

[2] http://www.klang.com.

[3] Randy Weaver’s Ruby Ridge Idaho mountain home was stormed by Federal Agents resulting in the murder of his wife Vicki and son Sam in 1992.

[4] www.rollingthunder1.com.

[5] Prisoners of War, Missing in Action.

[6] Linda Blood, *The New Satanists*, Warner Books 1994.

[7] www.freeamerican.com

[8] www.nexusmagazine.com

[9] Lakota genetic heritage.

[10] Chapter 2, “The Rite to Remain Silent,” *TRANCE*.

[11] *Family Vacation*, National Lampoon, 1983.

[12] www.consciousevolution.com.

[13] His other trailer was private.

[1] Neighborhood Watch is an organized nationwide action by citizens to protect themselves and their neighbors since they could no longer rely on law enforcement who protect a failed justice system rather than them.

[2] Chapter 19, “E.T. Phone Rome,” *TRANCE*.

[3] State of Alabama Resolution HJR 353.

[4] Many names were assigned to this Federal control of schools in an effort to dodge protests. Names include ‘America 2000,’ ‘Outcome Based Education,’ ‘Goals 2000,’ and ‘Global Education.’

[5] Chapter 21, “Global Education 2000,” *TRANCE*.

[6] The forces in Washington, DC would soon launch a monetary affront that would force Alabama to accept Global Ed, overriding Constitutional state’s rights as they so often do now.

[7] *TRANCE*.

[8] www.nexusmagazine.com

[9] http://mikenew.com Daniel New, *Michael New: Mercenary or American Soldier*, American Sovereignty Action Project publisher.

[10] Chapter 20, “New World Order of the Rose,” *TRANCE*.

[11] Chapter 7, “Charm School,” *TRANCE*.
[12] Ibid.
[13] Pennsylvania Senator on the Judiciary Committee and Senate Subcommittee on Anti-Terrorism whose influence began diminishing after Trochman’s speech in ‘95.
[14] The Pennsylvania Governor, now head of Homeland Security since 9-11.
[15] Now available though our friend and Canadian Distributor Wes Mann at www.preferrednetwork.com
[16] A wonderful lady in Alaska loaned us enough money to reprint.
[1] James Redfield, *The Celestine Prophecy; an adventure*, Time Warner 1993.
[2] J. Allen Boone, *Kinship With All Life*.
[3] “Coincidentally” years later, Mark and I were privileged to attend one such ceremony in her name, and the native American (Hopi) leading it called on “the Great Coordinator of Coincidence” to clearly lead the way!
[4] After being abused by religion, Kelly refers to a supreme being as “love energy” rather than a religious name.
[5] www.spiritualhorizons.net
[6] www.KLAV1230.am.com
[7] www.1997/gen/resources/players/starr/lewinsky.com
[8] www.TRANCE-formation.com
[9] www.mexconnect.com/mex_history/jtuck/jtsalinas.htm
[10] Chapter 16, “Operation Greenback for Wetbacks,” *TRANCE*.
[11] This is not to say all “vote monitors” were aware of their purpose beyond a Need-to-Know. http://news.excite.com/news/ap/011105/19/nicaragua-election
[12] Ibid.
[13] I knew in 1986 that Bush, Jr. was being groomed for the Presidency while at the CIA MK Ultra mind control training camp on Mount Shasta. When he assumed the office of President in 2000 according to plan despite forewarning people since 1990 and officially through *TRANCE* by 1995, the American public knew he stole the “election” in his Texan brother’s “home state” of Florida yet felt powerless to stop him after the 9-11 trauma. Now Hillary is suddenly a Senator from “the World’s Capital” of New York, ready to move into Presidential position as planned unless people reclaim their country and lives now.

[14] www.Klang.com

[1] www.preferrednetwork.com

[2] www.davidicke.com

[3] www.preferrednetwork.com

[4] Russell S. Bowen, *The Immaculate Deception, the Bush Crime Family Exposed*, America West Publishers 1991.

[5] Rodney Stich, *Defrauding America; Dirty Secrets of the CIA and other Government Operations*, Diablo Western Press, 1994.

[6] Col. Fletcher Prouty, *The Secret Team; the CIA and Its Allies in Control of the United States and the World*, Institute for Historical Review, 1973.

[7] www.rie.com.

[8] Robert Gaylon Ross, Sr., *Who's Who of the Elite; Members of the Bilderbergs, Council on Foreign Relations, Trilateral Commission, Skull and Bones Society, Committee of 300*, RIE Publishing, always updated and available through www.rie.com..

[9] www.consciousevolution.com

[10] www.UCSUSA.org

[11] Barbara Trent, *The Panama Deception*, 1993. www.empowermentproject.org

[12] Thought communication is a natural to autistic children whereby they respond well to therapy with animals, particularly horses. www.taoofequus.com

[13] www.givemeliberty.org

[14] www.rie.com

[15] www.davidicke.com

[16] Police Against the New World Order.

[17] www.radioliberty.com

[18] www.mikenew.com

[19] The 1947 National Security Act affects all who have treaties with the US.

[20] www.klang.com

[21] www.spiritualhorizons.net

[1] David Icke, *And the Truth Shall Set You Free*, Bridge of Love Publications, 1995. www.davidicke.com

[2] www.radioliberty.com

[3] David Icke, *I Am Me, I Am Free; the Robot's Guide to Freedom*, Bridge of

Love Publications, 1996. www.davidicke.com
[4] www.disclosureproject.org
[5]David Icke, *The Turning of the Tide*, audio and videotapes of his presentations available at www.davidicke.com
[1] *Back to the Future*, Universal Pictures, 1985.
[2] The importation of Nazi and Fascist scientists into the US.
[3] Control of the media.
[4] Founder of NASA.
[5] Reagan asked Congress to ban all Toshiba products indefinitely.
[6] Revelations; 17
[7] Newsweek
[8] The 1947 National Security Act binds any country that has a treaty with the US.
[9] www.radioliberty.com
[10] www.infowars.com
[11] www.scizone.com
[12] www.radioliberty.com
[13] www.freeamerican.com
[14] www.copvcia.com
[15] www.bayarea.com/mia/mercurynews, September 24, 1996
[1] www.bayarea.com/mia/mercurynews.com
[2] In addition to being a horse affectionado, Claire keeps their International Import "Outback" business thriving.
[3] "From the Wilderness," www.copvcia.com
[4] Dr. Colin A. Ross, *Bluebird; Deliberate Creation of Multiple Personality by Psychiatrists*, Monitou Communications 2002. www.rossinst.com
[5] *The Carefully Crafted Hoax.*
[6] P.31, *TRANCE*
[7] P. 142-144, 215, 31 *TRANCE*
[8] Ku Klux Klan racist organization utilizing violence and murder. Senator Byrd's political records prove his ties to this criminal racist organization.
[9] Awareness of the use of subliminals rose, prompting outrage by 2000 when Bush, Jr. was forced to defend his ads by (mis)saying, "I did not use any subliminables in my campaign."
[10] www.freeamerican.com

[11] www.rockymountainnews.com/Ramsey.
[12] Senator Byrd's state. Beauty pageants are highly political.
[13] P.126, *TRANCE*.
[14] 5-11-2004 The *Associated Press* reports John Ramsey's bid for Michigan State House of Representatives.
[15] Fox TV.
[16] A 'patsy' is someone who is set up to take the fall for a crime.
[17] www.TRANCE-formation.com
[18] www.klang.com
[1] Carl Klang's song for Kelly was receiving airplay nationwide, raising awareness of her plight that resulted in more letters to her from all over the world. Carl's song was a powerful encouragement for Kelly at a time when she needed it most.
[2] Old slave hymn.
[3] Testimony was provided to that effect. Kelly's records were never returned, making it impossible for her to graduate or continue schooling.
[4] Kelly's success with Breeze became widely known throughout Tennessee and Kentucky, prompting her reputation for telepathic healing communication with horses.
[5] www.taoofequus.com
[6] In NLP, "try" is considered a non-productive negative that is avoided by aware mental health professionals.
[7] It "disappeared" by the time Kelly turned 18.
[8] The raccoons refused all genetically engineered foods and anything containing aspartame!
[9] *Wag the Dog*, New Line Cinema 1997.
[10] www. 1997/gen/recourses/players/starr/lewinsky
[11] www.freeamerican.com
[12] Chapter 24, "A-Hunting We Will Go," *TRANCE* 1995. www.TRANCE-formation.com
[13] There is no ability to dream or hope under mind control.
[1] In 1981, Senator Byrd adamantly ordered that Kelly's childhood vaccinations be immediately stopped. *Vaccination, The Hidden Truth*, Taycare Pty Ltd, video@vaccination.inoz.com
[2] Over 24 Billion Dollars already donated through the Bill and Melinda Gates

Foundation is used to find and fund scientific solutions to world health crisis including AIDS, immunizations, vaccinations, education and more. www.csmonitor.com/2003/0925/p01s04-woaf.html.

[3] www.UCSUSA.org

[4] Perhaps there is a more appropriate term than this that appropriately spans all religion, but I used this word because it's the one I know for a physical destination for spiritual purposes.

[5] Linda Hunt, *Secret Agenda; The United States Government, Nazi Scientists, and Project Paperclip 1945- 1990*, St. Martin's Press, 1991.

[6] Violence resultant from 9-11 does not fit the attitude and atmosphere of the Balinese people, which raises questions as to the political agenda that upset their balance.

[7] Mark continued to heal "110%" in no time.

[8] The movie *Pearl Harbor* had been media hyped to an extreme just prior to 9-11, causing history buffs to delve into the causation. The trauma allowed President FDR to drop the atomic bomb and join WWII the same way 9-11 spawned Bush-Cheney oil wars.

[9] Senator Byrd funded Sesame Street through Melon Bank's Endowment for the Humanities as it was structured to manipulate the minds of the children and prepare them for Global Ed. This was not the intention of Jim Henson, as the conflict his opposition to Byrd's influence was significant just prior to his untimely death.

[10] December 13, 2002, www.tdlm.org/News5/resigns.htm

[11] Chapter 1, "My Introduction to Humanity," *TRANCE*.

[12] The Vatican Child Abuse Policy from 1962 to date.

[13] Vatican contact information: av@pccs.va, phone: +390669881022, fax: +390669885373, address: Pontificio Consiglio delle Comunicazioni Sociali, Palazzo San Carlo – 00120 Citta del Vaticano (do not write "Italy" on address as nation of Vaticano is 'separate'. Thank you)

[14] "Double Exposure," *Vanity Fair*, January 2004.

[15] MK Ultra files available through www.TRANCE-formation.com

[16] Chapter 24, "A-Hunting We Will Go," *TRANCE*.

[17] By September 11, 2003 the Alaska was threatened with oil drilling again.

[18] www.disclosureproject.org

[19] By November 2003, the Vatican declared genetically altered foods would be used to feed the hungry much to the disdain of those in the know

worldwide. Among those in the know is the Union of Concerned Scientists. www.csf.colorado.edu/archive/2000/food/msg00000.html. www.ucsusa.org

[20] New Zealand native

[21] www.rajon.com/area51/html/pinegap1.htm

[22] Federation of American Scientists, www.home.manyrivers.aunz.com/stingray/pinegap1.htm

[23] Union of Concerned Scientists, www.ucsusa.org

[1] www.spiritualhorizons.net

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